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THE INDUSTRIAL FRONT

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

IN most discussions of labor problems, two groups are emphasized: the employer and organized labor. It is because of this really lopsided emphasis that industrial relations are so confused in the United States.

The employer! Who is the actual employer in American industry? Who pays wages? Who pays the new social taxes? Who pays the costs of strikes?

Organized labor! What small percentage of the American working population is organized? What are those workers doing who are not organized? And exactly what do we mean when we say 'organized'?

Are these two the only factors in our industrial life? Are they ever the most important factors? Must we not delve deeper into the problem of the character and organization of industry?

Let us first of all divide the interested parties in industry, not in sequences of importance, but to discover what is the concern of each group. There will be investors, management, supervisory forces, white-collar workers, skilled workers, common labor, and the consumer.

These seven groups must view the problems of industry differently because the interests of each group are different. Yet, since in the United States we live in a classless society, group interests often merge or are sentimentally absorbed by still greater concerns, such as the maintenance of our unique form of government. Were it not for these wider interests, we should, during the past six years, have suffered from the effects of a social, if not a political, revolution.

That we have been able to avert anything more serious than mass picketing during the years of despair is ample evidence that, on the whole, the American people do not want a fundamental change in their economic and social system. The Communist Party polled under 100,000 votes in the last election, and the difference between the votes for the Party's presidential and gubernatorial candidates in New York State tends to indicate that the Communists' participation in the balloting for Franklin D. Roosevelt was too slight to be of any importance whatsoever.

By some, the comparatively large

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vote for Franklin D. Roosevelt is regarded as a Left-Wing mandate. But the President never, in his entire campaign, attacked the American economic and social system. In fact, he made it unmistakably clear that he supported an economy based upon private enterprise. In a campaign in which all candidates competed in ambiguities, this one statement stands firm.

It is, then, possible to discuss our problem without assuming that we are immediately faced with a mass demand for fundamental change. In fact, it may with safety be accepted that Mr. Roosevelt's vote, like that of Mr. Harding and Mr. Coolidge, represents a normal American response to visible and tangible prosperity.

In spite of that, we meet 1937 with more strikes, more labor disturbances, more confusion in industry, more peril of delayed and impeded production, than ever before. Why?

II

There are approximately 18,000,000 investors in American corporations. Some are very wealthy men and women. Some are poor folks with a few dollars of savings put into industrial stocks. Some are trust funds created to protect widows and children. Some are institutions of learning, charity, and religion. Some are insurance companies and savings banks.

All these investors own American industry: they own the property rights in American industry. They are scattered all over the country. Some hold their stock for investment and live on the earnings of the companies. Some play the market speculatively and care nothing about earnings. Some, in a word, are true investors, and some are speculative gamblers. The United States Steel Corporation, for instance, has roughly as many investors as workers. But to some of these Big Steel is only X on the ticker.

One class of investor is forgotten in almost all discussions, and that is the man who still owns and manages his business. Such men are the so-called small manufacturers and merchants. In numbers and in total production, they are still tremendously important in the United States.

These investors may have partners or they may issue stock, but they differ from the mere stockholder in that they often have created or inherited the enterprise; they are sentimentally attached to it; they are close to its problems and usually absorbed in them; and they know their own workers personally, often intimately. Ed Barcalo of Buffalo, such an investor, recently issued a circular to his men listing the 'Old-Timers' in his firm, with himself as the oldest of them.

To such investors the business cannot be a mere abstraction — a distant entity. It is life itself. To destroy the business would be to destroy life. It would be impossible for the owner of such a business to finance a strike against himself. Yet, the other type of investor may do exactly that. He often finances movements and enterprises the activities of which are not necessarily strengthening to business. For instance, the *Nation* is owned by a Wall Street banker; yet no one would regard the *Nation* as strengthening or supporting the capitalist system in the United States.

The lack of direct interest in a business on the part of its factual owners is a definite weakness of the industrial system. Apart from the need for checks on management, — which is not our concern in this article, — the system makes for a lack of responsibility either for the solution of industrial problems or for a mass protection of business against the onslaughts of the politician or the predatory labor leader.

A very large measure of industrial ownership is in the hands of women

and of estates and foundations. This ownership is only too often utterly irresponsible. Its sole concern is an immediate return, and its attitude toward major industrial problems is usually pacifistic in the sense that nothing should be done to impede immediate dividends. Its view is frighteningly shortsighted. It neglects fundamental considerations of the relationship of a particular enterprise to the whole of American industry.

If nothing else has been learned during the depression, this has become axiomatic: namely, that remote control of the ownership of industry in the United States makes for neither the greatest efficiency nor the most harmonious industrial relations. Direct control by ownership seems to be preferable. Most of the profitable concerns during the depression were managed either by their owners or by their creators. But direct control by ownership is likely to decrease in the United States as the creators of enterprises die off. More and more, therefore, management rather than ownership is the measure of effective control and operation.

III

Where ownership is distant and indirectly interested in the enterprise, management assumes the rôle of intermediary between ownership, the various forms and interests of labor, and the consumer. Management has not only to produce earnings but also to preserve the business; and it is more the problem of preservation than of profits that concerns it to-day.

Erosions in business are plentiful, and in magnitude are sometimes equal to those of nature. Competition is both a preserver and a destroyer of business. It preserves the capitalist system, but it often destroys individual enterprises. And competition is not merely a question of the price in the market. It is

as well a question of avoiding obsolescence, of meeting new times and tastes, of taking full advantage of new inventions, of preventing overhead from raising costs, and finally of jealously guarding against false increases in costs and prices due to labor troubles.

But competition is not the only form of business erosion. Bureaucracy in management is an equal peril to the individual enterprise. Where ownership is diverse and disinterested, real control rests with management. Even where there is a banking representation of ownership, it is the day-by-day activities of management which set the policies of a firm. A board of directors may pass resolutions of policy, but it is management that carries them out — and it is precisely here that a firm stands or falls, particularly in industrial relations. It is often necessary for management to stand firm against the opinions of the great men who represent ownership and whose views, if effective, might wreck an enterprise. When management has become so job-conscious that it resorts to mere subservience, the enterprise is often on its way out.

It is inevitable that in the very largest enterprises some type of bureaucracy should develop. Men grow up in the business and are promoted by seniority. They develop a job-holding attitude not unlike that of civil servants of the government. They are afraid to do anything novel because no one ever got into trouble by following routine. Faced by new times and new conditions, they grow bitter and inflexible. Often they precipitate labor troubles by delaying to act on their own responsibility.

It is interesting to note that many enterprises have taken men in from the outside to meet just such situations. For instance, Myron C. Taylor was taken out of textiles and made Chairman of the Board of the United States Steel Corporation; Edward R. Stettinius, Jr. was taken from General Mo-

tors and made Chairman of the Finance Committee of the same company. Ben Fairless, who has been placed at the head of the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Company, the largest producing unit of United States Steel, came from Republic Steel. In the same company Arthur Young, in charge of industrial relations, came originally from International Harvester and latterly from Industrial Relations Counselors. Consciousness of the need for new blood in the management of a long-established enterprise is an indication of the necessity for breaking down an existing bureaucracy. It is really a new life for an industrial enterprise.

Management's task must be more than the mere organization and direction of a successful business enterprise. That is insufficient. For no enterprise can stand altogether alone in our interdependent economy.

During the depression, the mightiest industrial organizations suffered as much as smaller units of production. An automobile plant, where labor relations were satisfactory and at peace, may have had to shut down because of a strike in a glass plant owned by another company and operating in another city. Durable-goods industries were helpless for years because the farmer could get no price for his produce. Perhaps no broader view of management's function has been stated than in the 1937 Declaration of Principles of the National Association of Manufacturers:—

From an economic standpoint, manufacturing industries exist to produce and distribute goods and services so that the entire people have a living, and so the standard of that living may constantly be raised. . . . Such accomplishment means that the social objectives of individual health, happiness, comfortable homes, education and security will be realized in greater measure.

This places upon management burdens of leadership which many indus-

trialists in the past have left to bankers and politicians. The depression has taught management a lesson which it dare not forget — namely, that it cannot abdicate leadership in American life, that it must not delegate leadership if it is not to be destroyed.

In an address before the National Association of Manufacturers, Mr. E. T. Weir stated management's rôle with unusual positiveness. He said:—

Its [industry's] policies and actions directly and immediately affect the great majority of our people. Its leaders, with their responsibility to employes, stockholders and consumers, are already trained to reconcile diverse interests, to act in broad spheres, and to aim for ultimate rather than immediate objectives. It commands the resources and the man power to undertake a vast project. Its plants are the best laboratory for the study of the human and economic problems under discussion. If industry united on any constructive programme, it would inevitably encourage emulation and coöperation in other groups. . . .

Industry should spare no effort to make it clearly understood that the aims of industry and the aims of the great body of people are mutual — not opposed.

At present we have the paradoxical situation of industry going to any lengths to give the public complete information about its products, while it makes little effort to give information concerning the policies and conditions surrounding the making of those products. Thus we have the equally paradoxical situation of the public accepting without question anything that a manufacturer says about his product and doubting many of the things he says about himself or his methods.

In effect, Mr. Weir asks: 'How does it happen that industry has done so constructive a job during one hundred and sixty years of national existence, and yet is so distrusted?' For it must be distrust rather than dissatisfaction that stirs this nation. Here is management that pays the highest wages, utilizes the shortest hours, provides the most favorable working conditions, and

keeps prices down. Yet, here is distrust. Can it be that too large a share of the proceeds of production and distribution go to management? But any study of division of the industrial dollar will show that profits to ownership and salaries to management have taken, in the total, a small share.

Have we not to seek deeper than a mere split-up of the dollar? Has not management placed greater emphasis on technological improvements, on merchandising, on efficiency, than on human relations? Has it not assumed that he who sweeps the snow off his own doorstep has done enough — that the man who minds his own business is the sound man? But what is the business of management? Is it not the welfare of the whole American people? Is it not the character of American society?

When management reassumes leadership in American industry, its rôle must be not only to speak for itself but to protect the interests of ownership, the position of the workers, and the welfare of the consumer. The weakness of our system, as Herbert Hoover and Dr. Harold G. Moulton so often and so conclusively show, is that the advantages of technological improvements have been divided between ownership and labor — but in them the consumer has shared inadequately. It is management's task to bring about a sound economic readjustment, so that all benefit adequately from the advantages of American industrial methods.

And it is a difficult task, for labor rarely, if ever, thinks of itself as a consumer; it rarely realizes that all the advantages of a high wage disappear if prices rise in proportion. The laborer when he is a consumer — as he is daily — benefits from high wages only when he can buy more and better things as a result of the increase. It is one of management's tasks to make more and better things available to an increasingly large part

of the population. When management attempts to solve all industrial problems by the simple device of raising wages and simultaneously raising prices, it is utilizing the politician's trick of solving similar problems by the device of inflation, which, like any other narcotic, can only lead to a depression.

IV

Another element in industry usually ignored in our general consideration of industrial problems is the so-called 'white-collar class' — men and women who prepare the way to production and distribution, supervise it, create new outlets for the results of labor, and provide the machinery upon which management must depend for successful operation.

Superintendents, engineers, research men, stenographers, secretaries, salesmen, auditors, inspectors — these and others like them constitute a huge body of American workers. They do not labor at machines and in plants, but without them the entire structure of industry falls. They are the principal elements which in time compose management. Psychologically and socially, they are the allies of ownership and management. Yet, except for the few who rise to executive positions, they are the least protected of all groups in industry.

Living on fixed salaries or on commissions, they suffer most from every economic dislocation. Not forming pressure groups themselves, they find that government tends to protect other, larger (in the sense of large voting) groups, to their disadvantage. Taxed highly for the slight advantages they enjoy over the skilled worker, suffering from unjustified rises in prices, they will be forced back from a middle class to a proletarian condition.

Industry not only needs these groups because of their competence in produc-

tion and distribution; it needs them as allies to withstand attacks upon the American economic system. Often the most cultured group in a community, likely to be college-educated, generally conservative in social outlook, these men and women in the United States, as nearly everywhere else, make for healthy national stability.

Yet, during the depression, they were the first to be sacrificed. When curtailments were made, the white-collar folks were the first who could be spared. When the work was spread, they were often dispensed with.

Industry must face the fact that there is to-day a bitterness among white-collar people and their associates, clergymen, lawyers, doctors, engineers, and others of the professions, which is justified by their experiences. Many of them regard themselves as worse off than unskilled laborers, and they speak with disappointment of the years of preparation for the particular skill that is required of them. They feel that paths to the comforts of life for themselves and their children are being closed to them. They see, on the one hand, huge benefits going to unproductive speculators, and, on the other hand, common labor gaining advantages through mass pressure.

Industry dare not lose this class as an ally. It might well face the fact that the best minds in all radical movements, including John Lewis's Committee on Industrial Organization, come from this class. Homer Martin, who leads the automobile strike, is of this class — a clergyman. Disillusioned, they often are only troublesome; hopeless, they can become a menace to the American social system, for here are brains and character and a habit of independence, fighting against what they should support, because it has failed them.

I know of no effort in any quarter to improve the lot of the white-collar

groups in the United States. It is one of the problems that industry must face and face quickly. It is industry's problem to protect them from the leveling process of such a movement as the C. I. O.

V

The skilled worker in the United States is a well-paid worker. Organized or unorganized, he represents a conservative force in American life which, while resenting the depression, distrusts European panaceas such as Communism and Fascism. When organized, he remains in the American Federation of Labor and supports William Green against John Lewis. When not organized, he may belong to a company union. Usually, however, he thinks of his job as his own and seeks no favors or protection. He makes good money when there is work, and even during the depression he turned down aggressive movements toward unionization, particularly in the mass-production industries. In fact, he fears John Lewis, who represents to him a leveling tendency which will take from him the advantages of his skill.

The organized skilled workers fear a breakdown of American political and social habits as much as management and the investor do. They fear dictatorships. They fear mass movements such as a general strike.

Speaking before the National Press Club in Washington, William Green stated the case for skilled labor succinctly: —

The real issue . . . is this: Shall the American Federation of Labor, the organized labor movement of America, follow democratic procedure? Shall the movement be governed by majority rule? Shall the will of the majority of the membership of organized labor be the supreme law of the American Federation of Labor? That is the issue.

He quoted Samuel Gompers's final

address just before he died. Gompers said: —

I want to urge devotion to the fundamentals of human liberty — the principles of voluntarism. No lasting gain has ever come from compulsion. If we seek to force, we but tear apart that which, united, is invincible. There is no way whereby our labor movement may be assured sustained progress in determining its policies and its plans other than sincere democratic deliberation until a unanimous decision is reached.

This may seem a cumbrous, slow method to the impatient, but the impatient are more concerned for immediate triumph than for the education of constructive development.

Understanding, patience, high-minded service, the compelling power of voluntarism, have in America made what was but a rope of sand, a united, purposeful, integrated organization, potent for human welfare, material and spiritual. . . .

And therein lies a very important factor in the present labor situation. The American Federation of Labor never enjoyed a large membership in proportion to the number of employed workers in the United States. It never had on its rolls 10 per cent of the employed population of the United States. It never succeeded in organizing the mass-production industries of this country. But it exercised power; it possessed prestige; and it played a specific rôle in the improvement of the lot of the American worker. It realized that the unionization of the whole of American industry was impossible and, for its purposes, unnecessary.

For, if the wage scale of skilled workers went up, wages generally rose. If hours for skilled workers were reduced, hours were generally reduced. As long as the aims of a trade-union are accomplished, the honest labor leader need not insist upon his particular formula in handling labor relations or upon all workers belonging to his organization. The objective of labor unions should be

the improvement of the condition of the worker, not mere membership in a union.

The impatient ones, whom Samuel Gompers so feared, are more interested in union membership than in improving the condition of the workers. John Lewis, for instance, seems to adopt the attitude that if an employer raises wages without his consent the industrialist is intimidating labor.

The organized skilled worker is now faced with a problem which he will have to solve bravely this year. His advantages come from his skill. If he is an electrical worker or a carpenter or a metal worker, he has a specific preparation for his job and a specialized ability for which he expects better pay because he is a better man. He put time and energy into making himself a better man. But the trend of the moment is to level downward. If common labor is to be paid more, and prices are not to rise, skilled labor will have to be paid less. Technological improvements will have to be made to reduce the number of expensive skilled laborers, and to employ in their place less expensive unskilled or semi-skilled workers. In fact, unless there is incentive pay for skill, there is no reason why anyone should bother to possess skill; and the present shortage in skilled workers in many industries may be partly attributed to this trend.

Shall we, then, find a situation like this, that skilled labor will be organized in the American Federation of Labor and unskilled labor in the C. I. O., and that the two groups of workers will fight for their shares of the industrial dollar?

The current struggle in the A. F. of L., the contest for jurisdiction in the longshoremen's strike, the disagreements among unions in the automobile industry, in a very large measure are manifestations of this conflict. John

Lewis, the C. I. O., the La Follette Committee so far as it exhibits a labor policy, the National Labor Relations Board, are directly part of this conflict.

Here it is not management fighting labor, but skilled workers fighting unskilled. So far as management is concerned, the situation holds terrifying difficulties, because the conflict comes at a time when productivity is increasing, when payrolls are filling up, when wages have been raised, and when there is a chance to restore business not only to what in 1929 was called normal, but even to greater heights. Why should men strike at such a time? To whose advantage is it?

In the struggle between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O., strikes may be effective without a single worker in the plant striking. A steel town can be picketed by mine workers who may intimidate not only the workers but the women and children of the workers. A plant will close down under such circumstances in spite of everything the workers and management can do to keep it open. This is particularly true in states where law enforcement in labor cases is nil.

The 'sit-down' strike was first developed in the rubber-tire industry. It has now spread to all industry, and is utilized with or without union authority. In the General Motors strike, it took the form of unlawful possession of the premises. Its technique is simple: the worker remains on the job and does no work. It is a nasty form of sabotage. The fact remains that a handful of workers in a mass-production industry — sometimes as few as fifteen or twenty — can put a plant out of commission during a 'sit-down,' in spite of the objections of other workers who want to work.

Management, in the face of the brutality of C. I. O. methods of intimidation, will have to shut down, or else turn the business over to John Lewis.

Neither alternative affords a pleasant prospect. Nor can management always be sure what it ought to do.

It is so easy for the curbstone authorities on all things to suggest that management settle with John Lewis, but what is such a settlement worth in the face of a fundamental fight within the labor world? On exactly what basis can management settle with John Lewis and yet protect the rights of ownership, of management, of the white-collar worker, and of skilled labor?

Here is an anomalous situation. The A. F. of L. has expelled from its membership John Lewis and all unions associated with him and with the C. I. O. The A. F. of L. is engaged in a jurisdictional fight with Lewis's unions. In the mass-production industries, forms of employee representation have come into existence which work adequately in matters of wages, hours, and working conditions. Yet, the government seems to insist that the mass-production industries recognize Lewis unions. Is the government prepared to guarantee business against all the dangers of such recognition?

The National Labor Relations Board is the agency for strengthening the Lewis union. In the International Harvester decision, it establishes the novel ruling that an agency for collective bargaining which has functioned adequately for management and labor since 1919 is all wrong, in spite of the fact that it has been endorsed by from 51 to 97 per cent of the workers in different plants of the company. Apparently the only specific charges that can be made, even according to the NLRB decision, are that mass meetings are not held, that the workers pay no dues or initiation fees, and that the employer would have done just as much for the workers if the employee representation plan had not been in existence. For these reasons a government agency

says that a method of management-worker coöperation that has functioned since 1919 is no good and that a Lewis union should be recognized!

It is almost impossible for management to know how to do the right thing in a case like this, because the government has ordered it to do what is obviously the wrong thing. The workers of the International Harvester Company are not striking for a Lewis union; they are striking because a small number of workers or even outsiders demand that the employee representation plan shall be disbanded — the government so orders it, against all experience.

VI

In the interest of the consumer, who may be a worker or a white-collar person or anyone, management's principal task at this moment is to bring prices down so that a larger quantity of goods may move. Dr. Moulton's economics, as they appear in the publications of the Brookings Institution, serve as a guide to an increasing number of manufacturers. He says: —

The gains resulting from increasing technological and operating efficiency are passed on to consumers through the medium of price reductions. If, for example, productive efficiency in general should increase 100 per cent over a period of, say, twenty-five years, costs — other things being equal — would be cut in two and prices would be reduced proportionally. Thus each dollar of monetary income would purchase progressively increasing quantities of goods. The expanding demand required to take the increasing quantities of goods off the markets would be automatically created by the reduction in prices.

This method of expanding purchasing power does not, like wage increases, threat-

en insolvency to those who follow it. On the contrary, it is conceived to be the road to increasing profits. Instead of running counter to the principles of competition, it is the essence of competition.

But how can prices be brought down if labor costs rise? Or, perhaps more important, if the costs to industry of strike periods increase? A strike costs money, which has to be added to the price. It is the ultimate consumer who pays for strikes and for every other cost of production and distribution.

Yet, at the present moment, management is faced with the possibility of a protracted strike in the mass-production industries, involving perhaps five million men, not for better wages or working conditions, but to test whether John Lewis is to be recognized as the Dictator of American industry. No matter what guiding philosophy of industrial relations industry adopts, no matter how liberal the views of management may be, it cannot be expected to accept a self-imposed, extralegal dictatorship which has been repudiated by organized labor itself at the Tampa Convention of the A. F. of L. As a matter of fact, if management accepts Lewis, it abdicates that leadership in industry which it must assume if the country is again to be prosperous.

Here, then, is the crux of America's industrial problem: Who is to manage industry — the management of individual plants or John Lewis of the C. I. O.? And, if it is to be John Lewis, how can he carry through a programme of high wages for unskilled labor and at the same time keep prices down? Obviously, to management, the Lewis movement presents a destructive force which is heading industry and the country back into depression conditions.

INSIDE ENGLAND

BY JOHN GUNTHER

I

Tuesday, December 3, 1935. — Finished the damned monstrous thing last night! It runs about 190,000 words and I have done the actual writing in five months. I woke Frances up when I tottered in at five in the morning and we celebrated. The last section I wrote, on England, was the hardest, and I don't like it, but it's too late to do much about it now. I wrote the last chapter and a half, Hoare, British Foreign Policy, Eden, Simon, the Tories, and the whole 'Left and Right' chapter, in one final desperate spurt: about 8500 words in twelve or fourteen hours. It absolutely had to be done because Jamie Hamilton, my publisher, was sailing for New York, and, since the book is to be published before he returns, he wanted at least a glance at the English chapter, if only in first draft. His boy called for the MS. at 8 A.M., and took it to the boat train.

I felt very empty and exhilarated. I slept till noon and we had lunch at Lady Oxford's. Margot was a joy to listen to; she described some pianist — Horowitz, I think — playing a pianissimo passage like a mouse darting across the keyboard, and she said of one of her friends that, although his jokes were good, his humor as a whole did n't hang together: it was like a string of beads without the string. I like it best when she reminisces. Once she told me that she had met Lord Curzon, when he was foreign secretary,

in Fortnum and Mason's buying a ham. He could n't depute authority even in the smallest things.

F. and I left at 3.15, she to shop, while I walked slowly to the office. It was hard for me to believe that the whole gigantic script was done. There was n't much to do in the office. I met F. again at Harry Flory's, where a large cocktail party was going on. Guest of honor was Hugh Baillie, the new chief of the United Press. Process of noisy conversation with many friends. I told a few that the book was finished. We left, late, to join Antony Asquith and Margot — the arrangement had been made at luncheon — at the ballet at Sadler's Wells; I have n't the faintest idea what the ballet was. We saw the leading lady after the performance. Then to Rule's for supper and drink. Talk about music, sanctions, politics. I had about a dozen beers.

Friday, December 6. — This was a big day. I sent a 600-word cable about Italy, the war, and the possibility of oil sanctions. Then luncheon at Lady Oxford's to meet the Prince of Wales. There were only eight at table: Lady Oxford, the Prince, Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, Princess Elizabeth Bibesco, General Arthur Asquith, one of her late husband's secretaries (Sir Roderick Meiklejohn), Mrs. Simpson, and myself. I was annoyed because I had been told to wear only a lounge suit,

and everybody else was in striped trousers. However, I imagine it is better to be under- than over-dressed on such occasions.

The Prince, whom I had n't seen close up for years, was smaller than I remembered him, blonder, and in much better physical shape than his pictures show. He was extremely brisk, charming, and vivacious; during the first twenty minutes he and Margot talked incessantly, the Prince laughing a great deal. He drank only iced water. The food was simple and perfect: silverside of beef and a lot of vegetables. Margot brought me into the conversation by asking if I skied. Apparently she and H. R. H. had been talking about vacations. I said that I skied a little, but that on the last occasion, in the Semmering, a landslip had taken place in the adjacent Alps the next day. He asked me if I knew Vienna well; Margot explained for me how long I had been there. The Prince asked if I worked for the *Chicago Tribune* or the *Chicago Daily News*. I explained the difference. Then he said, very vivid and brisk, that he had had one disappointment in Vienna last year; he could find no restaurant that served *Lachs-schinken*. I burst into enthusiasm on the subject of *Lachs-schinken* (which, as the name indicates, is a sort of ham that both looks and tastes like salmon) and said that, unfortunately, the only places in Vienna where it might be procured were not the places he would be likely to visit.

We started talking Austrian politics. I told the story about Schuschnigg and the man who tolled the bells in Stefansplatz, waiting for the first Schuschnigg joke to be born; and then some of the little Dollfuss stories. Next thing we were deep into Mussolini and the Abyssinian war. The Prince was talkative and sensible. Returning to Austria, he said that among small things one detail had interested him very

much: the room in the Ballhausplatz with five doors, arranged in this manner for the Congress of Vienna so that Metternich, Talleyrand, et cetera, could all enter at precisely the same moment, with no one suffering lack of precedence. We talked across the table for about a quarter of an hour. Then Margot, perfect in such things, turned him toward her other guests. I talked about Budapest to Mrs. Simpson. She's alert, sensible, intelligent.

After lunch the Prince was very much at his ease and cordial. Did I know an Austrian journalist named P—— in Central Europe? Did I not! 'That fellow!' the Prince said. It came as an extreme surprise to me that he should remember by name correspondents of newspapers who had attended his brief vacation trip in Vienna and Budapest the year before.

Lunch had begun at 1.37, precisely seven minutes after the Prince and Mrs. Simpson entered; at precisely 3.01 they left. Margot and Elizabeth curtsied them into the hall. They were pleased and thrilled by his extreme good temper. I talked a minute to Margot's brother. He lost a leg *after* becoming a general. 'Chic, I call that,' Elizabeth said.

I walked back to the office, fiddled with proofs, and went to Claridge's for the first reception of the American delegation to the Naval Conference, which opens — grief to me — next week. Greeted Bob Pell, the press secretary, whom I had n't seen, except for a moment in Paris, since Madrid three years ago. He is the most capable press officer I ever met. This is because he understands a simple and elementary rule that newspaper men are happy if you give them news. Norman Davis spoke gravely and briefly, in his slow Southern voice. I rushed from Claridge's to a cocktail party at the Russell Strausses'. He is a young Labor M. P., Morrison's parliamentary secre-

tary in the last parliament, who works with Morrison now (the cockney 'Boss of London') on the London County Council. The house, very modern, was full of Labor M. P.'s, ex-M. P.'s, and would-be M. P.'s. F. was waiting for me and after an hour we went, late, and had dinner, oysters and a steak, in the Strand at Gow's. In great detail I described the remarkable events of the day. She was pleased.

Saturday, December 7. — At John Balderston's for dinner. Full of movie people — Clive Brook, for instance, a British director named Maurice Elvey, Antony Asquith, and an Austrian producer, Clement, for whom Balderston is working. Poker after. F. and I play only the most rudimentary kind of game; it was, I think, the fourth time in my life that I had played. So we sat at a separate table with John and Marion; I did something entirely unexpected, which I did not understand at all; apparently I 'bluffed John out of a pat hand' while holding absolutely nothing myself; John said that five years from now he would explain the enormity of my offense.

Sunday, December 8. — Edgar came over from Paris. He wants to see some of the Naval Conference people. Edgar Ansel Mowrer, our doyen and Paris correspondent, is, with perhaps one exception, the most persistently engaging conversationalist I know. He was in rare form this morning, passionate, gloomy, explosive with biases (the right kind), overwrought, and very sweet when he relaxed. He accuses himself sometimes of being a pedant; I think he is the best-educated American I ever met, Vincent Sheean possibly excepted. He is, unlike Sheean, a severe moralist. He looked very well, but browner and thinner. There is a touch of Lincoln in Edgar; and of Shelley; and of Mohammed. He believes in free speech so much that he would cheerfully slay any man who

opposed it. Elizabeth Bibesco said of him once: 'His eyes are so blue they make a blue reflection on the tablecloth.'

We lunched together, then had tea with Professor Laski out in Addison Grove, the end of the world.

II

Monday, December 9. — Edgar and I went to see the Naval Conference open. It was a dismal show. Only three tickets, I think, had been allotted to American newspapers for the plenary session, and we did n't have one; Birchall of the *New York Times* volunteered to split his with me (they were drawn by lot in my office), but the attendants would n't let him out of the council room. He sent his ticket out by Trilby Ewer; then I could n't get in. But we did n't miss much. Baldwin spoke about twelve minutes, and then, to the astonishment of almost everyone, announced that he had some 'important' business and left the hall. Out in the corridors we talked of little but Abyssinia. News had come back from Paris that Hoare and Laval are working on a 'formula.'

I sent 818 words of cable on the Naval Conference opening; Edgar covered the Abyssinian angle.

Edgar came to dinner, which was unspeakable.

Tuesday, December 10. — Woke up feeling fluish, and I decided to stay in all day; Edgar, before returning to Paris, did a story for me. This was the first day in over six years that I have missed my daily stint at the office through illness. Worked in bed on proofs all afternoon, desperately, then got up because we were having a small dinner party — the Kuhns and the Ewers. Kuhn is second man on the *New York Times* here; Ewer is diplomatic correspondent of the *Daily Herald*. All the talk was, of course, about

Hoare in Paris and the 'deal.' A good many details have leaked out. Ewer was cynical, I was depressed. Ewer said, 'They'll be glad at the F. O. to have John Simon back again!' After dinner a few people came in: Thomas Balogh, the economic adviser to a city firm; Claud Cockburn, who edits that remarkable sheet, *The Week*; Aneurin Bevan, the Welsh M. P., and his wife, Jennie Lee; Louise Morgan, who does feature work on the *News-Chronicle*; and two of the Hollywoodians who are invading London so tumultuously, Mrs. Schulberg, who is going to open a film agency here, and the scenario writer Herman J. Mankiewicz. Mank has been here about three days and is, of course, already in a fair way toward settling all the affairs of the British Empire. It was grand listening to him explain to Ewer, Bevan, and the others, who have spent their lives on these issues, exactly what British policy was, how it worked, how it should work, and so on. The remarkable thing was that Mank was as shrewd and sound as they.

Talk very violent. Cockburn and Ewer (and Bevan with his marvelous Welsh laugh) were somewhat complacent and victorious; they knew so absolutely that Hoare and Laval had been cooking up exactly this arrangement. I got more and more depressed as the evening went on; I suppose I am a bad newspaper man because I instinctively tend to believe people rather than disbelieve them; it seemed to me literally inconceivable that Baldwin could stand for any such patent betrayal of all he had been saying for months. Stubbornly I kept saying that the story was n't finished yet.

We went up to bed late and gloomy. F. had, being a realist, taken the Bevan-Cockburn line that some such deal as the Hoare-Laval plan was inevitable, and, indeed, a good thing; she has n't much regard for the Abyssinians and

thinks it would be silly to risk a European war to stop this one. We have been arguing over sanctions for months. She is far too good a gentleman, however, to be wise-after-the-event or boastful. She knew also that I was deeply hurt by this and we did n't talk much. Very strange that two people who have been married for seven years can get into such a stew because the foreign policy of a great nation is dishonorable.

Wednesday, December 11. — A bit of flu still, so I stayed home and wrote my story from bed: It was a blazer. I opened with, 'All the peace balloters, all the Left-Wingers and Laborites, all the people who believed in the League of Nations and trusted Stanley Baldwin, are seething in bewilderment and indignation to-day as details of the most dishonorable deal in the recent history of British policy became known.' I ended, 'So it looks like peace by Christmas — a peace which leaves a bitter taste.'

Worked on proofs all afternoon, until I was too tired to tell a comma from a semicolon. A patch in the early German section had worried me for months: I fixed it, a sudden flash, by changing the paragraphing; just two indentations altered, and — miracle! — it was all right. But I wonder if it is worth while to proceed with these maddening details. Does it really matter if I use the word 'very' twice in two sentences or if a dash looks better than a period? Of course it does. When he was here a few weeks ago Walter Duranty told me that he had sent some mail stories to New York and was uneasy in his soul for three days until he cabled to change one full stop to a semicolon.

Party again to-night for a few people. The Saerchingers and Russell Strausses came to dinner, and later Lilo Linke, Wells Lewis (Sinclair's eldest son) and a pretty American girl,

Fred and Renata Kuh, Martha Harris and Ian Coster, all dropped in. F. tickled Wells, who is seventeen and beginning to sprout, by telling him how nice his girl was. He is enjoying a year off from Harvard. Saerchinger is the European head of Columbia Broadcasting, and is forever hopping about the Continent getting birds to sing across the Atlantic for him, statesmen to speak, philosophers to whisper, generals to orate. He has, at the microphone, held the hands of everyone from Trotsky to assorted queens. Fred Kuh, the diplomatic correspondent of the United Press, pleased me by saying that he too had been shocked by the Hoare-Laval business. And he is certainly less gullible, less an 'idealist' (loathsome word) than I. Ian Coster is movie critic of the *Evening Standard*. There is a good story in this amazing South Seas Bubble of movie life in London. Miss Linke is a refugee from Germany, whose autobiography, *Restless Days*, I liked extremely: a grave handsome girl with a serious mind.

What annoys me most about the Abyssinian fiasco is that I have been — till now — dead right on the story all along. And judgment, as Raymond Swing once said, is what foreign correspondents are paid for.

Johnnie said this afternoon: 'I will learn to read in six months.' He added: 'That's half a year.'

Friday, December 13. — I spent all morning with one of Jamie's lawyers. It was tiresome and tense, but I dare say worth the trouble. Among the cuts were the following. I say that the governess of young King Peter of Yugoslavia was not a professionally trained teacher. This might, the lawyer said, be grounds for libel. I say that Pilsudski divorced his first wife because she mistreated her husband by her first marriage. Dangerous, if she is still alive. Cuts like these I could n't object to, English libel law being what it

is. But some of the others! 'Princip (the Sarajevo assassin) was doubtful of his mother's virtue; thus the World War came.' Dangerous libel on Mme. Princip! 'Even Communism cannot make the porter of the Hotel Metropole in Moscow efficient, or his telephone.' This porter is an identifiable individual and might sue for defamation! Joke about Mme. Lebrun, wife of the President of France: she told her husband that he should pardon Gorgulov, the assassin of his predecessor Doumer, 'because otherwise we should n't have this pleasant job.' This joke shows Mme. Lebrun in 'a cold heartless light,' and must be removed. And so on. And my favorite phrase in the whole book has gone: 'Goebbels never kicks a man until he's down.'

Wrote my cable, having watched various straws in the wind, and went out flat to the effect that the Hoare-Laval plan, after its week of strenuous life, was dead. Risky.

Evening party at Louise Morgan's, packed with female celebrities, Nancy Cunard, Ethel Mannin, Moura Budberg, Rebecca West, Clare Sheridan.

Saturday, December 14. — Aesthetic conundrum. We say, reading a great writer, — Tolstoi, for instance, or Proust, — that he is 'true to life.' Yet we gauge his 'trueness to life' by his capacity to reveal something about human nature with which, often as not, we are unfamiliar. We feel a special pleasure when the artist communicates something which we know nothing concrete about, but which we accept as true. For instance, few people can have actually had the experience of watching the amputation of a rival's leg, as did Prince Andrey in *War and Peace*. But we accept implicitly Tolstoy's account of Andrey's evoked emotion, and it enlarges for us the entire sphere of human nature. How does the artist do this? Of course a really great artist includes all of us in himself.

The same essential resources are common to all intelligent human beings. But to most of us they are mysterious because not stated articulately in our own minds. When an artist with deeper insight does state them, we recognize them in ourselves, agree that they are true, because they correspond, roughly, to awarenesses and perceptions that we are latently capable of appreciating, but simply have not appreciated. But the conundrum remains: How do we know that what an artist writes is 'true,' if we ourselves have never previously experienced it?

Sunday, December 15. — Slept till noon, when Johnnie pulled me out of bed. Tea with Sir Walter Layton, the editor of the *News-Chronicle* and the *Economist*; then cocktails with Jascha Heifetz the violinist, and a pleasant talk with him; then dinner with Ted and Elizabeth Acheson. I was tired. Beautiful supper, which Elizabeth cooked herself; she was very pretty and glossy, Ted delightful.

Masaryk resigned the Presidency of Czechoslovakia to-day. I admired him more than almost any other European political personage I ever met.

I seem to be very gregarious these days. But after all, from July till December, I worked night and day, hardly saw a soul.

III

Monday, December 16. — The papers came in from Chicago, and I saw that a couple of those Naval Conference stories I had worked so hard on did n't get in the paper. This never happened in the old days. I know what a Procrustes bed a composing room is, but nevertheless I was disappointed and annoyed enough to send no cable to-day.

We had a small sherry party at six, for a lot of young people — Tanya Benckendorff, Wells Lewis, Anthony

West, Sonya Schulberg. Several small romances started. Johnnie was in the seventh heaven because one of the guests, Bingy Saxon-Mills, pilots his own airplane — the first actual flesh-and-blood pilot my young son had ever seen. He was so excited that he turned perfectly white and shy.

Tuesday, December 17. — My office routine is more or less the following. I am the London correspondent of an American newspaper, one of the very few American papers which still maintain a foreign staff, and my job is to get news of the British Isles and transmit it to the United States. Specifically I am supposed to cover only England (with a bow to the Irish Free State), but almost all international stories have a British 'angle,' — indeed it is usually the British angle which is the point of the story, — and thus about 60 per cent of my cables are incidentally concerned with things as far afield as Abyssinia, Danzig, the Far East, the foreign policy of the United States, Geneva, Spain, Egypt, what you will.

My paper is a serious one, and also cables cost money; thus our service is in general restricted to 'serious' news — that is, politics. I send very few features; I pay no attention to crime; economics and politics are my business. Moreover I do not, as a rule, have to send what is called 'spot' news, unless the matter is very urgent and comes within the circumscription of our cable period. What is expected from me, and from everybody in our service, is color, judgment, interpretation.

I get down to the office about eleven and get my cable off by one-thirty or two; this is because we are an afternoon newspaper and our leased wire service from New York (we serve about thirty American newspapers with foreign news) closes, I think, at 10 A.M. American time. In exceptional cases I can file till 4 P.M. or even later,

but this usually means that only Chicago gets the story, not the syndicate. I send a cable very nearly every day. They range from 250 to 600 words on ordinary days, sometimes longer.

I have no assistant, no tie-up with a London newspaper, and no ticker. Thus my sources of news are three: (a) what is in the English papers, used by all correspondents as essential background; (b) what I can get from friends; (c) what is in my head. Nine tenths of European journalism — that is, American journalism from Europe — is a combination of private ingenuity and public friendship. You are helpless unless you know a lot of people, and unless you can interpret with some freshness and stability of judgment what they tell you. Most of my job is done outside the office. A great deal of it is done at lunch or dinner.

I have been in this London post just over six months, and, aside from a good deal of study, my major effort has been to meet people, all kinds of people, who can tell me (over the telephone) what I want to know, about anything from French financial policy to the history of coal royalties, from the price of cotton in Liverpool to the reasons the I. L. P. split from the Labor Party. Most of what I have to get has to be obtained by telephone, since between reading the morning papers and sending my story there is only an hour or so. I should have friends in every camp, Labor, Tory, Liberal, in every foreign legation, in the City, in the government bureaus. I should see people incessantly, not only to get the actual news of the day (and the news that is behind the news, which sometimes we print), but to meet new sources of information and to irrigate old ones. Also, I should equip myself to be able to *give* information, since it is always easier to ask for something if you offer something in exchange. Journalism is really a process of bar-

ter between people who each know something and find it to their advantage to exchange or pool their knowledge. Finally there are regular 'beats' which we ought to cover. Just now I should be going to Claridge's every day to see our naval delegation; and I ought to go to the Foreign Office every afternoon. I have been very slack lately about such visiting.

There are mail stories to do, of course, as well as cables. I used to write more 'mailers' than anyone on the paper. In the old days I never covered a story by cable without trying to assemble enough stuff for a mail series subsequently. Being very bad on spot news, I always enjoyed the after-the-fact mail reports much more than the original dispatches. I've done mail series for the paper, at one time or other, on Egypt, Syria, Trans-Jordan, Sweden, Poland, the Nazi régime in Germany, the Caucasus, the Latin Quarter in Paris, the Spanish Revolution, the U. S. S. R., Greece, Albania, Rumania, Turkey, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Hungary, Austria. These series ran six or seven thousand words each, sometimes more. Lately I have fallen down badly on mail stuff. I don't know enough about England yet to do a series, and minor feature stories are a bore. Now that the book is done I will try to revive my ancient industry.

Lunch with Mankiewicz. This Hollywoodian has great grasp of politics. His prediction: the Emperor of Abyssinia will be a forlorn and forgotten refugee in a *pension* on the French Riviera within a year.

Home. More proofs. More commas. Dinner, and charming, *chez* Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. One of the guests was a young art critic, Pope Hennessy, the other an Irish peer whose name I did n't get. Extraordinary, the ambiguity of British introductions.

Wednesday, December 18. — I sent a brief story on the Naval Conference.

At about 2.15 I began to rewrite, in proof, the first two British chapters, because they did seem so terribly thin and hollow. I had to do them differently for U. S. A. and England; all afternoon I snipped galleys apart and pasted up new typescript inserts. The stuff had absolutely to go to the printer to-night. A boy came over from Hamilton's at five. I said he would have to wait and did not finish till 7.30. He took one set of proofs for U. S. A., one for England, and rushed them off. I calculated that I cut about 1500 words and added about 2500 in those five and a quarter hours. Some of the paragraphs I seriously weakened by changing them over and over again. They would *not* come out right. Home, so tired I started to shout at the taxi driver when he did n't have change; I showed F. what I had cut and she was horrified, thinking that I had taken out some of the best stuff. I sat through dinner, mortally exhausted. We forgot to turn on the radio for the news bulletin. At 11.20 P.M. Elizabeth Bibesco telephoned to say that Hoare had resigned.

By God! F. and I stared at each other. But I am a poor winner; this proved, after all, that I had been right on the story, and that the Abyssinian deal was doomed; but straightway I was too sorry for Hoare to be glad.

Thursday, December 19.—Claud Cockburn was in the office when I got in. This often happens, since my hours get steadily later. We talked an hour. Claud is my steadiest visitor, and his visits are extremely valuable. He edits *The Week*, a mimeographed information sheet, in his spare time; altogether he probably writes eight or nine thousand words from Sunday to Sunday, a terrific total, most of it pseudonymously. He looks worn-out as a result. He is tireless, eager, and full of humor. Sometimes he is wish-father-to-the-thoughtish, and sometimes too doc-

trinaire and even gullible. There is no one, all in all, I like better in England.

The House of Commons is always one of the finest dramatic shows to be seen anywhere. On a day like this, following the resignation of a minister under such circumstances, the drama is terrific. The government had pitched Hoare overboard; Baldwin was going to explain why; then Hoare was to offer his self-justification. The House was, of course, jammed; restlessness made question time seem interminable. Baldwin was a disappointment, and yet, when he rose to speak with a sort of electric rubbery defensive aliveness, I thought that he showed a type of peculiarly British greatness, the summoning of all forces when self-preservation is at stake. He said nothing new, except to confess that there had been a lack of liaison the fatal Sunday when Hoare went to Paris. Hoare's message, he said, arrived (in the post apparently!) on the Monday. So now we know why Baldwin hurriedly and rather cavalierly left the Naval Conference that day. He did not 'unseal' his lips. (During the first debate last week he said that if he told the whole story no member of the House would vote against him.) Hoare struck the perfect note at once. He was not apologetic or evasive; he put forward the best defense possible of his plan; when at the end, his career seemingly ended, he wept, the House was tremendously moved.

I had to leave the House at about eight to go to Cesar Saerchinger's for dinner, with Emma Goldman. F. (this was her day with Johnnie) could n't be there. It was amusing to have begun the morning with a Communist, listened all afternoon to Tories, Liberals, and Laborites, and ended the day in conversation with the world's most famous Anarchist. Emma was hopelessly parochial, I thought. We talked around and about a favorite

question of mine: What will happen in a state — for instance, Germany — when serious discontent begins to simmer, although an immense opposition is stifled by police power? How can a revolution be successful without arms? And how can an opposition obtain arms in a police state?

Friday, December 20. — It is literally true that since the first of July I have not had so much as half an hour free to go to a bookshop. To-day I dropped in at Bumpus's and called on Mr. Wilson. I walked down Bond Street, looking for Christmas presents. I have never seen a city so rich, so craggy, so utterly compact with purchasing power as London. I bought F. an evening bag and a mess of Elizabeth Arden stuff, and myself two sweaters, and the house a clock. At Fortnum and Mason's I ordered Christmas puddings for the John Wileys in Antwerp, the Shirers in Berlin, and the Fodors in Vienna.

We had a small dinner party in the evening: Bob Pell, Aneurin Bevan, M.P., Rebecca West and Henry Andrews. Rebecca was very late. It worried Henry. After dinner came the Ewers, Cecil and Sylvia Sprigge, Faie Jarmel (lovely orange dress), Kingsley Martin (editor of the *New Statesman*), Alexander Werth, who is Paris correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, one or two others. Perfectly violent conversation. Kingsley and Aneurin above themselves. Main item: Will there be a new deal, and how, and when?

Saturday, December 21. — I wrote about twenty letters, telling various friends to whom I owe correspondence that at long last I am coming up for air. Went to Woolworth's with F. to buy ornaments for the Christmas tree. Lunched at the Blue Train with Faie. She's a remarkable girl who had to go to work for a living after a domestic bust-up; she started selling hats at

Macy's for twelve dollars a week five years ago, and now has an enormous job there, head of a merchandising department. Took a walk in the afternoon and had a Turkish bath. Too tired to sleep at night, grazed till 3 A.M. in a lot of books, among them Arnold Bennett's *Whom God Hath Joined* (an admirable, very 'French' novel), Bruce Lockhart's *Retreat from Glory*, David Low's *Lions and Lambs*.

Sunday, December 22. — Slept the entire day, till 7 P.M. F. and Faie went to the movies. In the evening, for the third time, I went through page proofs, which are now complete, checking sources and tidying final odds and ends. This is really the last job of work on the book. It goes finally to the printer on Tuesday. As I was working I heard over the radio that Eden has been appointed Foreign Minister. My heart leapt; then sank. This may conceivably mean war with Italy. I inserted the last Hoare stuff and Eden's appointment in the proofs. Too late to change anything — thank goodness — now. One solid year of work finished. I drank three whiskeys and then a lot of beer.

IV

Tuesday, December 24. — No cable. Reports in the papers of a general amnesty in Austria; this may mean that several friends of ours will get out of jail. Remarkable lunch, Ted Acheson the host, at Quaglino's. The fare was delightful: hot hors d'œuvres, including some of the best sausage meat I ever ate; sole à la écrevisse; then a steak slim as a rose leaf grilled in a chafing dish at the table. Guests and conversation also notable: Carl Brandt, the literary agent, who is here from New York, and Webb Miller, correspondent of the United Press, who is just back from the Italian Front in Ethiopia.

Webb tells a story astonishingly different from all that we get from official

and semi-official sources here. The Italians are not going to lose, he says, but win; the idea of an Abyssinian victory is preposterous; the Italians are going slow, but their army is magnificent, and it is only a question of time before they get to Addis Ababa. Webb, who is one of the most level-headed folk I know, told harrowing details of the terrible state of the roads in Eritrea and to the front; he was the first correspondent to get to Adowa (he *walked* there), and the ardors of the campaign were enough to give him, of all people, a nervous breakdown.

Wednesday, December 25. — Johnnie's chief gift is a Meccano airplane. As we distributed things under the tree, he was much less interested in what we had given him than in seeing us open the things he (with Milla's help) had made for us. Then got busy with the Meccano, and produced a trimotor seaplane by 4 P.M. Pause while we listened to King George's Empire broadcast. This was inordinately impressive, and the B. B. C. staged it in a manner that must make the little twisted mouth of Dr. Goebels turn with envy. The idea is simple: the King speaks (his voice was very faltering, I thought) and then various parts of the Empire answer: a ranchman in Alberta, a little girl in New Zealand, a miner in South Africa, some fishermen in the Shetlands, a chap on lonely outpost in India. England responds: the Empire is knit together. This is, of course, propaganda of the most superlative and subtle sort.

F. and Milla meantime beating up eggs. About a dozen people came in to have Christmas eggnog with us. It was fun, as all Christmas parties are fun; and the guests admirably suited the spirit of the occasion. Webb and his wife, Carl and Carol Brandt, the Balderstons, the Achesons, Howard Young, the Schulbergs, and Louise Morgan

and Otto Theis. Everybody got very gay. Some, in fact, refused to leave. F. and I were booked for Christmas evening with Rebecca West and Henry Andrews; we could n't get away. Finally Ted and Webb grandly told us to go on and leave our own party, if we wished to be so foolish; they would take care of it in our unfortunate absence. So we got to Rebecca's at last, but very late. Ruby Melville, a character out of fantasy, was there. She looks like Mae West. Henry, as always, I liked very much. They gave us for Christmas an enchanting little palette of five different kinds of French mustard. Home, wondering what wreckage Ted, Webb, and the rest had left. But all was in good order. The lights, however, did not work. Milla said a fuse had blown out at about 10.30 P.M., plunging the flat in total darkness; Webb and Ted took this as a sign from On High and precipitately and surreptitiously fled.

Friday, December 27. — Lunched at the Café Royal with Cesar Saerchinger, Ted Acheson, and a young man, Joseph Israels II, who has just come back from the Abyssinian front, and who is en route to New York as the Emperor's counselor for public relations. Israels was bright, plausible, and, of course, strongly pro-Abyssinian. All his political impressions are in the most remarkable contrast to Webb's. It was strange to recall the lunch with Webb a few days ago. These two competent observers were a few hundred miles away from each other, on opposite sides of the same 'front.' Yet they had utterly opposite reports to make on the same phenomena — for instance, the ability of the Abyssinians to fight, the character of the northern Rases, and so on.

Tuesday, December 31. — Because there was nothing else in sight, I sent a weather story, something I don't often do: 'Year 1935 departed England with big wet splash.' Lunch alone. Turkish

bath. New Year's Eve dinner, grand, with the Carl Brandts and Vincent and Dinah Sheean. I had n't seen Sheean since 1929 in Palestine, except for a brief glimpse in New York last year. He is older, grayer, watching his poise; his lower lip still curls like Maurice Chevalier's.

Wednesday, January 1, 1936. — Small evening party at Dr. Letitia Fairfield's. She is Rebecca West's elder sister, one of the few women in the world who hold an authentic doctorate in both medicine and law; her career has been almost unique. Some Labor Party people were there, also Rebecca and Henry. R. looked gorgeous and her talk was, as always, a golden dusky flow, flawless in wit and rhythm. She reminisced about her childhood, something I've seldom heard her do; her father wanted to be a painter, and the rest of her family, for such were Scottish families in those days, were as shocked 'as if he had begun to rouge.' About someone else, she said he was as conspicuous 'as a black tooth in your mouth.'

V

Tuesday, January 7. — Wrote a 360-word cable on the naval talks, which resumed yesterday. At noon arrived an advance copy of the book. This was very smart publishing by Hamilton; after all the thing runs 510 pages and the printers did n't get page proofs till Christmas; to get it out so quickly was a brilliant achievement, in fact a record. Actual publication date is January 13. Lunch alone. The book burned my fingers, of course. I went to the R. A. C. to read it and felt that the jacket was horribly conspicuous: I could n't quite bear to be seen with it, so I carefully took the jacket off and folded and hid it in my pocket.

Thursday, January 9. — At the Embassy at 10.30, to discuss American neutrality legislation with William But-

terworth, our first secretary and exceptionally knowledgeable. Wrote two fairly long cables, about the Franco-British proposals for naval coöperation in the Mediterranean, and (once again) on the pathetic and wearisome Naval Conference. Incidentally, some of my best stuff on Hoare-Laval did not get into the paper. Lunched with X. He has information, which I trust, that King George is ill. Good story, but I can't touch it with a ten-foot pole until there is some official or semi-official confirmation.

Friday, January 10. — Another long story about the Naval Conference, after a talk at Claridge's with Pell and Fred Kuh. They stared quizzically when I came in; leaving the flat in a hurry, I had forgotten to comb my hair. Typical. Luncheon with Lady Oxford. We talked about Henry Ford, Kitchener, prospects of mutiny in the Italian army (a Sudanese civil servant was there, who knew Abyssinia well), Mark Twain, and why King George V sent that telegram to Hitler on his birthday early last year. Margot was so horrified that he had done so that she protested directly to the Queen. The King did it on his own hook, it appears; the F. O. was not informed. Such things do happen, incredible as it may seem, in this most puzzling country, which obeys no ordinary rules.

The talk drifted to money. Margot turned to me suddenly and said, 'Are you rich?' This astonished me, because it never occurred to me that anyone who knew us at all well could have imagined that we were in anything but very moderate circumstances. She thought that I should get a lot of money for my book. But her ideas, I promptly saw, were astronomical. For her autobiography she told me that she had received \$55,000, but I did not understand whether this was an outright payment or an advance on royalties. The story of the way it was com-

missioned was curious. Later she got fantastic sums for journalism; for a time she was 'Atticus' in the *Sunday Times*. This seemed to me remarkably and typically British — that a great newspaper should have Margot Oxford as its columnist and print her in cloak-like anonymity!

Saturday, January 11. — Two cables again to-day, one on the naval talks (the Japs are going to walk out next week, which will mean the end of naval disarmament, so-called), the other on the picturesque Ross and Cromarty by-election where young Malcolm MacDonald is trying to save his skin. Lunch with Fred Kuh. He wanted to know why F. was n't doing any work of her own, why she was no longer interested in anything except taking care of me. I assured him that this latter observation was to some extent a distortion of the truth. But he had disapproved, lunching with her a couple of weeks ago, when she said that being a wife, mother, and housekeeper exhausted all her energy. We lunched leisurely, which is unusual; and, leaving Rule's at three, I suddenly discovered that, for the first time in six months at least, I had absolutely nothing to do. This was an extraordinary sensation. So I took a walk in the Green Park, loafed at the club for an hour, and dropped in for tea with John W. Wheeler-Bennett. I was glad to see him (he has been out of town all winter, busy finishing his biography of Hindenburg), not only because I like and admire him, but because most of my friends here are Left-Wingers or Liberals, and it was refreshing to have conversation with an intelligent and honest Tory.

VI

Monday, January 13. — *Inside Europe* was published to-day. Sent a story about Abyssinia, and another on Kipling's illness. His being ill means very little to me, nothing, for instance, to

what I should feel if Wells or Thomas Mann or Freud or André Gide or Sinclair Lewis were ill. Lunch with Sheean. He had just seen G. B. Shaw. Sheean very amusing and agreeable, though still inclined to be moony about his precious Arabs. In the afternoon went to the Foreign Office, first time I've been there in months. General impression is that the Italians are licked; in fact, I heard fears of an Italian debacle, like Adowa. But I keep remembering all that Webb so convincingly reported.

Tuesday, January 14. — My attitude toward sanctions is roughly this. I quite agree that it would be foolish to stop one war by starting another. But I think that Mussolini is bluffing, and has n't the faintest idea of greeting an oil embargo as a *casus belli*. I want the Abyssinian war stopped, and I hope the Italians are beaten, because (1) I am a good pro-Leaguer and this is a test case for the Covenant, for the survival of public law in Europe; (2) I hate Fascism, and a defeat for the Italians would be a thumping blow at the forces of reaction everywhere; (3) successful sanctions might be an effective precedent against aggression by Hitler later.

F. does n't agree with me. She is against sanctions. She does n't think that Italy should be humiliated; she does n't want to risk a blowup in Central Europe; she thinks that the Abyssinians are a damned miserable people and, like Shaw, is on the side of the road builders; and she does n't think Hitler is historically-minded enough to be checked by precedents. Yet she hates Fascism and smash-and-grab politics as much as I do.

Wednesday, January 15. — We dined at Schmidt's, on Tottenham Court Road, with Aneurin and Jennie, full of life and beans.

Aneurin Bevan, compact and powerful, should be Prime Minister of Eng-

land some day. Some people think he will. But he is an inveterate lone wolf, and often wrong-headed. And he lacks elasticity. Aneurin was born in Wales and worked underground in the mines for years. The courage and resourcefulness by which he managed to educate himself are remarkable. He got a job in the miners' union and is now so impregnable in his constituency, Ebbw Vale, that ordinarily the conservatives don't bother to put up a candidate against him. In the last elections, however, they did, in order to tie him up, keep him from speaking in other parts of the country. In drawing-room or platform, he is contagiously brilliant. His rich laugh and Welsh accent help. Aneurin, hot, humorous, impish, frank, forward, vivacious, has given us some of the best times we've had in England.

F. and I decided on the way home to give up parties for a while. They are too expensive. A dinner party costs \$30 to \$35, a cocktail or evening party \$40 to \$50, depending on how much people drink. We are very broke. We have, by modest standards, a decent enough salary; but we cannot live on it. In Vienna we did; here it is impossible. This is because, of course, we like to do nice things, buy books, see people, go out a lot. The last two or three years I have made a good deal each year by outside writing, and while we were in Vienna we saved this; here, at about a rate of \$100 a month, we

have to cut into it. The office allows me £10 per month for all entertainment, taxis, and so on, which is very little indeed. I spend at least six to eight shillings a day on taxis alone, and nine out of ten for *Daily News* purposes.

Thursday, January 16. — Johnnie has developed a remarkable ideological concept which he calls Smoky. An imaginary means of conveyance, Smoky is an obvious compensation for his own littleness and inability to travel. Smoky is at one and the same time the most powerful locomotive in the world, the biggest Zeppelin, the fastest steamboat, the largest automobile, and the finest aeroplane. As a boat, it crosses the Atlantic in two and a half days; as a train, it gets from Bognor Regis to Vienna in fourteen hours; as an airplane, it goes to Australia in a night. Johnnie has gone all around the world in Smoky; as a result he has learned a remarkable lot of geography for a boy of six. He traces each trip on his maps or on a globe. Smoky nowadays goes to either the North or the South Pole every night, and his customary parking place during the day is Mount Everest.

When F. took him to a pantomime the other day, he announced suddenly that he was on the Abyssinian side in the war.

Saturday, January 18. — The King is seriously ill. So the Welsh trip is off. This will be a tremendous story.

(To be concluded)

A TALE OF NEW JAPAN

BY ELLERY SEDGWICK

I

THE impression grew and flourished that Fuji was an innkeeper's legend. Of course, there were pictures in every shop of this chiefest miracle of nature, but there is no sect in Japan which can boast more devotees than that which troops after the God of Advertising, and the story grew that, like the imperious dragons with curly tails and the Thousand-armed Buddhas, the sweep and lift of Fuji was the vision of some supreme artist which Hokusai and Hiroshige had translated into the vernacular of everyday life. Every morning, it is true, the newly arrived were told to look southwest from Tokyo, for a northerly breeze would part the clouds and disclose the heaven-ypointing pyramid; but each day clouds, thick with rain, where Fuji ought to be, confirmed the suspicion of a profitable and patriotic hoax. It was all of a piece with Santa Claus. Once you were let into the secret you joined the conspiracy.

Now, if any man were responsible, it was obviously mine host at Miyano-shita, Mr. Yamagouchi. His delectable inn, the Fuji-ya, where the splash of water tumbling into a camellia-shaded pool all but drowns the tinkle of cocktail glasses on the verandah, is dedicated to pilgrims searching for Fuji-san — Fuji-Sir, as the Japanese say in affectionate respect. Never was hostility more nicely calculated to assuage disappointment. Food, bed, service, all

tempt the visitor to stay one more day when it 'will be sure to clear'; and Fuji after rain, you are told, is the supremely perfect Fuji.

How satisfying are these best inns of Japan! How fastidiously they minister to the sentimental traveler! The maid, in her gay kimono and gayer obi, comes in to bring you tea.

'What a charming view you have given me from my window,' you say. 'How beautiful it would be to see the sun.'

She looks out, lost for an instant in the loveliness of young willows bursting into leaf.

'Yes,' she says with a smile, 'a beautiful place to see the sun, but it is a more beautiful place still to see the moon.'

Where else among chambermaids radiates the soft influence of Diana?

Mr. Yamagouchi is a necromancer, but even his lively wit and the majesty of his moustache, eighteen inches from tip to tip, cannot drive from the visitor's mind the thought that Fuji, one sight of Fuji, is the hope that lured him to Miyano-shita. Still, that moustache is no trivial eccentricity lightly to be passed over. Not merely does it give our host primacy in the Moustache Club, where you may see, from authentic photographic records, mustachios rampant, couchant, undulant, recessive, rococo, flamboyant, sometimes with beards, sometimes in solitary

magnificence of line, black, white, and gray; mustachios in the structural harmony of flying buttresses or in delicate finials pointed to the airy filament of a single hair — from such competition one may not lightly bear away the capillary crown. Not only, I say, does this masculine achievement divert one's thoughts from the pursuit of Fuji; it elevates one's standards from the dandified mustachios of Paris to purer and nobler forms, where, freeing itself from parasitical adornments, it becomes its own triumphant vindication.

Three days of rain had been followed by three days of cloud, but the wind still blew from the northeast. If you do not know what that means, you have only to walk down the streets of a Japanese city and note the precautions which the architect whose site is the northeast corner of a block must take if the devil of that quarter (the most exasperating, I am told, of all devils in Hell or out of it) is to be barred out. The devil is smart, but the architect is smarter, and, instead of constructing the ordinary right-angled corner, he folds the corner inward in a sharp recessive angle, thus:  This is unexpected, and to the devil looks so remarkably like a trap that he follows the way of prudence and makes no attempt to enter.

Well, we were out to know the secret of Fuji, and after a day of blackest cloud we awoke the second morning to broad sunshine. All things were auspicious. The line of little bowing boys in the hall smiled in unison. The waitress, her kimono bright with plum blossoms, brought us coffee and toast, and the promise of a lovely 'cherry day,' while Mr. Yamagouchi twisted the fierce extremities of his mustachios and said we had brought the south wind in our valises — which meant that this day we were to be let into the secret of Fuji-san, whatever that might be.

II

Have you ever noticed that when a traveler tells of Fuji he attempts to describe the incredible? You learn that the peak is 12,365 feet above sea level, a figure you were obviously intended to remember on account of the days of the year, but after that single intelligible remark the pilgrim becomes rapturously mystical. Fuji-san is a dream, a vision, a symbol of the unattainable, an exhalation of the Divine Spirit returning again to God, the single perfect abstraction in Nature. This is not description. This is rhetoric, and the reason is that the indescribable cannot be described. You can speak of the mists circling about the base of the peak, now white as snow, now golden with the sun, now purpling under the passing shadow of a cloud, but all this might be said of other mountains, and Fuji is no more like the Alps, or the Rockies, or the Andes, than the Grand Canyon is like a Western gulch. Prose is futile. Painting tells of it only what is in the mind's eye, but Fuji is the vision, not of what is, but of what might be.

Mr. Yamagouchi was on the porch to welcome us when we returned from our all-day drive about the five lakes which lie, the posters tell us, in a great circle about the mountain. We were in his secret. We complimented him on the compact completeness of his lunch boxes — chicken, beef, ham, tongue, salad, bamboo knife and fork, bamboo salts and peppers, bamboo sprouts to eat, and bamboo to pack them in; and he complimented us on knowing what we knew.

That evening a seven-course dinner meandering pleasantly from caviar to strawberries and cream, and that current of loving-kindness toward all men that comes from half a bottle of Burgundy and a glass of port! Then my wife left me with the injunction to be

careful not to wake her when I came up, for we had driven that day from nine to six.

Now a lonely cigar is not the way to end a day of days. Seeking out Mr. Yamagouchi, I found him in expansive mood, and baited my hook for his story. The Japanese, I remarked, are not a people of individual achievement. They work in pairs, or groups, or crowds. In fact, one of the constant miracles of a miraculous country is the continual transition from individual incompetence to collective genius. Watch the helplessness of the man called to mend your water pipe, but note the swift dispatch of the business when his mates rally to his aid. Every Cabinet Minister has his Vice Minister, every executive his alter ego, but if now and then you come on an individual Japanese who has 'done it all himself,' depend upon it he has a story to tell well worth your attentive ear. This is the story that Mr. Yamagouchi told me.

His father and, for that matter, his father's father had been innkeepers in Japan. They were a stiff, unbending race, who had found that there was one right way to do everything, and cared not to learn another. They had made a success of their business, and it was the duty of the sons to plant their small footprints precisely in their father's confident tracks. But Mr. Yamagouchi — it was before his adoption, and his name was Kanaya then — had a will and ideas of his own, and when he left school to enter the hotel kitchen as an apprentice, although he was quick to learn every detail of the Japanese style of cooking, serving, and living, he was acutely aware of the changing world about him, and knew that when the hordes of the West swarmed over his country they would cry out to be fed with their own food and to sleep in their own beds — and incidentally would pay well for the trouble. Month

in and month out, the boy plead with his father to be allowed to cross the ocean and study Western ways. But always his father repulsed him, not too gently, and thrust him back into the kitchen to keel the pots and fill the *hibachis* with fresh charcoal.

The Japanese boy does not disobey, but by persistence he can make a father's life unendurable. I suspect that it was by pressing his talent in this direction that this particular boy finally wormed out of his father permission to go to England, if he could pay for the journey. It was a prudent promise to make to a penniless boy of sixteen, whose wages were three meals of rice with a *bonne bouche* of raw squid or eels on festal occasions. But where there is a Japanese will, there is an ultimate way, and the boy, who had picked up some knowledge of English, contrived to make himself so useful to a prospective traveler that his new friend agreed to pay his transportation to San Francisco in return for service assiduously rendered.

So the first barrier was crossed, but once in America the boy was left to his own devices. Everywhere he sought for work, and everywhere he was refused. His dollars dwindled to pennies; he lived on bananas, and slept in the open. His foot was in the doorway, but the door was slamming in his face.

Very close to despair, the little stranger sat on a San Francisco pier, gazed toward the home he had longed to leave, and idly watched a big ship warp into the dock. Then came the miracle which, whatever pessimists say, never fails him who waits patiently, wisely, and courageously. A certain great lady, now on her way to London in advance of her husband, who had been named ambassador, chanced to be amongst the passengers. The boy had seen her at his father's inn, and now came for-

ward, bowing and smiling, to make her welcome. He poured out his story. 'How fortunate!' she said. 'A sick friend of my husband, now on his way to London, needs an interpreter and guide.' And so it was that the young pilgrim reached his Promised Land.

But for him that land flowed not with honey, neither with milk. London was larger than San Francisco, and food cost less, but it costs something even for an appetite nourished on rice and porridge. The boy starved and shivered, but at last in the Savoy he found a scullion's job. Now he had English pots to clean, instead of Japanese ones, but all the while he watched how things were done. When work failed at the Savoy, he found a job at the Cecil, and, before the year was out, all there was to know below-stairs in the great West End hotels he knew.

But times grew hard again, and work faded away. Now was his chance to perform his own miracle. He called again on the ambassadress who had helped him in his despair. Starvation is a liberal education for the wits, and he addressed her with confidence. 'I have heard,' said he, 'you need a diligent Japanese in your service, really versed in English. That is no longer accurate, for here he is.' The lady demurred, hesitated, accepted, and Yamagouchi was on his way.

Still the boy's salary was tiny, and none of his native astrologers could have called his future bright. But, earning money by hook and crook, within two years he was attending lectures at Cambridge. And then came the third miracle. It chanced that at Cambridge there was another Japanese boy, homeless, friendless, and poor. In childhood he had been a chum of Yamagouchi's, and now the two small exiles took to roaming the countryside together. One day, in better spirits

than usual and needing exercise, they proposed a bout of jiu-jitsu, in which Yamagouchi was proficient and his friend hardly an ignoramus. Taking off their shoes on a Cambridge green for the same reason that leads young Westerners to put on gloves for their bouts, the boys fell to, and in an instant Yamagouchi tossed his friend over his shoulder.

Again they went at it. The novelty of the show — this was early in the nineties — brought a crowd, and in the thick of it a tall young Cambridge boxer who looked on in amazement. A third time Yamagouchi flicked his friend over his shoulder as if he had been a feather pillow. The crowd huzzaed, but the watching athlete, six feet two of brawn and muscle, who, every inch of him, lived for sport and understood it, gave vent to his incredulity: 'It's all very well for little codgers, but that's no man-size game.'

'Come on,' said Yamagouchi.

The Englishman hesitated, as an Englishman might before an antagonist sixty pounds under his weight and twelve inches under his height.

'Try it on,' said Yamagouchi.

Off came the athlete's coat and shoes. He started to spar, but in less than thirty seconds went flying through the air for a fall, heavy as on the hunting field.

'You don't drop right,' said Yamagouchi.

'I say,' panted the Englishman, 'that's too good for you Japanese to keep to yourselves. You teach me and I will pay you a pound an hour.'

So it came to pass that Yamagouchi became the first master of jiu-jitsu in England. In a day his reputation was established in Cambridge. In a month the young bloods in London knew of the strange new sport. With the backing of his English friend he formed

classes. His gift for organization asserted itself. He taught his own instructors, and supervised their work in a long chain of classes. Within a year his income had jumped from ten shillings a week to a hundred pounds.

It was time to write home, now that he could write with dignity, but his father's reply was disconcerting: 'Come home, my son, I need you.' In vain the son expostulated. A fortune was in his grasp. His work was organized. It was interesting. It was rewarding. He wrote with patience, setting forth the facts.

To understand this story you must realize that this young man was now of age. He had received nothing from his father. His success was due to himself alone. Now he was asked to give up an independent fortune and to return to servitude. But as the teller of the tale remarked by way of simple comment, 'We Japanese obey our fathers.'

So back he went, back to the drudgery of his father's inn, back with only the memories of his independence; but he had taught himself to be the master of circumstance, and to-day he and his brother have a whole string of hotels, both native and foreign. Of these latter two are, I verily believe, the most comfortable and satisfying inns in the world. So perhaps his father was right after all.

III

The Fuji-ya Inn at Miyanoshita owes part, at least, of its comfortable air to the extreme irregularity of its form. Its general ground plan is a half circle, but wing after wing has been added, one detail of ornament or structure nicely assimilated to another, corridor joined to corridor, and one walks upstairs and down, over bridges and up inclines, in the daily round. To go to

bed that night involved something between a stroll and a walk. My route was unconsciously familiar, and as I strolled down the long halls and through the series of swinging doors I pondered on the relations of fathers and sons, Western education, jujitsu, the teaching of initiative, and quite a number of other philosophic matters which resolved themselves into extremely complex equations. But all the time the subconscious part of me was taking note: be sure to count the number of swinging doors, bear left through this corridor, then sharp left, then right, now up a flight of broad stairs, turn left again, note the bell-shaped windows of ground glass which mark the particular hallway and give an unmistakable sense of rightness to one's direction, then on through a corridor, — this time a short one, — face left before the last door, and there you are!

There I undoubtedly was, but I pride myself on the meticulousness of my observation, and it annoyed me to note that the young Boots, usually so careful, had misplaced my wife's shoes and substituted therefor certain imitations of lace in leather which to a man of my upbringing are peculiarly obnoxious. I must not wake my wife. I made no fuss over the shoes. I turned the knob with infinite care, opened the door silently, slipped within, and turned the key in the lock with so noiseless a precision that the final click as the bolt caught was absolutely inaudible. A faint light filtered dimly through the narrow transom, but I knew the terrain; the bathroom was directly to my left, while a step beyond opened out our vast room with four windows, two to the south, two to the west, and two beds, one in the far corner where I could just discern the shrouded outline of my partner as she lay in her first deep, refreshing slumber.

I am a considerate husband, well

used to going to bed in the dark, and with the geography of the room I was familiar to the last detail. Slipping my feet out of my pumps, I took six stealthy steps which brought me to the bureau. It had, as I well remembered, a glass top, and I ran my hand over it seeking an unencumbered place for my keys and loose change. It was annoying to me to find a continuous litter of small objects effectually covering its surface. I do wish, thought I, my wife would leave me my share of bureau space. But knowing the feminine axiom that a man's belongings, being few and simple, require at most two hooks and a corner of a shelf, I felt for the drawers.

The first was chock-full. In the second I felt the fluff of skirts. In the third was a considerable series of nondescript articles which my wandering fingers could not identify, but which seemed associated with the charm of woman. But the fourth and lowest was empty. Triumph! To prevent the indiscretion of a rattle, I refolded my silk handkerchief and laid upon it my keys, money, knife and pocketbook. I then pushed the drawer home, and, standing upright, relieved myself of my coat and waistcoat. These I hung over the back of the chair, which, as I congratulated myself, I had drawn conveniently to the foot of my bed against just such a contingency. I wound my watch, and slipped it under my pillow. The details stick in my memory. Then, removing my trousers and shirt, I draped them over my coat, and was sitting on the bed taking off my socks when of a sudden there was an unmistakable rattle at the door. Someone was trying to get in.

The wandering idiot, thought I, will wake my wife; but after a twist or two the handle was silent, and I continued my undressing. One by one I rid myself of my remaining garments, and was shivering in the night wind, which fil-

tered through the shutters, when an unpleasant thought struck me — suppose my wife had not laid out my pyjamas. I felt along the bed — not there. Under the pillow — not there either. On one of the pegs above the washstand — again, no. Upon my soul, it was careless of my wife, of whose comfort I was so careful.

Now this counsel has frequently been given me: when something is missing, do not look aimlessly in unlikely places; think out carefully where the missing object probably is. So I took thought, and while I was thinking, as a mere mechanical activity, I felt for my toothbrush. To go into domestic detail, my toothbrush has a curved bone handle, my wife's a handle of some translucent fabrication which I never patronize. Now in the neighboring toothbrush mugs were two brushes with two fabricated handles. How miserably awkward! My wife had obviously noticed that one was missing, and had supplied a substitute from her store of replacements. But in toothbrushes it is not probabilities, but certainties, that one seeks, and I did feel that she might have left some explanatory signal. However, selecting the one which I felt was still dry, I was crossing to the bathroom with it to make absolutely sure, when I was startled by a sudden and violent shaking of the door. The lunatic was at it again. Surely my wife would wake. But the breathing from the further bed was perfectly regular, and the noise stopped as suddenly as it was begun.

My irritation was growing. The innocence of my physical condition absolutely precluded my going to the door. Where were those pyjamas? Well, if they were still packed, I could slip into my dressing gown. Thank goodness that was still where I had hung it! I could feel the refreshing crispness of the poplin suspended from the hook. I seized it and was about

to slip it on, when, like the first ominous crash of a thunderstorm, my door was violently shaken, and I heard an English voice shout, '*He is in there!*'

I am a forbearing man, but my temper was up — this British cheek in informing me at midnight that I was in my own room! I wound the dressing gown round my middle, and, still grasping the toothbrush in my left hand, unlocked the door with my right and threw it angrily open. A gentleman in clothes of English cut was standing in the hall, one arm in the air in a gesture of violent amazement, his face the color of claret, and behind him were ranged, rank on rank, eight little Japanese bellboys. I could see their scared white faces.

I held my temper in control. 'I should like to ask, sir,' I said, 'the meaning of this unwarranted interruption.'

The stranger made no direct reply, but his ejaculation had a peculiar in-

tensity. 'By God,' he cried, 'he's got my toothbrush, too!'

Never was there so shattering an irrelevancy. My complacence, even my anger, dissolved like mist. In a flash the whole horror of my situation flooded over me. The wronged husband in every French drama fled across my mind. There I was, my clothes dispersed, clad in the most temporary of loincloths, in a room precisely like my own, but in a different wing. Stretched on a couch by my side was an unconscious lady, while her husband gave voice to his indignation. For a full second I was speechless. Then I cried out, 'Sir, my mortification will last through life! It is a mistake, sir, a hideous mistake!'

He looked as if he were gazing at some terrible apparition.

'My wish, sir, is to explain.'

'And my wish, sir, is that you would get out.'

The advice was excellent — and I took it.

THE MODERN HOUSE

BY JOHN P. COOLIDGE

I

FOR the last century American domestic architecture has been a series of fads. After the end of the Georgian tradition, houses were successively designed to look like Greek temples, mediæval fortresses, Italian villas, the Tuileries or perhaps the Alhambra, Renaissance palaces, Elizabethan mansions; finally they came back again to the Georgian, this time as an imitation. It is ironical that only one ideal runs continuously through all these changes, and that is the desire of our architects to build something characteristically up to date, and patently American. Each new decade had some fresh prototype to offer as the basis for a truly modern architecture; but it is obvious in retrospect that despite the whirlwind of controversy and bombast with which each new style was launched, and despite the vigor with which all preceding building was condemned, the actual product changed very little. It was the sales talk that varied, not the article. Through all the revolutions in make-up from the Egyptian to the Queen Anne, the conception of the house and the technique of building it developed very little. There was almost no increase in comfort. There was a definite decline in the general standards of architectural beauty.

It would seem that this process might go on forever. In architecture the American is always willing to believe that he stands on the threshold

of a Golden Age which can be achieved through his own immediate efforts. And so, the colonial revival being a generation old, it is not surprising that during the depression the great American evangelist public should have discovered a new architectural panacea, Modern Architecture. Like the rest, it is a European importation. Like the rest, it is considered radically new, and contrasted sharply with stuffy conservatism of the immediate past. Like the rest, it is enthusiastically, almost extravagantly advocated, and generally misunderstood. Actually modern architecture is the culmination of a long development in America and Europe and represents a real break with our immediate past. It can therefore enable us to escape from the pageant of fancy-dress styles that has been our architecture for the past hundred years, but only if it is accepted less superficially than they were, only if it is thoroughly understood.

The average American has become so accustomed to a variety of styles that one more or less makes very little difference. To him modern architecture is just a new set of forms; its characteristics are flat roofs, corner windows, perhaps a dash of zigzag sculpture, or a projecting hood over the doorway, just as the characteristics of the colonial style are gabled roofs, paired windows, pseudo-baroque doorways.

In reality there is a far deeper differ-

ence than this. Any house built to-day differs from houses built before the twentieth century in four chief ways. In the first place, it includes much new equipment. Earlier houses were merely shelters for people; contemporary houses are shelters for machines as well. And these machines, plumbing, electricity, central heating, water supply, telephone, demand special planning and design. Moreover, since such utilities account for about 40 per cent of the total cost of building a house, nobody can afford to ignore them. In the second place, practically every material in the house of to-day is made by machine, while every material in the house of the past was made by hand. Furthermore, the contemporary house may be made of materials that are wholly without precedent in the past, such as plywood, and it may be put together by some wholly new system of construction like prefabrication. In the third place, the house fulfills a very different function from that which it fulfilled before. The colonial house included the shop or office of its owner. It was the centre of his social life. He lived in it all the year round. To-day the city house is often not in use more than half of the time. Few people work at home. Most find their amusements outside of the home. Many go away to another home during the summer. The colonial town consisted of three types of buildings — churches, schools, and houses. All the divers buildings of a modern town, the shops, theatres, restaurants, business buildings, have usurped functions that used to be performed in the home. Finally, the attitude of the man of to-day towards his house is wholly new. He demands new things of it. He looks for sunlight and ventilation, instead of for windows that can be sealed against the noxious night air. His house costs more. He purchases it rather than builds or inherits it.

It is obvious that of these four differ-

ences only the last can be much affected by any one individual. Accordingly, at best the contemporary house can only be superficially traditional. For example, a man may build himself a half-timbered cottage, à la Anne Hathaway; but he probably includes a frigid-aire; he probably does not inveigle some relative into hewing out the timbers with an adze, or bake the bricks for the fireplace in the back yard; probably his wife does not spend her days spinning by the fireside. Fundamentally, therefore, this 'Tudor Homestead' is much closer to the Jones's 'Colonial Mansion' next door than it is to Mrs. William Shakespeare's picture-postcard paradise. The great difference between the modern house and the contemporary pseudo-traditional house is that the modern house recognizes these four peculiar characteristics that distinguish it from any house in the past, and uses them as a basis on which to establish a wholly new conception of the relation of the house to society and the house to the individual, and a wholly new conception of the house itself as a form. The contemporary traditional house tries to ignore these differentiating characteristics. It sells itself by trying to look a century or two older than it is.

It is difficult to appreciate at once the full difference between the modern house and the contemporary traditional house. Often the distinction is summarized in a catch phrase, — the modern house is functional, — but this hackneyed statement really avoids the main issue. For functionalism as it is commonly understood concerns only architectural features. To say that a house is functional is merely to imply that it has good communication facilities, ample ventilation, and simple structure frankly expressed. This sort of functionalism is a secondary characteristic of modern architecture. Many people, however, elevate it to the rank of a major principle, and thereby permit

any style-steeped architect who turns out a good practical job to call himself a modern. There is a whole school of critics whose highest compliment is to say, 'Beneath this gabled roof there lurks a *modern* plan.' Actually the modern architect does not design a house to flatter the whim of the individual of to-day, any more than he designs it specifically for the society of to-day. The house is designed for the ideal man, and for life as it should be lived in the ideally ordered world. Modern architecture is the expression of a point of view which extends beyond merely professional considerations over the whole range of thought. Accordingly every modern house is something of a manifesto, social, economic, æsthetic. And it is its utopian qualities that distinguish it from the ordinary practical house, planned for the average man in a workaday world, functional though such a house generally claims to be.

II

The general point of view of the modern architect is characterized by an implicit faith in science. This results in a conception of the house as a responsibility of society, which completely changes the relation of the architect to the client. For science has established certain minimal material standards of living, such as adequate protection from the weather, light, air, quiet, some little plumbing, proximity to work and recreation, which are declared to be among the first essentials for the public good. Since nowhere in a world which has considered housing as a responsibility of the individual do even an impressive minority achieve these standards, obviously society must assume the responsibility for housing. In a negative sense this means that society must regulate building. The individual must not be allowed to build himself a fine house at the expense

of all the other members of the community. The rich must not be permitted to build themselves super-slums like the apartment houses along Park Avenue. In a positive sense this means that society must provide housing that measures up to these standards for all who cannot afford to pay for it themselves. Therefore the great problem of the modern domestic architect is to determine what is necessary for the healthy life — how much light, air, plumbing — and then how this minimum can be most conveniently and cheaply provided. In this field, as in so many others, the ideal of our technical age is 'not the single piece of work, nor the individual highest attainment, but the creation of a common usable type, the development of the "Standard."'

It follows that the architect is less the employee of an individual than the executive of society. He is less concerned with catering to the preferences of his employer than with satisfying his scientifically determined needs. The client presents a problem which the architect solves by synthesizing the appropriate opinions of a group of specialists — psychologists, economists, sociologists, town planners, and so forth. Thus the attitude of the architect toward the client is paternalistic, and the client is lowered from the status of patron to that of patient. A specific illustration of this new relationship occurred in connection with one of the housing projects sponsored by the National Resettlement Administration. Before planning the new houses the architects investigated the actual living habits of the workmen for whom they were building. They found, among other things, that the living room was very little used. It was a musty Sunday parlor, full of bric-a-brac and reserved for weddings, funerals, and 'company.' From a scientific point of view it is sheer waste to use the living room only

as a social holy of holies. Accordingly the architects decided to change the habits of their clients. In all but a few of the new houses they put the stairway in one corner of the living room, making it in part a hallway. Thus they hoped that with daily use the living room would lose some of its sanctity and become an integral part of the house.

This point of view toward architecture, if it is ever to be realized, implies a wide reorganization of society; for it is in complete conflict with the existing arrangement of the building industries almost everywhere. But modern architects in general are not agreed as to how this reorganization shall be brought about. For all its social doctrine, modern architecture is not hitched to any one political theory. Indeed it is almost equally popular in Democratic England, Socialist Sweden, and Fascist Italy, while in Communist Russia and Nazi Germany it is almost equally in disfavor.

Although the political platform of the modern architect is nebulous, his architectural platform is definite. It has three major planks. The first of these is economy. The need for cheaper houses is fairly obvious, even if one considers only the United States. Here, not only are a majority of the population ill housed, but the proportion is increasing, because, broadly speaking, the cost of decent shelter is increasing. Since the American Revolution the portion of the individual budget spent on shelter has grown 60 per cent. Meantime the portion spent on food has been about halved; the portion available for miscellaneous expenditures like education, recreation, and medical attention has nearly trebled. Since 1900 the cost of all industrialized services has fallen relatively. Clothes are cheaper; food is cheaper; transportation is far cheaper, and these economies have permitted the introduction of wholly new items such as communi-

cation services. Only the cost of housing has risen, and this has climbed enormously. The result is that at least half of the population are inadequately housed according to any standard, while according to the exacting standards of the modern architect the proportion is much higher. It is not merely that there are seventeen square miles of slums in New York City alone, or that in parts of the South as many as 85 per cent of the farms have no sanitary facilities, not even privies; but the majority even of 'high-class' apartment houses are badly lit, ill ventilated, and crowded together, while the tolerable suburban homes are far from work and recreation. With the present organization of society and of the building industries in America there is a large group of the population that cannot afford the necessities of good housing. A second large group cannot afford them if they are only to be obtained in the wasteful and expensive house that has hitherto been the only type available. There is a third large group that can afford these necessities, but cannot obtain them under existing conditions, or from existing facilities.

The second objective of the modern architect is large-scale planning. In the first place, this is economical. The greatest single saving it effects is probably in the purchase and development of land. But through purchasing in large quantities and large-scale construction it also reduces costs, and further it cuts down the expense of advertising and selling the individual houses, an item that sometimes amounts to 25 per cent of the total price to the purchaser. Finally, large-scale work enables the building corporation to experiment and determine the most economical solution of a given problem.

But an even better reason for large-scale planning is that usually by this method alone can many of the necessities of good housing be achieved. For

example, light and air generally can be obtained only, at reasonable cost, by access to a park. Too often in America the park is added after the houses are built, thus favoring some rather than others. Soon it is monopolized by a girdle of tall apartment houses which effectively screen it from all the neighborhood. Still another necessity, good transportation, can only be provided if there is coöperative planning on the part of the city transit corporations and the large-scale builders. Finally, a housing programme can be wrecked by vindictive taxation. The individual builder is not in a position to combat these dangers, or to obtain these privileges, so that, considered as a widespread style, modern architecture implies coöperative housebuilding and large-scale planning.

Probably, therefore, the most complete exemplification of the whole conception of the modern house is to be found in some of the European housing developments. But, numerous and important as these are, they do not compare in fame with the modern houses built for private individuals. These are not perhaps as pure examples of modern architecture, since they do not admit of as great a development of the conception of the house as a social institution, and since in them the part played by the preferences of the patron is too great, but they are important historically, for in them the modern architect had his first opportunity to exemplify his ideas. Even to-day they are in many cases more advanced than anything yet executed for the general public. What they lack in social idealism they compensate for in freedom from traditional æsthetic predilections and conventional habits of life. It is in them, therefore, that the third plank of the modern architect's programme is most highly developed. This is perhaps best called flexibility. In reality it is a group of minor reforms which

affect the house primarily in its relation to the individual, in contradistinction to the first two ideals.

It is one of the axioms of nineteenth-century æsthetics that taste does not change. 'A thing of beauty is a joy forever.' And so the traditional house is built to last, at least for the lifetime of its owner. To consider the traditional house as a lifelong investment is, indeed, the only way to justify its cost. This way of thinking was natural enough at a time when the average man lived all his life in one place, but such is no longer generally the case. Accordingly the modern architect places much less emphasis on durability and much more emphasis on economy. For, aside from the freedom of movement that this permits the owner, the modern architect realizes that a house whose form is determined ultimately not by taste but by scientific theory will become out of date in a comparatively short time. This relative impermanence permits the modern architect to design his house in much closer conformity to immediate conditions—to be much more 'functional.' He generally allows little space for servants, and makes the mechanical equipment a more vital and integral feature. The laundry is not consigned to the basement, the bathroom ceases to be a glorified closet at the head of the stairs, and becomes often, in conjunction with a dressing room, part of a sleeping suite.

Perhaps an even more striking illustration of the ideal of flexibility comes in the planning of the modern house. The living portions of the traditional house are a series of rooms, a study, a parlor, a dining room, perhaps a breakfast nook. In the modern house these are frequently thrown into one great room, the separate portions of which may be divided off by means of curtains or folding partitions. This creates a feeling of increased space, while permitting an actual reduction of it.

Similarly the traditional house is a box rigidly differentiated from its surroundings. The modern house avoids a sharp contrast. Large windows create an apparent unity between exterior and interior, while terraces, sunrooms, and sleeping porches make a transition from one to the other. For though Mr. Pickwick, like the provincial Frenchman of to-day, preferred the stuffiest room to the slightest draft, the man of the twentieth century worships the out-of-doors. His ideal indoor climate would be temperate natural conditions. So the house, instead of being a sanctuary set apart, becomes a sheltered corner of the garden.

III

But as Sir Henry Wotton wrote, 'Well building hath three conditions, commodity, firmness and delight,' so that a physical problem and the social idealism with which it is solved are only two of the factors that determine an architectural form. Actually æsthetic preferences and techniques of building have played quite as important a part as social ideals in the creation of the modern house, for these two additional factors give form to the conception of the house as a social institution. They represent the contribution of the architect and the builder, whereas the social conception of the house is primarily the contribution of the client, be he a patron, a corporation, or a government.

Every major building epoch has a dominant architectural problem. In solving it a basic architectural type is evolved, and this type is reflected in all the other buildings of the period. For the classic tradition this archetype was the temple. For the mediæval tradition it was the vaulted basilica. For the Renaissance tradition it was the monument. Most classical buildings were girt with the colonnades of the temple. Most mediæval buildings copied from

the church its buttresses and tracery. Most Renaissance buildings, by their symmetry, axes, and porticoes, sought to achieve an effect of monumentality. Similarly the dominant problem of the modern tradition has been the problem of the commercial and industrial building. Accordingly the forms of the modern house are not strictly germane to it. Rather they are the application to the house of forms that had their origin in the solution of the problems of the factory, the grain elevator, and the skyscraper.

This type of building has several important characteristics. It is constructed of steel. It consists of an assemblage of rooms varying in size and differing in purpose, whose character, requirements, and relationship to one another are determined by non-æsthetic considerations. Typically it is large, but built as cheaply as possible. These characteristics are responsible for general principles of design and even specific usages and forms that are applied in all modern building. These principles and practices differentiate modern architecture from all earlier manners of building. But they do not in theory constitute the essence of the modern architectural tradition.

The first principle of modern design is that the modern building is not necessarily symmetrical. The basis of its composition is a regular structural unit. The temple and the church were essentially great single halls, with sometimes lesser buildings grouped about them. The palace was an arrangement of small rooms about a few large state apartments. The modern industrial building, however, is a miscellaneous assortment of rooms which cannot be ordered symmetrically or in any other predetermined way without impairing the efficiency with which they function. This is likewise true of the modern house. It is difficult to arrange a simple contemporary house within an abso-

lutely symmetrical form. The modern house is therefore frankly asymmetrical. But this asymmetry is not based on a desire to be picturesque, as was so often the case in the nineteenth century. It is the expression of a plan whose sole object is to provide for the performance of the functions of the house.

The essence of steel construction is a box-like unit of steel beams. Essentially these units are all alike. Their height is determined by the distance between floors, their other dimensions by other practical considerations. As each part of a building is normally built out of an even number of such units, the parts are simply and obviously related to one another in their proportions. The tendency in design is to treat the separate parts as entities, and so the building becomes a juxtaposition of distinct forms, which interest primarily by their inherent character and by their relationship to one another, rather than by their producing a cumulative effect through dramatic coördination, as does a skyscraper, for example. Standard steel construction is comparatively rarely used in houses. On the other hand, architects have become so accustomed to think in terms of a fixed modulus that the method of composition which results from it is carried over into the house, even where it has no strictly logical place.

A second principle of design is the result of the size of commercial and industrial buildings. The unit of design in a Renaissance structure was apt to be the single window. But modern commercial and industrial buildings are too large to be designed on this principle. With hundreds of windows, it is impossible to use the individual one as the point of departure. Fortunately steel construction, by concentrating all the weight of a building at a few points, enables the architect to get around this difficulty. A steel building

is a cage of columns and beams, and the walls between them are reduced to the mere function of screens, to keep out the weather and to insulate against sound. These screens are stretched between the points of support, or may be outside and completely independent of them. Because the material of which the screen is made need not carry any load there is practically no limit to the amount of window area on the exterior of a building. The architect can therefore organize his fenestration in one of two ways. He can either ignore the distinction between wall and window and treat the whole exterior surface as a skin in one or two materials stretched tightly over the steel frame, or else he can organize windows in groups, ribbons of glass, horizontal or vertical. Either system creates an impression completely different from the bulky Renaissance building, with its alternation of wall and window, solid and void. On the one hand, the result is a clear-cut geometrical volume, or group of volumes; on the other hand, it is a series of superimposed planes. In either case the architect takes great care to avoid all feeling of weight. He never considers his building as a mass to be hollowed out, as earlier designers had to do perforce.

Of course the distinction between buildings composed as volumes and buildings composed as groups of planes is not absolutely rigid, particularly in domestic work. Many buildings cannot finally be classed as either one or the other. Often a house is treated as a central volume with planes projecting from it in the form of slabs over doorways, wing walls, and so forth. But the two diverse tendencies remain, and find their most complete expression, perhaps, in the work of Le Corbusier and of Miës van der Rohe. Le Corbusier thinks of the house as an entity, comprising terraces and garage

as well as the conventional living quarters. Typically the ground floor is used for the utilities. Posts support a much larger second floor containing the living quarters. Everything is subordinated to its simple form, and the house is apparently a prism, almost floating off the ground. By contrast, Miës designs in terms of a single story. His houses are essentially two parallel planes, a floor plane and a roof plane supported by steel posts. A sheet of glass runs from one to the other; there is no exterior wall. Within, here and there a vertical plane interrupts the sweep of space, without creating a feeling of enclosure.

To those trained in the historical styles the most offensive characteristic of modern architecture is its bareness, its ascetic disdain of all decoration. This is not indeed a principle of modern design; on the contrary, the modern architect consciously makes use of certain features such as lettering, iron railings, and spiral staircases for decoration. But nonetheless, compared to the traditional manners of building, modern architecture is bare. This bareness arose, perhaps, because of the necessary cheapness of most commercial and industrial building, but the modern architect has made a virtue of the necessity. He commonly justifies his chastity by some such crude dogma as that only what is useful is beautiful, therefore all mere decoration is taboo. However, this trait is better understood if it is accepted as the natural negative corollary of the positive æsthetic interests of the modern architect, and not as the expression of a dogma. An architecture as largely made up of decoration as that of the nineteenth century can only occur when there is general satisfaction with the basic architectural forms and little inclination to develop them further. This is anything but the case at present. The social ideal of the modern

architect is to provide an appropriate instrument for the new scientific conception of the ideal life. His æsthetic ideal is to discover new and significant relationships between the simplest architectural elements, the cube, the plane, and the cylinder. Hence, as an artist, the modern architect is concerned with two things: the total form of his building, as distinguished from any specific aspect of it, and the relationship of the parts of the building to one another, as distinguished from the prettification of these parts in themselves.

To the nineteenth century a building was rarely a unified form. Rather it was four elevations backed up against each other. The symbol of nineteenth-century architecture is the public building with a resplendent ashlar façade, and a bare brick rear—the Queen Anne front on the plaza, and the Mary Ann back on the alley. The modern architect has no conception of the façade, no belief that one face of a building is more important than the others. The interest in a simple form such as a cube is in the comprehension of its complete character, in the intuitive perception of all its dimensions simultaneously. In the same way a modern building is a unity that must be conceived as a whole to be appreciated. And hence it is not surprising that many a modern building looks better from the air than from any other view, for from the air one can get a fuller grasp of the total form than from anywhere below.

This form is not primarily the way in which the building material itself is arranged. It is rather the arrangement of voids about the building material. For the prime artistic medium of modern architecture is not mass but space. Accordingly the disposition of the building material is not an end in itself, but merely the means of indicating a spatial composition. There-

fore the personality of the individual features — the walls, the windows, the floors, and the roofs — is unimportant. Indeed it is perhaps better that they be largely drab, lest by too great interest they call attention to their own character as surfaces, instead of serving inconspicuously as planes bounding a space. For this reason the modern architect makes great use of reinforced concrete and other synthetic materials. Their smooth, mechanical finish, the complete negation of the charming but trivial individuality of craft work, is the perfect medium for his purposes.

There have been other architectures whose primary interest was spatial composition, but for them space was merely the volume enclosed within the masonry shell. Modern architecture — and particularly the modern house — has freed our imaginations from the limitations of conventional masonry structure. It has indicated æsthetic values undreamed of before the era of steel construction and reinforced concrete. The space it deals with is no longer merely the interior content, for the distinction between exterior and interior has been largely abolished. Modern architecture deals with all space; it harnesses the out-of-doors.

IV

Despite the fact that an American, Frank Lloyd Wright, contributed perhaps more than any other single individual to the development of the modern house, modern architecture is not common in America. Wright's work aside, one could almost number the significant modern houses in America on one's fingers. For it is one of the tragedies of our architectural history that he was an inspiration to Europeans, but not to his own countrymen. Modern architecture in America is not the result of pursuing a stylistic development starting with Wright's

works, but of copying enthusiastically the European derivations from Wright. The modern American architects are therefore not Wright's children, but his bastard grandchildren, and he has disowned them in no uncertain terms. Nor is he entirely unjustified. Although modern architecture is the climax of a long period of experimental development here and abroad, it actually took form during the post-war period in Europe, and it was the needs and thought of that period that to a large extent determined its character. Merely to imitate the architecture of Europe is to ignore the slight difference in problems, the considerable difference in conditions, and the great difference in ideas between America of 1936 and Germany, France, and Holland of 1926. It remains to be seen whether American architects can accept the essence of modern architecture, yet modify its forms to suit our peculiar situation.

After the war, building by private individuals of moderate means nearly ceased in many European countries. Modern houses were therefore chiefly of two sorts, mansions for the wealthy, or large-scale housing projects put up by governmental or at least semi-philanthropic corporations. This fact was in part responsible for many of the characteristics of the modern house as they have been outlined. But the architectural problems of Europe at that period do not entirely correspond with those of America to-day. Private building was prostrated by the depression, but seems to be reviving rapidly. However, this does not mean that the conclusions reached in Europe as to the character of the house are necessarily inapplicable in America of to-day. At present there are essentially three kinds of dwellings being constructed in America. First there are the great apartments and housing projects, built by some central corporation, and rented rather than sold. Ownership and

administration are vested in a group which is not the group that uses the buildings. These constitute a relatively small portion of the field. The same is true of the second class, custom-made houses, built, used, and owned by a specific individual. Over 90 per cent of the new dwellings belong to the third category, speculative real-estate developments. This group combines the characteristics of the other two. On the one hand, the houses are not designed for a specific individual; on the other hand, ownership is generally in the hands of the user. In any case it rarely remains in the hands of the corporation that constructed them. Once they are completed and sold, the responsibility of the builder is over.

Leaving aside the question of the houses planned for individuals, it is obvious that it would be perfectly possible to apply a modern solution to the remainder of the American housing problem. The apartment house is not designed for a specific person. It is designed for everybody. Emphasis is necessarily on making the appeal as general as possible so as to ensure an easy turnover and a large percentage of rented area. An architecture which seeks essentially to establish a standard dwelling would be a splendid apartment-house architecture. The same conclusion holds true for the speculative developments. The need here again is for a salable norm — and that is in fact what is produced. But the salability of the product is based not on performance but on a handful of trick gadgets that catch the public eye. At the moment the prime requisite for salability is individuality in the home; but anyone who goes through a few speculative real-estate developments will see how shallow and specious is the individuality achieved. The house built for a specific person is quantitatively a minor factor. There is, however, no reason why we should not

handle this problem as intelligently as it has been handled in Europe. It is evident, therefore, that although the problem of the house is posed slightly differently in America from the way it was in Europe, the solution called for is not essentially different.

There is more of a gap between America to-day and Europe of the boom period in the underlying conditions affecting the house. This does not apply to living conditions, for despite our fabled American standard of living there is certainly as great a need for improvement in housing here as anywhere. There are, however, significant differences in questions of building technique, which affect the modern house as they affect all modern architecture. The most important factor is the relatively higher cost of labor and the lower cost of standard industrial work in America. For example, much modern architecture depends for its effect upon extremely skillful workmanship in concrete. This is much more available in Europe, where labor is cheap and competent, than here where skilled labor is expensive. On the other hand, the size of the American market enables our architects to make much greater use of such standard industrial articles as plumbing and heating equipment, which are comparatively inexpensive over here. It makes standard steel construction much more feasible; it even opens up the serious possibility of prefabrication in small-house architecture.

But the great difference between Europe and America is in the attitude toward the house. The ideas of the evangelical liberals and of the ultra-sophisticated aristocrats who were its original sponsors left an even deeper imprint upon the character of the modern house than did their specific needs. The dependence of the modern house on scientific theory and the conception of the modern house as an institution

serving the public are the architectural expression of the point of view of the post-war liberal; while in its elaborate intellectual basis, in its concern with extremely abstract æsthetic values, in its search for a form that shall be broadly twentieth-century and not narrowly national, the modern house reflects an exclusive patronage. Like the writing of Joyce, like the music of Schönberg, like the painting of Dali, modern architecture disdains the crass tastes of the articulate public. In a broad way the architecture of the nineteenth century was a vulgarization, for the benefit of the middle classes, of ideas and types whose value had been established by the connoisseurs of the eighteenth century. By contrast modern architecture, while in a sense an art both of the plutocrats and of the proletariat, is never an art of the bourgeoisie.

Herein the spirit of the modern house is profoundly at variance with the facts of contemporary America. On the one hand, the militant liberalism that gave modern architecture in Europe so many of its opportunities hardly exists. What could be a more striking proof of this than the fate of housing under the New Deal? Federal Housing has come to almost nothing because it lacked the consistent intelligent support of a strong organized minority that knew exactly what it wanted. On the other hand, such aristocracy as exists in America is not nearly as entrenched, as self-conscious, as differentiated in ideals and tastes from the bourgeoisie as aristocracies in Europe.

One can only wonder, therefore, what will be the fate of the modern house in America, and what will follow our present confused enthusiasm of discovery. There are three possibilities. Perhaps some genius will succeed in redirecting modern American architecture into a channel more adapted to our conditions. Perhaps a style will be evolved

as native as Wright's, as original as European modernism. But such a man has not yet appeared, and the chances are that, like Wright and Sullivan, he would battle for years almost unrecognized against the orthodox who transplant European architecture. Again we may be witnessing the beginning of a period of transition. Perhaps private building will never recover from the depression, as it never recovered from the war in so much of Europe. Perhaps the coöperative movement, the labor unions, the government in business, will develop rapidly. Perhaps the men of wealth will become more differentiated. In short, perhaps we shall approximate conditions such as they were in Europe of the post-war period. Then we may get an architecture such as was developed in Europe at that period, except that it will probably never develop as far here. For we shall always be conscious of the reaction against the post-war point of view that has come into power in just those parts of Europe where that outlook was most developed, and where accordingly modern architecture reached its apogee.

The final alternative is a return to pre-depression conditions. Then we can only expect that modern architecture will turn out to be but one more of those style phases that were so characteristic of nineteenth-century architecture under bourgeois domination. We cannot expect creative design, for why should the prosperous grocer worry about spatial composition? We cannot expect deep understanding, for why should the successful speculator concern himself with the social implications of the mansion he is building? The ideal of a standard dwelling, based on scientifically determined needs and experimenting with new materials, new methods of construction, new æsthetic ideas, can make little headway in a society whose ultimate desire is a little gray home in the west.

UNCONSIDERED FACTOR

BY GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD

I

I WAS very young in those days, for it still seemed to me that the opinion of one's fellows mattered, quite regardless of the worth of the fellows. In that I was possibly right; when one has lost the herd instinct, one has also lost an essential and tragic aspect of truth. Even the biologists declare that life is so inseparable from its surroundings that any definition of it must take them into account. Where, for example, does the amoeba end and the water begin? How much of the mite is cheese and how much of the cheese is mite? At what point does a woman cease to be an individual and become an obedient cell feeding on its social background? You may say — and I should agree with you — that three human beings in this reminiscence of mine were suffering over an artificial convention that should not have mattered to any of them. But no less artificial was all the ado about Hero's virginity or Desdemona's handkerchief.

I was then living in a Balkan capital. Its women were exquisite, and its morals those of ceremonious monkeys. It called itself a little Paris, and it was indeed a nineteenth-century Paris, removed in time as well as space from its prototype. The salons, the intrigues, the gallant officers, the bankers sweating to get into society, the divorcées tumbling out of it, reminded me of the brilliant circle so dispassionately stamped into his pages by de Maupassant.

You could do what you liked so long as you were discreet; if you were not, the other monkeys threw sticks at you with the fury and accuracy of terror — terror lest the ceremonies by which they persuaded themselves that they were civilized should be shown up as an empty game. The resident Anglo-Saxons played the game — they were mostly plain business men trying to earn a living, at pains to keep on good terms with people of influence — and the Americans were rather more skillful at it than the English. They had better manners and so adapted themselves more easily. And many of them were used from birth to the restrictions of a small town.

The most respectable of my friends was Harcourt, an American career diplomat. He had been educated at a fabulously expensive preparatory school which taught him to be more English than the English and to speak French with the accent of the Faubourg St. Germain. After that it was easy for him to be more European than a European. He would have put on a proletarian heartiness in Moscow or a heavy Swedish courtesy in Stockholm just as naturally as he adjusted his soul to the conventions of a third-class royal court. But the bedrock upon which he built his preposterous palaces was sound.

Another of my intimates was Sandham, the English agent of a group of

international financiers. He had the provincialism of his native Manchester, but also the true kindness. He never considered man or woman without sympathy, but, like the rest of us, he conformed. He had to be above suspicion, for he handled government funds and investigated, with a terrible judicial calm, those who mishandled them.

We were three single men in that Byzantine city. Each of us lived in his own rooms, ate at one or other of the two good restaurants, visited the same houses. We were continually meeting, and as no one of us in any way offended the others we ended by often arranging to meet.

The day after Sir Humphrey Lory's death we lunched together automatically, and were very grateful for each other's society.

We felt the loss of him, for he had been like a fresh wind blowing through that rotten city — little he had cared what was thought of him or what was said. The end of such a vivid character left us face to face with our own unrealities; we were strained and nervous.

I had been present at his death. We were driving out to the mountains for the week-end. The autumn dust hung an impenetrable cloud of gold over the road after every pair of passing wheels. In the midst of such a cloud we met another car head on. Lory and the chauffeur were killed. I fell on a ploughed field beside the road.

II

I must have taken little part in the desultory conversation during lunch, for I remember the shock of becoming aware that Harcourt was speaking to me. His voice and Sandham's had been shut out from my consciousness as one shuts out voices from the next table.

'You must stop her going,' he had said.

'Who? Where?' I asked.

'Varya Costaki.'

'What do you know about her?'

'Nothing,' Harcourt replied diplomatically. 'But I suspect. And what I suspect everyone will be sure of if she goes to Sir Humphrey's funeral. She must n't.'

'I shan't stop her,' I answered angrily.

I had been thinking of Varya. I had not yet seen her; they had kept me in hospital for the night. She was as truly a widow as Lory's wife in England, and her sorrow would be the more immediate and desperate. She had a right to a last glimpse of him; she could not be denied that silent expression of her misery.

'But surely you understand that she must not be seen?'

'Why not? She loved him. She will want to go. I'm sick of all this hypocrisy. I'm not going to hurt the woman just to please your rotten conventions.'

Sandham joined in quietly: —

'I've never heard of Varya Costaki before, and of course I don't know what she was to Lory. May I take what Harcourt suspects as true?'

'Yes,' I said. 'But remember no one knows but us three.'

'There's a lot of things that no one knows but us three,' said Harcourt dryly.

He was right to reprove me. There was no need to urge discretion on either of those two.

'And this affair of Lory's must remain one of them,' Sandham said gently. 'Do you realize what sort of funeral this will be, old man? A small chapel, the embassies, a few official representatives, the personal friends. Everybody will know everybody else. Everybody will notice a stranger — and if the stranger is a woman?'

'What can they say?' I objected. 'Simply what they would have said if they had seen Varya and Lory dining together — another of his flames!'

'Another of his flames!' exclaimed Harcourt, exasperated by my hedging. 'See here! I knew the Costaki once. Are you telling me that anyone who sees that woman at the service, all race and fineness and sorrow, would say it was just another of his flames?'

III

She was indeed an aristocrat — could trace her descent through the Comneni to the Cæsars of the West, I believe — and had moved in the inner circle of the court until a divorce was trumped up against her by an unchivalrous husband seeking fresh amusement. Since then she had been *déclassée* — really without a social class. There were several sets, mildly intellectual, in which she would have been received and judged on her merits, but she was not at ease with such friends; she belonged fiercely to the ruling class. She was not clever. She was not unconventional. Varya accepted it as right and natural that she should be cut by her former companions, but she wanted no others. She had never attempted to remake her life, and had dug herself in between the lines, fearing as an enemy the freedom she might have had and dependent upon the past.

She was only twenty-five, and had the irresponsible emotions of a girl, although she clung to her class traditions. Most women cannot be really unconventional until they are over thirty. They rebel, yes! But you cannot rebel against gods in whom you do not believe.

Varya was still in the rebellious stage. A younger man — I myself, for example — might have loved her for that and then been puzzled by her

maturity; but she was in every way a woman fitted for such a splendid soul as Lory. The traditional side of her steadied, her wilder side attracted him.

They saw each other daily for a whole year before Lory's death, but their relationship was marvelously discreet. Lory only visited his own flat when he expected callers; at other times his trusted English valet made detailed and ingenious excuses for his absence. They danced and dined at out-of-the-way places and were occasionally noticed together, but never often enough to start serious scandal. She was divorced and free. Sir Humphrey was believed to enjoy the society of women — any women. That was all that was said. It was never guessed that she was the only woman. I alone was in the secret. I had dined with them many times at Varya's house and had rejoiced, though jealously, to see their perfect companionship — his tenderness and humor, her open adoration. They often forgot it was not marriage.

'What does it matter if they do suspect he was her lover?' I answered Harcourt. 'I would rather they should suspect than that she should be hurt.'

Sandham was merciless to this.

'A minute ago you were anxious that no one should know he was her lover,' he said. 'What you mean is that you would rather they should suspect than that *you* should have to hurt her.'

'Put it that way if you like. But I think Lory would have felt the same.'

I tried to explain Varya to them — how her pride made a martyr of her. With the unreasoning fatalism of a woman who believes in duties, she went to all the marriages and christenings of her family. Her former circle ignored her, but did not exclude her; that was enough to allow her the illusion she

needed. They did not say a word to make her feel she was an outcast. It would have burned her out — that delicate flame of a woman.

‘It’s the hell of a business,’ said Harcourt sympathetically. ‘But somebody has to be a brute. And I don’t know her well enough and Sandham does n’t know her at all.’

I must have weakened, for I remember Sandham driving the point home. They were two to one, and both of them ten years older than I.

‘The responsibility is on you,’ he said. ‘You can’t avoid it. Lory’s honor is in your keeping. You can guard it or you can refuse to hurt a woman.’

‘That’s melodrama, Sandham! It’s sheer nonsense to say that I give away Lory’s honor because I don’t stop Varya from going to the funeral.’

‘I guess it is n’t nonsense,’ said Harcourt slowly, seeing that Sandham had got hold of an undeniable fact but put it in the wrong way. ‘We know, we three, how far the local gossip carries. Listen! Sir Humphrey had more enemies than you — but if you were married, if you had a mistress here, if it became known, do you think the news would n’t get back home?’

‘Within a month,’ I admitted.

‘Then, my God!’ Harcourt exclaimed. ‘Don’t you see your responsibility? Sir Humphrey Lory was famous — the most famous medical administrator of our time! Every paper in England will run his obituary. Even our legation is flooded out with cables. And he was married — happily married, his biographer will say.’

‘But he loved Varya too,’ I replied miserably.

‘What has that got to do with it?’

‘I see what he means,’ said Sandham — though ruthless in the pursuit of an object, he was quicker than Harcourt to appreciate new and intangible values. ‘Then I think we ought

to consider what Lory would have wished.’

How should I know? My instinct was that Lory would have ridiculed the question with his broad ironical doctor’s smile, but I could not then see the reason why. He was the only great man I had ever met and more than double my age.

I ran into him for the first time in a cabaret. He was enjoying himself valiantly and horrifying the management. He would have none of the ladies of the house and insisted upon dancing a reel with the fat and ragged old gypsy who went from table to table selling flowers. We became companions in amusement, and that casual relationship changed little by little into something almost as precious as the bond between father and son.

He was as thorough in work as in the art of amusing himself. He had been invited out to reorganize the Red Cross, and by sheer exuberance of character had driven a love of order and cleanliness into a medical service demoralized by war and typhus. He was hated as passionately as he was loved, but his sturdy bearing and his bluff enjoyment of every circle of society and every form of entertainment compelled respect. Harcourt and Sandham had admired the doctor from a safer distance; he was too dangerous an influence in a country where ordinary mortals had to stage their private life as if they were day and night before an audience — an uncharitable audience.

It was I who introduced him to Varya Costaki. I was very proud of her, but she had never given me much of a chance to make a fool of myself. Lory called on her the next day, and she was fascinated by him. Here was a man old enough for her to have confidence in him, but with the spiritual and physical force of youth. And he laughed at her! Her own people took

her seriously, made a criminal of her; she took herself seriously. Yet Lory laughed at her and called her 'child.' He was from another world and she adored him. She was ready to give him her love without any thought of the future. When he asked it of her, telling me first that he was going to do so, she did.

'There can be no doubt what Sir Humphrey would have wished,' Harcourt insisted. 'He would n't have wanted the Costaki to go to the chapel in view of what her presence there would imply.'

'Do you believe he would have wished her to go?' Sandham asked me. 'Think about it, and answer for him.'

I did think about it, but all I could see was Lory smiling.

'I can't be sure,' I said.

'Do you believe then that he would prefer his reputation?'

'I don't know.'

'He probably would n't have known, either,' said Sandham. 'So it's up to us to act for him. Harcourt and I say you must protect him. Will you?'

'You realize what you are asking of me?'

Sandham smiled at me. He was authoritative and very gentle.

'We do. You have to say a hard and cruel thing to a woman. Lory would hesitate. You hesitate. But Harcourt and I stand apart; we are judges. A cowardly part to play — but we can't help it. We say you must tell her. Will you?'

'Yes, if I can.'

IV

I got up and left them while their influence was still strong on me. The stream of passers-by moved slowly along the boulevard and I fell in with their pace. For once I was not im-

patient with the loiterers. I did not wish to reach Varya's house. I remember looking for minutes at a little iron hatch on the pavement, speculating aimlessly about the warren of tubes that carry water and gas and electricity under our solidly planted feet. Anything — anything rather than face the coming interview with Varya!

I saw her in my reluctant imagination more vividly than I had ever analyzed her in life — a tall girl, deep-breasted and narrow-hipped, who might have danced restrainedly upon a Greek vase; her high forehead with the mass of black hair sweeping away into a loose coil at the back of her neck; her lips that seemed thinner than they were because the mouth was wide and intensely sensitive. She would look at me blankly, seeking comfort, not phrases and prohibitions; and then the meaning of my words would sink into her and for the first time in her life she would realize that she was outside. She would be longing for death herself, and I could help her with the commonest words of comfort; but actually I had to tell her — she would understand it so — that life had nothing to offer her, that she must not even be seen at the burial of her lover. I had the brutal idea of telling her the wrong hour for the service; but I could not endure the thought of her entering the empty chapel, sitting, wondering if she were too early or too late and never suspecting I had lied to her.

Before I turned into her street I walked again and again past the corner, torturing myself to find a formula — some little set of words that would say my message for me without adding to her grief. I could not find it. When I rang the bell I was still as helpless as when I left the restaurant.

I had so gladly and so often entered that house. It had been a refuge. The love of Lory and Varya had made for me as well as for them a sanctuary from

the outside world. I yielded instantly to its influence. I knew that I could say no word of what I had come to say.

I remember that I was afraid when Varya came forward to greet me. She seemed no girl despairing, but a woman in the strange peace of utter sorrow. She took my hand and led me to her room as if I had been a child, a child who brought bad news. She said, 'Tell me how it happened.'

I told her. There was very little to tell.

'O lover, lover!' she murmured. 'It was a clean death for you.'

There was relief as well as misery in her voice. I must have shown in some way that I noticed it.

'I could n't endure . . . I feared there might have been a moment when he needed me,' she explained.

'No. It was instantaneous.'

'He would have wished it so. He was n't afraid of death. Nor of life.'

Then she said very slowly: 'I did n't think I could bear this. But I can. He taught me to live, dear.'

'I know.'

'I want him. I want him!' she cried. 'I have n't felt this year pass. I did n't know I had learned anything except to love. Oh, I am hard . . . hard!'

She was silent for a while. She did not sob. She did not move head or body. But the tears ran down her face unceasingly.

'When is the funeral?'

I answered her.

'Will you take these flowers for me? Put them with your own.'

'You are not going?' I asked.

'No. His life belonged to me, not his death. What have I to do with all you people who see him to his grave?'

Lory would indeed have smiled if he had known that I was unable to tell that to Sandham and Harcourt by myself.

DOGS WHO LEAD

BY ELLIOTT HUMPHREY

[ELLIOTT HUMPHREY, now in his forties, has spent most of his young and middle years working with animals. He has herded cattle in Wyoming, driven mules in California, curbed horses in Kansas City and Camp Lee, and helped build up a famous stable of Arabs in New Hampshire. He is equally wise in the ways of a dog, particularly the German Shepherd, the breed with which he has had most success in training the dog guides for the blind. For the past eight years he has been associated with The Seeing Eye, an organization with headquarters at Morristown, New Jersey. We have put to Mr. Humphrey a series of questions which will, we think, kindle the interest of every dog lover.

— THE EDITORS]

What type of dog do you use and why?

First we want a dog that is large enough to handle its master. In a thoughtless moment, the master may not stop when his dog gives the signal and it becomes the duty of the dog to pull his master back to safety. Inasmuch as the dog is not to be a plaything and will be worked day in and day out, it must have an all-weather coat that permits work winter and summer, rain or shine. It must have sound feet to enable it to work all day, every day, on every kind of pavement and roadway, and must be so built that it can work easily and quickly with a minimum of effort and a minimum of fatigue.

Another point, and one which has

a psychological influence on the blind master, is that the dog must be good-looking, so that the master will be proud of it rather than feel that he must apologize for it.

Naturally the dog must have the brain to take our course of instruction, and especially must he have what we term 'a sense of responsibility,' for that is what makes the dog wish to guide his blind master and impels him to make decisions if the master is uncertain or in error.

These several requirements naturally limit our choice of breed. We have used, and do use, many breeds, but about 95 per cent of the dogs which best meet all the specifications are German Shepherds, or what are more commonly called 'police dogs.' These dogs are particularly well fitted for the work because they are of a good medium size, capable of handling a man, have a weather-resisting coat, good feet, good structure, a teachable brain, and, in many cases, a splendid sense of responsibility. It is possible that their sense of responsibility comes from hundreds of years of herding sheep in Germany, where the herding system allows the dog to use its head instead of requiring it to be constantly obedient to a word or gesture from the shepherd.

The remaining 5 per cent are animals which are not typical of their breeds. I have seen on the Continent an excellent working dog that was an Airedale. Now the Airedale as a breed would not

be suitable because it has been bred for generations as a fighting dog, and a fighting dog does not make a safe guide for the blind. The dog that I saw was an exception to the breed. In the same way, we have used, or seen used, dogs from many breeds which were excellent guides, but which were equally exceptions. These have included an Irish Setter, a Pointer, Dobermanns, a Boxer, and Labradors. The Labradors have been quite high in the average of suitability — especially when they lacked the good nose of the hunting dog.

Is it true that you use only females?

No, it is not true. We use both sexes. We use about 60 per cent females and the rest males. Many questioners would prefer to have us say that the female is smarter. Actually, we see no difference between the sexes in this respect. In general, the female is slightly easier to handle, yet there are certain temperaments among the blind that require the use of a 'harder dog' — which is to say, a male.

Do you find it very hard to get dogs that have enough intelligence to do the work?

After a rather short lifetime spent almost entirely in work with animals, I should say no, it is not difficult to find dogs with enough intelligence to do guide work. The mere learning is not difficult. Most dogs have the ability to do it. I think that much of the misunderstanding concerning dog intelligence comes from a misuse of the word. Most people, when they speak of a dog or animal as being intelligent, mean that the animal does what they want it to do. But it may not take a great deal of gray matter for a dog or for an individual to follow instructions. On the other hand, it may take a great deal to study out a way to *avoid* doing what has been asked.

In our own rating of canine intelligence, we give an animal just as high a

grade if he uses his brain to avoid doing what we ask as we give him if he uses his brain to obey our command. The matter of whether he does what we want him to do or what he prefers to do comes under an entirely different heading in the rating sheet — a heading which we characterize as willingness; and willingness may be quite devoid of intelligence.

Intelligence is not only the ability to learn, but the ability to use wisely what has been learned. There are certain individuals, and they are not at all limited to the species we speak of as 'dumb animals,' who may learn quickly, by rote, but later act without thinking of what they have learned. From that standpoint there is probably no more alert animal in the dog family than the French Poodle. He will learn the ordinary obedience exercises, in which exact obedience is demanded, in much less time than the German Shepherd. But he has simply learned by rote. He has learned to perform those exercises as a trick. It never occurs to him not to obey what his master commands.

Now at the other end of the scale we find the Dachshund, regarded by all Poodle lovers as rather dumb. In his peculiar way, the Dachshund is probably the most intelligent of all breeds, if he is typical of his breed. His seeming dumbness lies in the fact that he uses his brain to avoid doing what has been asked. A really good Dachshund simply cannot be taught to obey, whereas a good Poodle obeys naturally — at least the owner will tell you he does.

In teaching dogs to guide the blind, we can't use the Poodle type of thoughtless obedience, nor, aside from its size, can we use the Dachshund type of intelligence that never obeys. In our work we have to have a special type of intelligence — a type which can learn with reasonable quickness, but which never obeys without thought. We must have a dog that remembers lessons and is

able to use past experience in present action. He must obey when it is safe to obey, and disobey if the command does not seem safe from the dog's point of view. This is necessary because of the fact that the future master will not be able to see danger and may give commands which would be dangerous to obey in Poodle manner. On the other hand, the blind man may give many commands which are on the border line — which may be partially obeyed but must be partially disobeyed.

How do you teach the dog to obey sometimes and to disobey at other times?

I want to emphasize the fact that there is a vast difference in exercises. Some may seem simple to the master but are extremely complicated to the dog. When you throw something and say 'Fetch,' what does the dog have to do? First he has to see what it is that you threw. Second, he must leave master, and if he really loves his master he does not like that. When he reaches the object (and he must remember where it went) he must drop his head. No dog likes to drop his head. He must open his mouth and pick up something that is apt to be distasteful to him; hold it, although it may put his teeth on edge; return to master balancing it; take his position at master's side and hold it while master fumbles around, and then — and this is often hardest if the dog likes to chew on the object — open his mouth and give up what he has on the command, 'Out.' It is really rather complicated, and it is still more complicated if we make it a 'simple little thing like bringing my slippers' — in other words, distinguishing the slippers from the shoes or py-jamas or cane, or whatever else is in the closet.

The only general rule we could give as to how we teach these exercises is that every dog pupil must be considered as an individual. The instructor

who has spent years in the study of the animal mind and animal reactions considers his pupil as an individual and strives to give the lesson so that that particular individual will understand it and respond with the proper reactions. For correct responses the dog, or pupil, is given a reward, generally a reward of word alone. For improper responses the dog again receives a word, but it is a corrective or shaming word. In this way the animal is taught what is wanted and what is not wanted. The success of any instruction is almost entirely dependent on the trainer's ability to see the slight individual differences between different pupils and so change his manner of presenting each lesson that each pupil will understand it and react as the instructor wishes.

How do you teach a dog to judge height — for instance, to know what awnings to go under and what awnings not to go under?

When we start the dogs on overhead obstacles, we don't start with something that is just the right height. We start with something that is very low, something the master could n't possibly go under. When a dog has the idea that there are certain things he can go under but master cannot, it becomes a matter of simply varying the height of the obstruction. Once he has the idea, and heights commence to vary, he very quickly learns what he and master can go under, and what he and master cannot.

Now this leads to one question that may not be asked but which I should like to suggest. If the dog learns what awnings he and master can go under, it would naturally imply that the future blind master must be of approximately the same height as the instructor. This is often not the case. What happens then? If the instructor is short and the blind master tall, what happens? For the first two or three days the blind man bumps his head, but it does not

take more than two or three bumps for the dog to readjust himself to the height of his new master. From that time on, bumps cease — that is, they cease if the dog has learned the first lesson, that 'there are some things I, as a dog, can pass under which my master, as a man, cannot pass under.'

This ability to decide what dog and master can pass under brings us to that quality which we spoke of as 'a sense of responsibility.' By that we mean the ability to decide whether a certain movement is safe or unsafe, whether a command given by the master can be safely obeyed or whether it must be disobeyed. From the standpoint of responsibility, we find that the German Shepherd is particularly adapted to the work, and probably this is the deciding factor which keeps us more closely to the German Shepherd than to any other breed.

I remember two dogs, working with two blindfolded trainers, who were presented with exactly the same problem. One dog was a German Shepherd, the other was not. These two blindfolded men had just walked along a street and made a crossing in perfect safety. They were to go one block farther and then turn around and come back. This meant that they would be crossing the same street not more than four minutes later. At this particular street crossing there was a manhole cover, and when these two men were sent down that street there was no thought on the part of the supervising instructor concerning the manhole. The street was chosen because a lot of garages opened on to it, and by going two blocks down and two blocks back you were almost sure to have an automobile shoot out of a garage and across a sidewalk in front of you to occasion what we speak of as a 'traffic check.'

It so happened that after the men had crossed the street the first time

some workmen removed the cover of the manhole, and were a little slow in putting up a railing around it. The men and dogs turned around, came back, and started to recross that street. The masters gave the command, 'Forward.' Both dogs hesitated, because there was now a gaping manhole in the street which they had crossed safely before. Both masters were absolutely sure that the street was clear, because they had just crossed it going the other way. When neither dog started, both masters said, 'Phui,' which is a corrective word, and 'Forward.' Each of them, with a little irritation, shook the harness and insisted that the dog start.

Now for the difference in reaction. The German Shepherd knew that master was wrong; he knew that master was insisting on obedience, but in spite of that he pulled back as if to say, 'Now, listen, you're wrong — you will have to come with me.' The second dog seemed to say, 'Well, if you're so insistent we'll try.' He took a step forward and then jumped the manhole. It was only because of the alertness of the supervising instructor that the man did not step into the manhole and fall to the bottom. Let me add that the dog which failed was eventually discarded.

What did the German Shepherd do then?

Well, he pulled back, and then very easily but very insistently pulled his master to the right. He placed his own body between his master and the hole and went around it, straightened out, and then went to the curb on the opposite side. That illustrates what we call 'a sense of responsibility,' or the willingness to disobey an unsafe command even though master may be extremely confident that the command he has given should be obeyed.

Personally, I like to consider our system of educating dogs in comparison

with the present system of educating children. Our system is laid out so that each step is a normal passage from the last lesson and a normal link to the next lesson. The first step is learning a set of obedience exercises, which might be compared with the multiplication tables for children. When these are well in hand, we put a harness on the dog and step him up, as it were, by offering him problems in harness. These problems, while he has teacher's help, will be solved through the use of the obedience exercises which he has already learned. Once this grade is successfully passed, problems are given the dog to be solved without help. Then we go a step further to the abstract problems in which the master's command may be absolutely dangerous and the dog must obey the intent but not the letter of the command. Through willful disobedience he must accomplish the original intent of the master. This gradation of exercises is directly comparable to the step-up system in human education.

Naturally we must have competent instructors, and so far we have had to teach all our own instructors. Preferably we have taken men who, while they like dogs, have had no previous experience in dog training. This means that we have less to unteach before we start to teach. In working with them we have emphasized the fact that a dog never can think like a human being, so the trainers will have to learn to think like a dog. But that will be only half of their problem; they will also have to learn to think like a sightless man, because the problems of a blind man are distinctly different from those of the seeing. We explain that the work will be hard, even dangerous, and sometimes dirty; the hours will be long, and at no time will the wages be exceptionally high. Instructors get a good living wage, but, as in most professions, the satisfaction of doing something for

someone less fortunate must be a part of the pay.

If the applicant is accepted, the first part of his apprenticeship is to learn what it is like to be blind. Perhaps he arrives on a Sunday: during the afternoon and evening he is allowed to look over the house and grounds and to familiarize himself with his room. On Monday morning work starts, and for the next four weeks the apprentice instructors are, to all intents and purposes, perfectly blind. After a preliminary lecture, they are all given a sleep-shade, which is an absolute blindfold, not permitting the least ray of light to enter. They wear these blindfolds day and night. They eat blind, they walk the house blind, they shave blind, they are given dogs and are handled as a blind class. They are taught to use those dogs in traffic and are carried to exactly the same point that a class of blind students would be carried, to the point where the student is told that he is safe to go home with his dog guide.

During this period, the apprentice is just as sightless as though he had been suddenly blinded by accident, the only point of difference being that he knows the time will come when he can see again. The work during this period is hard, mentally hard and physically hard. For the first few days the boys do not get a great deal to eat, for they can't find it on their plates. They don't get very good shaves, because they cannot see into the mirror. They bump into walls and posts, are hesitant in traffic just as a blind master would be while learning to use his dog. It is a difficult course, and some apprentices quit. We want them to quit if there is any quitting in them. We prefer to have them stop right then, because the full course is going to take about four years and it is less expensive for us and for them if we find out right at the start that they have the quitting streak.

If they survive this month of blindness, they are ready to start as real apprentices, and their work for the next four years will be almost a college course.

Daily they will work with dogs and hear lectures. These lectures teach theory, maintained on an even basis with actual practice. They will learn during the first year the mechanical parts of the instruction of the dogs. The second year they will learn more of the theory behind the mechanical instruction of dogs and will begin to learn the mechanical part of the instruction of the blind. The third year they will have almost finished with their dog work and will start to learn the theory behind the instruction of the blind.

The fourth year is given over to working out very definite problems. Each instructor has his problem, something in the form of a thesis that might be required to show a general knowledge of all that he has been taught the first three years. During these three years many animals are given to him with the secret knowledge that they will never become leaders of the blind. They are faulty types, but the instructor must work with them to learn the types of dogs that can do the work and the types that are not usable, and why.

This period of apprenticeship is a period of difficult and nervous work.

Are not the instructors under a good deal of nervous strain?

They certainly are. At the present time all our apprentices are men. This does not mean that we have never tried women as trainers. We have, but after experience we decided not to employ women trainers any longer. Girls seem to break down under the strain more frequently than boys — even the boys break down occasionally. It is a nerve-racking job, not so much in the teaching

of the dogs as in the teaching of the sightless to use them. No dog is permitted to start with a blind master until it has worked safely with its instructor, under blindfold, in heavy traffic. This means that the instructor has implicit confidence in his dog. He knows the dog is safe, but when it works with a blind master he does not know what the reactions of the new master will be.

To see a man step off the curb in swift traffic in the early part of the adjustment of the blind, when the trainer knows that the man does not yet react properly to the dog's signals, and when he also knows that the man should not be touched or spoken to unless safety demands it, is always a nervous shock to the bystander. In this light it can readily be understood that every day the instructor is working under a constant nervous strain, doing things that have to be done, but unable to do them until the last split second, and then controlling himself if the move is not necessary.

Do many dogs fail in their training?

In the period of instruction for the apprentice instructors, we find a good many dogs that we know will not make the grade. We also have some dogs that may surprise us, dogs that looked all right when we purchased them but, as time goes on, show that something has happened in their past life which makes them unsafe as guides. The men must learn to see the difference between the dog that is working its way out of a fault and the dog that seems to be all right but, as we find after a time, has had some experience that unfits it for the work.

If the dog makes good, however, and graduates, goes out with a sightless master, there are very few failures. Years ago the head instructor in one of the German schools made this statement: —

'If a dog fails in the first six months, it is generally because the blind man and his family have been unable to adjust themselves to a dog in their home and in their lives. If something comes up after six months, that is something that the dog has learned, a fault that has been developed in him. If the dog comes back in the first six months, there is no hesitation in putting him with another blind man; it is not the dog's fault. After six months, be careful — the dog has learned a fault.'

I would not imply that the dog never learns anything after it leaves the school. It learns every day, but most of the things it learns are useful, or what the blind man calls 'handy.' Other things the dog learns are simply comical.

One blind man and his dog lived with his sister and her husband. It was the custom in this family for the brother and sister-in-law to come to the house almost every evening. The four sighted people would play bridge, and if the sightless man was at home he usually rested on the couch during these games and took part in the conversation. The dog remained on the rug beside the couch.

On one particular evening, while the bridge game was going on, the players noticed that the blind man had fallen asleep and was breathing deeply. As they looked, the dog got up, turned toward her master, and cocked her head first on one side and then on the other in a puzzled manner. Finally she left the room and was gone about four minutes.

At last she came back with something in her mouth — it was the blind man's pyjamas! She walked over and put her paw on his arm and dropped his pyjamas on the couch as much as to say, 'All my life with you, when you went to sleep, you wore pyjamas, and now you've made a mistake!'

Tell us something about your famous dog graduates, about their courage and individuality. What spectacular feats have they performed?

This question strikes me as a little peculiar, for every dog that goes out is famous in his own particular way. The work itself would make him famous, because it is something that dogs have not been thought capable of. If any dog works less well than another, from the public standpoint, it is pretty sure to be a limitation of the human element rather than a limitation of the ability of the animal. To us the outstanding performance of any animal is reflected in the new courage of its master more than in any spectacular feat of the dog.

If I were pressed, I would say that the dog that always comes to my mind is a little gray female. You probably would not think much of her if she passed you on the street without a harness, but she has done wonders, not only for her master, but for his family as well.

Before we consider the dog, we must consider the man she took in hand. He had been a worker all his life, but not a 'brain worker.' He came from a Pennsylvania Dutch family in a little Pennsylvania Dutch town where everything was spick-and-span. When we first heard of him he was easy to find. As the blind father of a family he had only one place — in an armchair by the stove. You could find him there any time, day or night. After a member of our organization had seen him, one of our sightless members with a dog went to pay a call. The wife, in her good Pennsylvania Dutch way, met them at the door and said the man could come in, but the dog would have to stay out; she would n't tolerate any dog hairs in her house, to mar its spotless cleanliness. It took weeks of work to persuade the man that he could come and get one of our dogs even though his family might not approve.

Finally he came to The Seeing Eye, slow, groping, hands out in front of him. There was nothing ahead but darkness. I wish you could have seen that little gray dog take that man in hand. I wish you could have seen day by day the way she put confidence into his heart, took the shuffle out of his feet; the way the hands came down to his sides, the head went up, the shoulders back. I wish you could have seen him a month later when he went home. His wife was n't sure whether she would let him come in with that hairy creature. Purposely we did not visit him for several months, and when we did he was n't at home; he was out walking with his dog. A week later we visited him again and he was not at home, and again a week after that.

Finally the visitor went in anyhow and met two grown children of our sightless graduate — a boy and a girl of about twenty and twenty-two. The visitor said, 'Well, what do you think of your father's dog?'

They said, 'Fine! You know, Daddy is just like he used to be when he was a seeing man.' That's what the dog had done for them.

Then came the wife, tears in her eyes.

She said, 'I want to apologize for all the objections I put up against John having a dog. I knew, in a way, that it would free him. I knew, too, that it would probably put dog hairs in the house. But what I did n't know,' and here the tears rolled down her face, 'was that the dog was going to free us all.'

That's what the dog had done for the family. She had taken the man out of his armchair and away from his daily routine of walking around the same block without ever stepping off the curb — tap, tap, tap — with a cane. She put him into a selling job, where he sold not only the things the community needed, but also the idea of dog guides for the blind. Just one little gray dog.

WAR IN A COLLECTIVIST WORLD

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

The Road to War

So long as the productivity of a nation is great, because its resources are ample and its people industrious and skillful, moderate doses of collectivism can be absorbed. Even though wealth is not produced at full efficiency, there is a margin of safety. But there are countries where the natural resources are meagre, where there is a growing population imbued with the belief that it has the right and the power to achieve through the action of the state an improved standard of life. In these countries the paradox of increasing popular expectation with restricted production at home and abroad has provoked a profound social crisis.

This is the plight of the nations which are called the Have Nots, which think of themselves as proletarian peoples denied their fair share of opportunity. Among them the world-wide system of gradually cumulative collectivism has reached its climax. Among them collectivism has ceased to be gradual, democratic, and pacific, and has become fully militarized. It is because of the threatened aggression of these armed collectivist societies that their neighbors are compelled to adopt a defensive militarism. In this international system it is demonstrated not merely that total collectivism in one nation is total militarism, but that a world which has given itself over to collectivism must sink into militarism.

This is the end of the road. After the liberal century, in which the very idea of wars of supremacy had been forgotten, the world is again entangled in the deadly challenges delivered by great powers against other great powers. Once again men are ready to fight for supreme power, having reverted to the belief that by the exercise of power they can improve their lot. They have drawn the sword in the belief that they can use it to save themselves, and by the sword, unless they put it away again, they are destined to perish.

The Two Philosophies of Nationalism

It is a rather significant fact, it seems to me, that the tendency toward amalgamation into larger political unions should have reached its climax approximately between 1860 and 1870. In that decade the American Union was preserved, the German and the Italian states became united, the Danubian Empire established itself in the form which lasted until 1918, Canada achieved a federal union, and the British Commonwealth took its modern form. But after 1870 the movement for unification was arrested.

The common assumption is that all the 'nations' had by that time become united. There are a number of reasons, however, for thinking that this is not a true explanation, but a rationalization after the event. It assumes that the amalgamation of peoples into larger

unions depended upon fundamental affinities of speech, culture, ethnic homogeneity, and historical tradition—in other words, that a national consciousness had to exist before national unity could be achieved.

But if we study the unifications up to 1870 we find many important instances where strong political union preceded the appearance of a strong national consciousness. This might be said of the states that entered into the United States, of the cantons that entered into the Swiss federation, of such unions as that of the Flemings and Walloons to form the Belgian state. We find, moreover, that in this historical period political union did not depend upon ethnic or cultural homogeneity; on the contrary, that peoples of different language, ethnic origin, religion, and political history overcame their particularism and became politically united.

It is even more significant that, beginning about 1870, a centrifugal tendency appeared, and that for the past sixty years the principle of nationality has been invoked not to unite but to divide. As nationalism was understood before 1870, the movement toward unification had by no means been completed. The political federation of Belgium and Holland, of the three Scandinavian states, of the four Balkan states, of the five Central American republics, for example, was no more inconceivable to the older nationalists than the union of Prussia and Bavaria, of Piedmont and the Papal States, of the Flemings and Walloons, of the German, French, and Italian speaking peoples of Switzerland. But these potential unions have not been realized. On the contrary, many unions that existed have disintegrated. Norway and Sweden have separated; there are five successor states in the Danube basin and five on the western marches of the former Russian empire. What is more, the centrifugal tendency is very

strong even where the existing union has not actually been ruptured. There are sub-nationalist movements in Belgium by the Flemings and Walloons, in Yugoslavia by the Croats, in Czechoslovakia by the Germans and Slovaks, in Poland by the Ruthenians, in Spain by the Catalans.

The philosophy of nationalism has in this period been curiously transformed. Originating as a passion to overcome the particularism of petty states, it has since become the justifying principle of particularism. Where once it supported the sentiments that liquidated conflicting loyalties, it now instigates the sentiments that accentuate separatism. Thus, while the intellectual exponents of the current nationalist ideology imagine that they are carrying on the tradition of Washington and Hamilton, Cavour and Bismarck, they have in fact reversed it. The point they have missed is that the older nationalism reached out for unity among particularists by cultivating a common consciousness, whereas the current nationalism cultivates a common consciousness by attacking the idea of unity and emphasizing an increasingly exclusive particularism. So, while the older nationalism was the support of political unification, the newer nationalism is the agent of disunion.

There is, therefore, a profound difference between these two nationalist philosophies, the one inclusive in its tendency, the other exclusive. Under the older, a tenuous general sense of common nationality was invoked in establishing political unions. Then, because the unions proved to be beneficial, a much stronger feeling of common nationality developed. One has only to read the anxious admonitions in Washington's Farewell Address to realize how little certainty he entertained that the people would feel themselves to be not merely Virginians

but Americans. The modern ideologists of nationalism, who are protectionist, collectivist, and authoritarian in their premises, have forgotten how little developed was the sense of their nationality when the British, the French, the Americans, the Germans, and the Italians first achieved political unity. Seeing only the powerful sense of nationality which has developed under these unions and as their consequence, they make the wholly unwarranted, indeed the false and destructive, assumption that only those can or should be joined together politically who already possess an overpowering sense that they are one nation.

They have turned history upside down. They argue that people can live together politically only if they have a strong national feeling, whereas the fusion of the innumerable wandering tribes into nations is inexplicable except on the hypothesis that national feeling develops from the experience of living together successfully. By treating strong nationalism as the antecedent condition rather than the consequence of political union, the modern nationalists have given the world a doctrine which divides mankind into ever smaller particularist communities.

It is worth noting that the nationalism which eventuated in larger political unions flourished in the interlude between the fall of the mercantilist conception of state policy and the revival of that conception. The period from, say, 1776 to 1870 was the golden age of free trade and of political emancipation throughout the western world. It was an age when the reforming passion of men was centred upon the abolition of privileges, the removal of restraints, the restricting of the authority of the state. It was an age when men were dominated by the conviction that it was by the method of emancipation, rather than by authoritative planning and regulation, that mankind could most

surely achieve its promise. And it was in that age of diminishing political interference that so many great political unifications were achieved.

But about 1870, when the reaction against free trade and laissez-faire began, the movement toward political unification was arrested and then reversed. The correspondence between the ascendancy of the liberal philosophy and political unification, between the authoritarian revival and political disunion, is striking. The question is whether it signifies a real correlation of cause and effect or is merely a curious coincidence.

The thesis that the diminution of authoritarian government promotes unity and that its increase is divisive could be fortified by many suggestive historic examples. One could cite the fact that the American Revolution took place at the culmination of the mercantilist régime, and that the grievances of the colonists, as outlined in their Declaration of Independence, were in substance that an absentee government was exploiting them by restrictive and discriminating laws, that King George III had established 'an absolute tyranny over these States . . . cutting off our trade with all parts of the world.' It was the cumulation of these grievances that led to the 'separation.' One might then cite the fact that it was the discord of the separated states, each exercising its own sovereignty, which led to their subsequent union.

If we examine the powers expressly granted to the new national government, the powers expressly denied to it, and the powers expressly taken away from the states, we find that the liberals who wrote the Constitution were inspired throughout by the conviction that, on the one hand, federal union was an escape from the vexatious particularism of the sovereign states, and on the other, that a union could be maintained only if it, in its turn, was

a drastically limited sovereign. Thus among the powers granted to Congress we find the exclusive right to regulate foreign and interstate commerce, a mighty provision against the practice of a mercantilist policy by the separate states; we find, too, the power 'to coin money, regulate the value thereof,' to make uniform rules of bankruptcy. It is evident that the design was to establish free trade throughout the union, unobstructed by state tariffs, separate monetary systems, and widely differing systems of commercial law. To make certain that the states would not become little mercantilist sovereigns on their own account, they were explicitly forbidden 'to lay any impost or duties on imports or exports' in the interests of a separate economic policy. Then in the Bill of Rights, which was the condition of ratification, the federal government in its turn was expressly denied the powers that were then recognized as the instruments of tyranny. In short, the union was a method of emancipating the people from what we should now call the regimentation of the separate states; the federal government was given the power to maintain freedom of trade and intercourse and denied the power to establish an authoritarian régime. Nor is it wholly irrelevant to note that the issue which was to imperil the preservation of the union had its origin in the use of political coercion to maintain and promote human slavery.

American history does, therefore, lend weight to the hypothesis that there is a close connection between the diminution of state authority and the evolution of political unity. The presumption could be strengthened by innumerable examples from history. It has often been demonstrated, for example, that the aggrandizement of the national monarchy in England and in France found its great support among people seeking emancipation

from the intimate tyranny of petty princes and local magnates; it is well known that the unification of Germany and of Italy was the culmination of experiments in customs unions and currency agreements and the like which represented a longing for relief from parochial interferences. Nor is it irrelevant to note that it was the Hapsburg and Romanoff empires, the two most intricately governed, most centralized, most bureaucratic states of the western world, which collapsed during the World War; and that both were dismembered.

The Centrifugal Effect of Collectivism

But these citations, though they are, I think, suggestive, are not proof. To show that authoritarianism divides and that liberalism unites, one must go beyond random historic examples to an explanation. It is only by understanding the reasons that the examples are convincing.

If we take the simplest example of the authoritarian principle, a protective tariff, we have only to ask ourselves whether anyone would be interested in a tariff wall which encircled at a uniform height all the commercial powers of the world. Suppose that the British Empire, Germany, Japan, France, and the United States had one common tariff against the rest of the world but no tariffs against each other. Is it not obvious that the protectionists in each of these countries would say that this gave them no protection? They would insist that in order to make protection effective the trading area would have to be divided into national tariff systems.

This is the logic of the process by which the use of political power to direct human affairs forces men to segregate themselves into smaller and smaller communities. For only in so far as the protection is exclusive is it

valuable. Unless it creates a special privilege it is ineffective. Thus, in a territory as large as the United States, the national tariff alone has never given sufficient 'protection' to those seeking the privilege of more or less exclusive control of markets. They have supplemented the peripheral tariff with internal tariffs applied through railroad rates, devices like the so-called Pittsburgh plus, monopolistic agreements, local quarantine regulations, and the like. The monopolist who would exclude a competitor must generally retire into a more exclusive stronghold. The larger the area, the more precarious will be his monopoly, the more diluted his advantages.

That is the reason why social legislation can be put into effect more easily in small states than in large ones, and why those who sponsor such measures are apt to oppose not only freedom of international trade but local autonomy within a free trade area as large as the United States, where, says Mr. Charles A. Beard in *The Open Door at Home*, 'regions once industrial and prosperous have been blighted by the wholesale migration of capital to sections of cheapest production — the lowest standards of life, unorganized labor easily regimented by employers, absence of labor legislation, exploitation of children, long hours, and social squalor in general.'

The logic of this argument would call for either an exclusive tariff around every established manufacturing centre in the United States or national legislation prohibiting, in effect, the more 'backward' states from entering into competition with the industries of more 'progressive' regions. Mr. Beard has the courage of his convictions. He recognizes that when, by the exercise of authority, prices are fixed above the competitive level the economic area must be contracted to exclusive competitors. This principle was recognized

in the National Industrial Recovery Act of 1933, a great collectivist measure which envisaged the organization of American industry under a system of codes closely regulating production, prices, and labor conditions. The vital essence of the whole conception was that each codified industry would enjoy an approximate monopoly of the American market, and that its monopoly profits would enable it to pay high wages. But, in order to protect the monopoly, competitors had to be excluded. Thus, in the more 'advanced' codes, barriers were raised against new enterprises and new processes, and the whole establishment was then protected not by a mere tariff but by the power to lay an absolute embargo against any imports.

And so, because the increase of state regulation requires a more and more exclusive territory if it is to be effective, the early nineteenth-century dream of international socialism has given way to the twentieth-century nightmare of national socialism. Collectivists of all descriptions — socialists of the Second International, communists of the Third, fascists with their international congresses, democratic planners — may cheer each other on across national frontiers and may exchange tracts and resolutions and propagandists, but the inexorable goal of all collectivism is the isolated and self-contained community. That is not because mankind is unable to fraternize: it is because an authoritarian régime has to be exclusive. The great military autocracies of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were highly regimented mercantilist states; the most highly regimented mercantilist states of the twentieth century are military autocracies.

The realistic, full-blown collectivists — Stalin, Mussolini, Hitler — are national collectivists; the internationalism which the idealists of socialism and communism cling to is, as Mussolini

and Hitler have proclaimed, a remnant of the nineteenth-century liberalism with its faith in the supranational development of commerce, the arts, and human personality. This residual hankering for brotherhood is, as Stalin has demonstrated, a useful instrument of Russian policy when it is not a downright nuisance.

The increasing exercise of sovereign power is a centrifugal force in society. Collectivism moves toward autarchy, the totalitarian states toward isolation. The obverse of this rule is that emancipation, the removal of privileges and restraints, promotes political union, that large societies must be lightly governed, that an increasing freedom of trade and intercourse within a state makes for an increasing participation in the common life of mankind. For the regulation of human affairs by the sovereign state is in the last analysis their regulation by physical force: the sanction of the law resides ultimately in the power of the state to command and forbid under penalty of death. This power can be invoked only when it can be effective. It can be effective only where it cannot be challenged. The more writs the king issues, the less far do they run: the greater the number of those who will be disposed and able to resist them. Thus, as the state moves in the direction of more elaborate and more intense intervention, it must contract its jurisdiction.

When authoritarianism dominates policy, the line of evolution is ever toward more exclusive but less comprehensive monopolies, more autocratic but more particularist states. It is, in short, a regression from the ideal of large political unions evolved within the larger world economy of the arts, the sciences, and commerce; it drives men backwards to such a congeries of petty, exclusive, tyrannical, and bellicose states as our fathers had supposed men would never see again.

The Socialist Failure

When the people had become habituated to the belief that the state has the power to raise their standard of living, and when the state responded by collectivist measures restricting opportunity and diminishing the efficiency of production, there was bound to be an intensified social conflict within the nations. It was naturally least severe where the margin of safety was greatest, and where there was a considerable surplus which could be redistributed to satisfy popular expectations. In countries like Germany and Italy, especially after they had been impoverished by the war, there was no adequate margin of safety, and an acute class struggle developed. This struggle was abated for a few years by foreign loans which were in effect subsidies made by the richer nations out of their surplus. But when these subsidies were cut off, the struggle was renewed fiercely.

In its initial phases this appeared to be a class struggle according to the Marxian pattern. But in its origins and in its issue the German and Italian struggle did not conform to the Marxian hypothesis. There was, it is true, an aggressive movement of the masses to encroach upon the property of the great landlords and the large incorporated industrialists. But this was resisted and defeated by an armed insurrection ending in a *coup d'état*. The Marxian formula does not explain why at the crucial point the masses lost faith in socialism. For in both Italy and Germany fascism, however much it may have been financed and instigated by landlords and big industrialists, acquired a large popular following among those who, according to the Marxian interpretation, should have rejected fascism and adhered to communism.

The event is explained, I believe, when we recognize that the Italian and German masses could not have im-

proved their situation by seizing the estates and the factories, that on the contrary the only effect could have been to increase their misery. For there did not exist any substantial amount of wealth in the hands of the few which they could expropriate. The total national income was so meagre that a more equal distribution of it would not even theoretically have made any important difference. But above all, what income there was depended fundamentally not on the natural riches of the country but on an extremely delicate and precarious human organization of labor, technology, credit, and management. Those who seized a factory soon saw that they had obtained only an inert heap of bricks and steel: that this capitalist property was incapable of producing income except as part of an economy of credit and international trade that ceased to exist when the managers and directors had been ousted. Those who tried to be more moderate and attempted by legal methods to expropriate the shareholders and creditors and controlling directors of these enterprises found that they were gaining nothing, but were in fact impairing the productivity of the industries. The socialist movement was able to bring the industrial machine to a standstill; it gave no evidence of being able to make the machine yield more for the people.

Socialism was a failure in Central Europe because it sought to encroach on a capitalist order that was already almost completely impoverished. In a rich capitalism, where there is a large surplus, some wealth can be redistributed. But a poor capitalism, like that of post-war Germany, has almost no reserves that can be tapped; the attempt to find them, whether by law or by direct action, strikes not at excess profits but at capital assets, at working capital, and at those minimum profits without which capitalist production

cannot be maintained. Now when we remember that it is from the middle class that the executives and managers are recruited, that it is the middle class who have their savings invested directly or indirectly in capitalist enterprises, that it is their savings and their income which are drawn upon when taxes or inflation is used to finance the social services of the poor, one can understand why socialism in these poor countries provoked a middle-class revolution. When industry was paralyzed by strikes and expropriatory laws, it was the middle-class industrial officer who lost his position and saw his invested savings impaired and his standard of living reduced by rising prices, increasing taxes, and the deterioration of the currency. He realized that in a poor country socialism, even of a gradual and democratic variety, does not mean the redistribution of the profits of capitalism; it means the gradual paralysis of capitalism — if carried far enough, its total destruction — and the decline of the whole community to a proletarian level.

Thus the members of the middle class came to realize that for their country, at least (though in essence it is true of all countries), the deepest need is not a different distribution, but a great production, of wealth. Once they had grasped that truth, if the situation was desperate and the struggle critical, they were disposed to follow leaders who promised to crush a movement that seemed to them to paralyze what productive capacity the nation possessed.

Proletarian Imperialism

So the middle-class fascist became passionately anti-Marxist. But having gone so far, and realizing that there could be no real relief except through an increased production of wealth, he came up against the brute fact that the materials for increasing wealth did not

exist within his frontiers, and that the world markets in which he could earn the money to buy those materials were either greatly restricted or closed altogether. At this point he became not only an antisocialist but an aggressive nationalist. For, as he saw it, he was the victim of an economic encirclement, and unless he broke through he would be suffocated.

With the instruments of the terror, censorship, and propaganda, the fascist leaders indoctrinated the mass with the view that their real enemies were not the privileged classes at home but the privileged nations abroad. The transition from the psychology of class war to that of nationalist war is a very easy one. The fascist appeal combines the emotions of patriotism with the grievances of the proletariat. Those who have been socialists become national socialists. The class war is diverted toward international war. The people, habituated in the class struggle to appeals calling upon them to fight for their rights and for better opportunities, to strike at privilege and oppression, are told by the fascists that they must continue to fight, not as traitorous members of a class, but as patriots in a national cause. They do not have to stop loving their country, as orthodox international socialists are supposed to do. They can have for their leaders not mere workingmen and agitators but all the best people in the land — princes, generals, and great gentlemen. It is the class struggle *de luxe*, with all its pomp and circumstance, that the diffident poor find reassuring. They do not have to fight on the barricades as solitary and helpless bands against the police and against troops whose weapons they know to be deadly. If in some dim way they realize that they will have to fight later in the trenches, they believe that at least the fighting will not be at their own front door; the brunt of it, moreover, will be borne by very

young men after their courage has been disciplined in barracks rather than by middle-aged men who have listened to socialist oratory.

Thus, under fascism the proletariat becomes imperialist and imperialism becomes proletarian. The nation, organized under military rule, prepares for a struggle against the nations which it looks upon as the wealthy landlords, the monopolists, the privileged owners of the rich territories, natural resources, and main highways of the world. Communism and fascism are not only much alike as systems of government; they are alike in the inwardness of their purpose. When the basic national wealth exists within the national frontiers, as in Russia, the proletarian aggression is domestic; when the basic national wealth does not exist within those frontiers, as in Italy and Germany, the proletarian aggression is nationalized. It is turned outward beyond the frontiers, toward the conquest of the colonies and of the territories of more pacific but richer neighbors.

This explains what would otherwise be an inexplicable phenomenon, the appearance of communist Russia as a member in good standing of the society of nations and the isolation of the fascist states. The Russian communists have recognized that they have no need of conquests, because Russia has ample natural resources. It is this fact, rather than the pacifism of the communists, which accounts for the adoption of a policy of nonaggression which gives to Soviet Russia a common interest, along with the British Empire, France, and the United States, in the present territorial boundaries of the world. On the other hand, because the fascist states do not have within their own borders wealth to meet the expectations of their people, no promises of nonaggression they can give are credible. So long as the modern world is committed to the principles of national collectivism, they

are under compulsion to pursue an aggressive policy because the sources of wealth, to which they must have access in order to live as well as they believe they have a right to live, are under foreign sovereignty.

The Revival of Total War

It may be said that about the year 1900 the nations became aware that they were crossing the great divide, leaving behind them the promised land of progress in peace, to enter into an epoch of deadly struggle for mastery and survival. The turning point is most clearly marked by the challenge to British maritime supremacy formulated in the German Navy Law of 1898.

For several generations a general peace, broken only by short and localized wars, had prevailed. During that peace Britain exercised an unchallenged supremacy on the seas and pursued a policy of free trade. The dominion that Great Britain exercised over a quarter of the people of the earth, and the preponderant influence that she exercised on the European continent through the balance of power, were not felt to be intolerable because in matters of trade and of human rights Britain was committed to the principles of freedom. Even to the subject peoples of the empire, the Irish, the Indian nations, the Egyptians, the struggle for autonomy was never hopeless. It was always supported by a large body of British opinion and could always find its ultimate justification in the principles of the British state. When Britain ruled harshly and denied to the people of the dependent empire their human rights, she was violating the British ideal in human affairs. Eventually those who were struggling for autonomy were bound to win, as in fact they did. In the realm of economic opportunity, free trade prevailed; the

empire was not a closed preserve for the benefit of British subjects.

Within the framework of this international system Germany, Italy, Japan, and the United States achieved their national unity and made great material progress. The rise in the general standard of living was probably greater in that period than at any time before or since. There were wars; but they were local wars of short duration, more like duels to settle an argument than battles of life and death. During the Crimean War, for example, English merchants were allowed to import goods from Russia through neutral countries; a Russian loan to pay interest on Russian bonds was floated in the English market; and during that same war France invited Russia to participate in the Exposition of Arts and Industries. Bismarck's three wars were short, sharp, localized, and for limited objectives.

The conception of a total war — such as Rome had waged against Carthage, or even such wars as those which England had waged against Spain, against the Netherlands, and against France until the fall of Napoleon — was not entertained in the nineteenth century. The people of Europe did not feel that their lives, their liberties, their fortunes, and the pursuit of their happiness were bound up in a struggle for the political mastery of the world.

But the wars which began in 1914 differ in kind, not merely in degree, from the wars which were fought in the preceding century. To find wars of the same order, one would have to go back to the struggle between Spain and England, between England and Holland, between England and France, between Rome and Carthage, between Athens and Sparta. They may conveniently be called total as distinguished from limited wars. These are not fought for tangible stakes, say the

unification of a national state, or the acquisition of an Alsace-Lorraine or an African colony. In total war the issue is complete supremacy, the power to settle controversy by superior force. Total wars cannot end, therefore, except by the destruction of the vanquished as an organized power in the major affairs of mankind, the fate that befell Carthage and Spain and Holland. Until the issue of supremacy is settled, men are doomed in an era of total wars to fight incessantly. There are intervals of armed truce, periods of recuperation, rearmament, and the regrouping of allies before the struggle is renewed. But there can be no settlement. For total wars are fought not for specific objects but for supremacy.

In the war of 1914-1918, Britain and France were convinced that they were fighting such a war; that, if they lost, Germany would deal with them as Rome dealt with Carthage. In the dictated peace of 1919 at Versailles they in their turn sought to impose a Carthaginian peace upon Germany. Clemenceau and Foch felt that they had failed to win the war when they were prevented from dismembering the German Empire, from exacting tribute which would keep the Germans prostrate, from occupying Germany as a conquered province. In 1933 the allies of 1914 again became convinced that a Germany renascent under Nazi leadership would in its turn seek to annihilate all rival powers in Europe.

These total wars should not be confused with limited wars like the Crimean, like the Danish, Austrian, and French wars waged by Prussia, much less with colonial wars like the Boer or the Spanish-American. It is an open question, it seems to me, whether even the Napoleonic Wars are to be regarded as total wars. For, while the victory of Bonaparte would have given him the mastery of the European world, his defeat was followed by a peace which

was most remarkable in that it was not a Punic peace. The Congress of Vienna not only did not mutilate France; it did not even attempt to destroy her as a great power.

It used to be the fashion to heap scorn upon the Congress of Vienna. But in the longer perspective, considering the centuries of incessant wars between England and France, considering the state of Europe since 1914, it would now appear that the Congress of Vienna made a settlement which was unique in the history of great wars. It may be that the refusal to destroy France as a European power, that the willingness to live with her and let her live, reflected that great change in human opinion which crystallized during the eighteenth century in the liberal doctrines of free trade, laissez-faire, and the rights of man.

In any event, the dominant fact in the contemporary world is the return of the European and Asiatic great powers to the conception of total war. It is this fact that needs to be thoroughly understood, for otherwise the effort to preserve the peace is doomed not only to be frustrated but actually to augment the violence and frequency of wars. A pacifist movement which has not clearly grasped the essential difference between the era of total war in which we find ourselves and the era of limited wars which preceded it will merely confuse and disorganize the peoples who are in mortal danger and thereby invite the aggressors to proceed.

Collective Security and Total War

The manner in which pacifist opinion has misconceived the real nature of the problem can be seen in the series of pacts signed in the name of collective security. The Covenant of the League of Nations, for example, provides a method of settling international disputes based entirely on the assumption

that all potential wars are limited wars. The machinery of pacific adjustment is conceived on the analogy of lawsuits as a substitute for the duel, on the premise that violence can be eliminated by interpreting contracts or compromising claims. The Covenant envisages wars as contests dealing with justiciable issues, or at least with specific collisions of interest. But the war of 1914, the Japanese advance into Asia (in its implications), the Italian advance into Ethiopia, and the Nazi conception of the German destiny have national supremacy as their real objective.

The postulates of the League, on the other hand, being derived from the experience of the liberal nineteenth century, do not even begin to deal with the issue of national supremacy. It is not an issue that can be taken to the World Court or dealt with by votes in the Council and Assembly. Collective security, as it was organized after the war of 1914, rested on the assumption that the issue of national supremacy would not be raised, more particularly that Germany was altogether too prostrated to raise it again.

In the Kellogg-Briand Pact, this illusion is most clearly exhibited. In that pact nations voluntarily renounced the ambition to resort to war as an instrument of national policy, implying that those who had world power would keep it, that those who did not have world power would not seek it. There is pathos in the Kellogg Pact. For it embalms an ideal of international relations that was by no means unrealizable had the world remained faithful to the ideas of public policy which were current when Mr. Wilson, Mr. Kellogg, and M. Briand went to school. The pacific settlement of limited wars is a practicable ideal, and mankind might well have entertained the hope that it would gradually limit such wars until eventually it abolished them.

The post-war system of collective

security was devised by British and American publicists and statesmen acting on the preconceptions of the nineteenth century. It is not accurate to say, as so many have said, that they intended as citizens of the dominant and 'satisfied' powers to make the existing order of things perpetual. On the contrary, they were quite prepared for, in fact they were prejudiced toward, great alterations in the political constitution of mankind. They promoted the rise of new national states not only as measures of war to disrupt Germany and Austria-Hungary; the sponsors of the League were on the whole also the supporters of Irish, Indian, and Egyptian nationalism, of the autonomy of the Dominions, the independence of the Philippines, the renunciation of American hegemony in Latin America. They even hoped through the method of mandates to strike at the idea that colonies were national properties. They hoped to lower economic barriers between nations, and to bring about the reduction of armaments to a point where they would be little more than a domestic police force or a territorial militia. In substance, the sponsors of the League were prepared to relinquish more and more of the prerogatives of their own mastery of the world, to liquidate by generous but, as they believed, enlightened concessions the prerogatives of their own supremacy.

The pacific system which they envisaged was one in which existing rights were to be regarded as the public law of the world and enforced until amended by concession and compromise. They founded their system on the premise that discontent with the existing international order would arise from specific grievances, some of which were justiciable, some arbitrable, the rest susceptible of being rectified or compromised. But what they did not envisage was discontent arising from the ambition to exercise the supremacy

which they possessed. They were prepared to contemplate the relinquishment of more and more of the prerogatives of their own supremacy; but they did not propose the transfer of their supremacy to new empires. They hoped to rule the world lightly, to exercise their world power so magnanimously that all the world would assent to it, but, having just defeated Germany's attempt at world power, they intended to hold on to their own world power. Rather they than someone else. They reasoned, not without prejudice of course, but plausibly, that no one was any better fitted than they to exercise world power. So they made many proposals to limit armaments by the method of ratios under which the relative power of the great states was to be recognized by treaty.

Thus the post-war system of collective security proposed to conserve the existing order of things in the field of ultimate power, but to concede an increasing equality of rights in all other fields. This was in essence the international system of the nineteenth century. Supremacy was exercised by an empire so much committed to the principles of free trade, national autonomy, cultural self-determination, and personal liberty that when the Empire violated its principles in Ireland, in Egypt, and in India it was morally on the defensive among its own people. The League of Nations was to be in substance a perpetuation of that order of things: Great Britain and the United States were to form a partnership, exercising, under the postulates of liberalism in other matters, a joint supremacy in the realm of power.

The event showed that the policies of the great powers did not correspond with the postulates of the international system they had designed. This was revealed at once in the terms imposed upon the vanquished nations. The military and economic clauses of the treat-

ties, and certain of the territorial provisions as well, were designed to keep them, for at least a generation, weak and disorganized, and in a status of mental inferiority. The vanquished were treated as, presumably, they would have treated their enemies had they victoriously achieved world supremacy. But in imposing a Punic peace the allied and associated powers demonstrated that they were no longer acting on the nineteenth-century principle of supremacy restricted in its exercise by the tenets of liberalism. By the terms they dictated at Versailles, terms appropriate to the conception of total war, terms which had as their objective the perpetuation and exaggeration of their own supremacy, they committed Europe to a struggle for supremacy rather than to the settlement of specific grievances.

The dictated peace was followed by the American rejection of the partnership in so far as it entailed responsibilities for the enforcement of the European settlement. But the United States did not reject partnership in supremacy. The United States rejected the League. It ratified the Washington Treaties, under which supremacy at sea was shared with Britain, and in the region of the Pacific and Eastern Asia this supremacy was to become the guardian of existing rights. Simultaneously, the United States drastically restricted its own markets against imports of foreign goods and then used its financial and political power to promote its exports. Other nations followed the same course. Thus supremacy in the realm of power was unmitigated anywhere by a liberal policy. The masters of the world were completely imbued with the idea that power may be used to create prosperity through privilege.

Yet their institutions for the maintenance of peace were founded on a diametrically opposite conception of public policy. The system of collective

security envisaged an order in which privileges would be steadily reduced, in which the question of who had the ultimate power would become less and less important. But the minds of men had become thoroughly impregnated with the belief that the state could through its power make them prosperous. Therefore, the control of the state at home, its power abroad, became the foci of universal interest. Under the liberal conception, dominant in the practice of the nineteenth century and formally enacted into the treaties of collective security, the threat of total wars for supremacy was to be ended by liquidating the privileges that made supremacy valuable to those who possessed it and onerous to those who did not. The liberals had said, in effect, that men would cease to fight for political power when they became indifferent to it, and that they would become indifferent when its influence on their lives was negligible. This was how the religious wars had ended, when men no longer believed that eternal salvation could be deter-

mined by the force of the secular arm. But in matters of income, of trade, property, and wages, the post-war generation believed fervently that earthly salvation could be determined by the secular arm. Thus supremacy, instead of becoming a matter of indifference in men's feelings because it was increasingly negligible in fact, became the paramount and all-embracing issue of their lives.

When supremacy is the issue, the world is in a period of total wars in which there can be no decision except by the extinction of one of the antagonists as a power in affairs. This issue is not justiciable, nor can it be compromised. When it exists, peace is only an armed truce during which the warriors prepare for the next battle. Then the normal condition is not that of peace, occasionally interrupted by a local war. That is what the nineteenth century believed and that is what the Covenant implies. When the question of supremacy is raised, there is a condition of continuing war with intervals in which there is no fighting.

With this paper Mr. Lippmann rests his thesis. He is now at work completing his final version of the Second Part of 'The Good Society,' dealing with the reconstruction of Liberalism. Of this a significant chapter will be published this summer in the Atlantic. — THE EDITORS

A LETTER TO MY SON

BY ROBERT HILLYER

BETWEEN us, Stanley, we must bridge a span
Perhaps the broadest in the life of Man;
McKinley and Victoria, familiar
As household gods when I was the young Hillyer,
To ashes and to legend have gone down, —
And Mickey Mouse has ousted Buster Brown.
In green suburban streets I played at ease,
Untroubled by the passing carriages,
Save when some dowager, averse to ball,
Scowled at us, brandishing her parasol,
Yet left (because of Grandmother) unspoken
Her thoughts of stolen grapes and windows broken.
Alas! though Mrs. Howe has been entombed
Some thirty years, my palate was foredoomed
Never again to taste such provender
As that forbidden fruit I stole from her.
I smell the arbors now, I see the lawn
Yellow with leaves like flakes of shattered dawn;
I smell the bonfire smoke, I smell the grapes;
But the October flavor still escapes.
I've planted twenty vineyards since that time
To catch the mixture of sweet juice and rime,
And not one grape, however cool and swollen,
Renews the ecstasy of those I've stolen.
Pray do not, in your after years, reread
As 'theft the simplest method to succeed'
These casual lines. Our family does not mix
In banking, surgery, or politics.

It was a safe time, when all's said and done;
Back yards were big, streets open to the sun.
But sometimes, as if fashioned to disturb,
A horseless carriage pushed us to the curb;
Where, teetering with fury, in full force
We shouted to the driver, 'Get a horse!'
An incantation powerful enough
To stop the motor with expiring cough;
Whereat the driver, cursing as we jeered,
Beneath the underpinning disappeared.

O for the wisdom of those saucy boys
Who rightly guessed a danger in such toys,
Now toys no longer; with inverted rôles,
Motors have made mere playthings of men's souls.
Not war, not plague, not any ill you mention
Has crushed mankind like this obscene invention;
All life resolves, in leisure or in toil,
To the production or misuse of oil.
Man's body flung full speed straight up the hill
Mounts with a nervous lift; his mind is nil.
Free in the air he skims, the while his spirit
Dives down to every ill that brutes inherit.
Let others praise inventiveness; I know
That where wings go there also bombs can go.
In short, dear son, my aging nervous centres
Quiver with indignation at inventors;
But you, no doubt, will find it commonplace
To speed through time and hurtle into space:
Two elements that bend to Berkeley's dream
By being something less than what they seem.
But though speedometers burn up with speed,
And clocks whirl madly at a moment's need,
Eternity awaits. That does not heed.

Yet I am not so much a misanthrope
As to conceive my past a future hope.
Things change, and that is well, and I am weary
Of the past gilded, and the future dreary.
Your childhood is just so much happier
As I am wiser than my parents were;
Not to condemn them, but if sudden change
In common life swirls in so great a range,
Surely a loving and astute perspective
Ignores what once inspired a long invective.
I have not taught you that the fiends stand ready
To pierce with red-hot pitchforks Mrs. Eddy;
Nor that the tentacles of furtive Spain
Groped to Havana and blew up the *Maine*;
Nor that the Unitarians and Jews
Have invitations they can not refuse
To an unending carnival of fire
Where all non-Trinitarians perspire.
The High Church and the Low Church still may vie;
You do not know it, Stanley, — nor do I.
Please God, that you are so much the more near Him
For hearing fewer things that don't endear Him.

Yet with it all, I would not seem to mock
My minute spent on the ancestral clock.

It was a nervous time, and I prefer
 To split the seconds where they did not err.
 Music I had and Christmas trees and books,
 A sound physique and tolerable looks;
 And something more, of undetermined cause,
 That always irritates our best in-laws:
 A calm, accumulated family feeling
 That we survive though other clans go reeling, —
 A sentiment that will annoy your wife,
 But buttress you against the stress of life;
 A doctrine not dependent on a name
 Or the accoutrements of transient fame,
 But adequacy quietly achieved, —
 The right to live from those who rightly lived:
 Farmers and judges, soldiers and professors,
 Never the dispossessed or great possessors;
 Avoiding, on the one hand, county farms,
 And, on the other, bogus coats of arms.
 In short, my dear, fail not to be a snob
 To wealth ungoverned or ungoverned mob,
 And be the one American whose veins
 Can prove no pulsing out of Charlemagne's.

How many honored names have played the fool
 In social registers at boarding school,
 Where youngsters form a library restricted
 To lists of the elect and unelected;
 A Calvinistic Judgment Day on earth,
 Predestined by unworthy money's worth;
 To sneer so natural, so unbent to laugh,
 And calf love guided by the golden calf.
 Soap-box or scented soap; the two extremes
 Make nightmares of our democratic dreams.
 That choice you must avoid; ay, there's the rub —
 To join, but not exemplify, a club;
 Or live on Grub Street and not be a grub.

I can not hope for you long years of peace;
 Frail flies the halcyon from the shores of Greece.
 Not long the tranquil sunlight, and not long
 The sailors' cheerful chant, the pastoral song.
 See, the waves turn to lead; the sun goes under
 Thick looming cumuli alive with thunder.
 For one false moment Nature holds its breath,
 Then heights fall down, depths rise up from beneath.
 In vain to furl the sail or guess the stars;
 The storm that rends the hull snaps off the spars;
 The rudder steers no course, — one aimless arc
 And then the final dive into the dark.

Ships wood or steel, their captains fools or sages,
So they go, so men go, so go the ages.
And yet you still may read on empty graves
Where those should sleep who sleep beneath the waves:
'Sail thou! for even as we perished, we
Saw other ships sail on across the sea.'
Let pale Lucretius from his sheltered coast
Rejoice in safety while the brave are lost.
Afraid of living as he feared the ocean,
He drank at last a love-inflaming potion
That killed Lucretius with his first emotion.

Dear son, if in this *pater filio*
I dare not gild the evils that I know,
Be not alarmed. Most generations think
Their world is trembling on the final brink.
My generation, nurtured on the pleasant
Illusion of a static world — that was n't —
Woke with a start, both world and vision gone;
Yet better waking so, than dreaming on.
I'd gladly lap you in a Lydian theme,
But stronger musics penetrate the dream,
The pulsing drum, the bugle, and the blast
That overthrows all ivory towers at last.
Go not to war except in your own heart,
To quell unreason and tear greed apart.
Take up your sword to guard that quiet gate
Against blind hatred in a world of hate.
Go not to war, — there's not a cause that gives
Life to the soldier who no longer lives.
No eloquence in how enduring stone
Makes unknown soldiers, to the future, known.
Go not to war! if Peace has lost her war
There is no other thing worth fighting for.
That dreamy Pharaoh who, beside the Nile,
Beheld the outstretched hands of morning smile,
When courier on courier cried for aid,
Let empires crumble, and was not afraid.
'Assyria mocks your honor. Babylon
Flames in revolt; your provinces are gone!
Send out your armies to maintain your pride.'
The armies were not sent; the empire died.
Who cares to what dead sovereign it gives
Its dead allegiance? King Akhnaten lives!

Though life is perilous with war and wrack,
With fears that linger, loves that come not back;
Out of the fretted sea in after years
The slow-grown coral isle of joy appears.

I can not envy you your coming teens
 That seize on life, not knowing what it means.
 The twenties such dogmatic japes commit
 As later strain apologetic wit.
 The thirties labor, pucker-browed with fear
 Of mornings after and a lame career.
 But forty-one — your mother for a wife,
 You for a son — establishes a life.
 You in your first, I in my fifth, decade,
 Perhaps are happiest when all is said.
 But happiness so different as to smother
 Hopes of translating either to the other.
 Yours is that rainbow web so finely spun
 To catch the golden motes that dust the sun,
 Floating along light air, a filmy skein
 Torn by one gust or shattered by the rain.
 But how shall I, to whom that joy is lost,
 In memory's dull mirror find its ghost?
 And how shall you, who know the shining thing,
 Snare what is nothing if not on the wing?
 Like gold, it goes as soon as you have felt it;
 Time is the *aqua regia* to melt it, —
 Time that brings love and debts and daily shaving;
 So spend the gold that vanishes with saving.

Now the November dusk is closing in,
 The ink grows thick; the inspiration thin.
 Away with you! don't read across my shoulder,
 For that is rude; and this waits till you're older.
 Time for your music lesson! Every key
 Gleams like a tooth awaiting dentistry.
 Be merciful, be careful, for my sake.
 'T is not piano keys, but ears that ache.
 Well-played, enrapt musician! I at nine
 Had surely bungled that melodic line.
 So in all things I tried, may you succeed, —
 But pray be not a poet. O give heed
 To filial conscience, lest my poet's name
 Be mere parental adjunct to your fame.
 Yet if you were my rival, I should be
 Content though lost in your biography.
 Play on, and happiness attend your song,
 Sweet be its cadence, and its echoes, long.

BOOK PRICES AND THE PUBLIC

BY FREDERIC G. MELCHER

THE statistics of book publishing have always proved of special interest to the public, which has so large a stake in this small but socially important industry. One must know some of the facts about book distribution to understand the bitterness of the price wars now centring around those books which in one year after another rise to the top of the best-seller lists. Such titles supply prime material for what the retail trade terms a 'loss-leader.' Competition is developed, whether between the large department stores or the chain drug stores, each anxious to demonstrate, by selling without profit or lower, that it is the real friend of the people. That small bookshops, with no other merchandise on which to recoup losses, cannot afford to engage in this price cutting is generally overlooked.

The natural response of the public to such price wars is in favor of broader fights with all honors to the 'social benefactor' who starts them. The consumer thinks first of the cheap price, and anyone who would suggest that a book price war is not wholly beneficent starts under a considerable handicap. However, the policing of business practice developed by the NRA, the recent fair-trade legislation in many states, and the notable decision of the Supreme Court in November 1936, have shown that there is a good deal more to the problem than first meets the eye.

In studying fair-trade practices in the field of books we should remind

ourselves that the policy of fixed prices, uniform in all shops, has been steadily increasing as a business habit for many years. Most of our reading matter — perhaps 90 per cent of it would be a fair estimate — is to-day sold to purchasers at standard prices set by the publisher. The large organizations which produce popular reading matter have sufficient control over distribution so that they can maintain whatever price they decide to put upon the merchandise. It is chiefly the new — and popular — titles which are exceptions from uniform practice.

It is conceivable that newspapers, for instance, would make good 'loss-leaders.' A cut, however small, in the two hundred and some million dollars spent annually on this kind of reading might be welcomed by the public. Take a New York suburb where a morning paper costs three cents. A railroad, by cutting the price on the news stands to two cents, might lure quite a bit of traffic from the competing line. We know, of course, that this does not happen. The newspaper publisher and his distributing agent would give such price cutting short shrift.

Our largest expenditure for reading matter goes to newspaper owners. It has been estimated that, of the forty million readers who buy newspapers, thirty million buy magazines. And here again the nickel, dime, and quarter levels are everywhere maintained, even on stands where 'nickel' candy is three

for a dime. A year's subscription to a magazine is less, to be sure, and a club rate may go lower still, but these levels are set by the publisher, and he can, if he wishes, legally cancel a subscription taken at an unauthorized price. The government itself is convinced of the soundness of maintaining prices: it prevents the price cutting of government publications. It would prohibit the price cutting of stamps.

So we return to books. I want positively to insist on four points — points often overlooked by those who see in a system of maintained prices a possible public loss. First, the majority of books *are* now sold at uniform, maintained prices; second, there is little reason to fear that, were maintained prices established throughout the country, new books would ever be priced needlessly high by the publisher; third, every other country which produces books provides for the maintenance of uniform prices and would consider any other plan unthinkable; and fourth, only by applying uniform price methods to all books can this country attain the breadth of distribution which our population and literacy demand. Wide distribution is of all factors the most influential in bringing about lower price levels.

I have said that most books are sold at uniform prices to all. The book publisher fixes the prices and maintains them just as do the publishers of newspapers and magazines. Such, for example, is the case with legal, medical, and scientific books; such is the case with encyclopædias, reference books, and the volumes, whether technical or general, sold by canvassers. Such practice applies to most schoolbooks: they are usually sold direct to schools at prices controlled by the publisher. Many states provide by law that books which they have adopted shall be priced at the lowest denominator common to other states. Finally, there are the

millions of books sold in the chain stores at a fixed price of ten or twenty cents. These books are never sold at cut prices. And again I would point out that such low-priced reprints — the lowest-priced bound books in the world to-day — are only made possible by a huge distribution.

The present problem, then, centres chiefly with the so-called 'trade books' — that is, the new books of the day with which authors, publishers, and booksellers are currently trying to meet the public's needs and tastes. Perhaps a score of these each year will pass the sale of 100,000 copies. Although few in number, these best sellers will be responsible for some 20 per cent of a bookstore's annual business. Naturally, these are the candidates selected as 'loss-leader' merchandise. The publishers hate to see their leading books cut in price, but they have been prevented from assuring uniform price levels because they do not control their outlets. Ironically enough, our anti-trust legislation places its restrictions not on large units which can control both production and distribution, but on the independent producer who must face the competition of open outlets.

This handicap of the independent still persists despite the somewhat prophetic words written over twenty years ago by Justice Brandeis: 'There is no improper restraint of trade when an independent manufacturer in a competitive business settles the price at which the article he makes shall be sold to the consumer. . . . There is no danger of profits being too large as long as the field of competition is kept open; as long as the incentive to effort is preserved, and the opportunity of individual development is kept untrammelled. And in any branch of trade in which such competitive conditions exist we may safely allow a manufacturer to maintain the price at which his article may be sold to the consumer.'

To counter the fear that the public might suffer were book prices maintained, let me say that no merchandise offered to the public encounters such extended competition as books. If a prospective buyer wants a book, he first can get it free from a local, county, or state library; what other commodity is supplied so universally (and properly) out of tax levies? Or he can borrow from a friend; what other possession is lent so freely? Or he can buy a used copy; what secondhand merchandise is so commonly available? Or he can rent a copy from a lending library. Is it probable that the publisher is going to jeopardize his chances to sell his product by putting an uneconomic price on it? Bear in mind that his new trade books are in direct competition with all the books of the past now in non-royalty editions, with reprints that bear low royalty and no plant cost!

That the public may trust price levels to publishers is the unanimous opinion of other book-producing countries. European observers of our price wars are aghast at the waste in this method, which takes retailing business back half a century to the days of price haggling. It is assumed in Europe that an industry may come together to encourage distribution by uniform prices whether the industry be a large unit controlling its own outlets or smaller organizations where coördination is necessary. No one in this country seriously believes that European price levels on new books are higher than they ought to be because prices there are maintained.

Great Britain established the net, uniform price system in 1899. The book industry, publishers and booksellers, regard this agreement as the Magna Charta of the industry and as the basis of all recent progress in the business of books. It is worth noting that when, during the war, the British Government investigated the retail margins of merchandising, the fixed-

price, identifiable merchandise was shown to have been handled on narrower profit margins than unidentifiable merchandise on which there could be no uniformity of price. Surely if the periodic price slashing which now prevails in the United States were the only road to the lower price level of current books, other countries would have taken the trail long before this.

It is pretense to suggest that the cutting of book prices is done in the interest of the public welfare. The policy of the 'loss-leader' is intended to suggest that the price levels of the store's other merchandise — by far the largest percentage of its stock — are equally low. This is an effective method, because price comparisons of unbranded merchandise are difficult. This principle of the 'loss-leader' is better understood by the public now than it was a few years ago. Readers would do well to recall the words of Justice Holmes, a generation since: 'I cannot believe that in the long run the public will profit by the Court permitting knaves to cut reasonable prices for some ulterior purpose of their own and thus to impair, if not destroy, the production and sale of articles which it is assumed to be desirable that the public should be able to get.'

Let the facts of the book business be laid on the table as fully as possible, the rewards of authorship, the costs of publishing, and the expense of distributing books. From the facts the public will better understand that public interest lies in a wider availability of books. This will only be made a reality through fair-trade practice with contracts to enforce uniform prices, to all and in all parts of the country. Wider distribution in a business as competitive as books will mean that the resources of the printing press can be used to produce more books at low price levels and even better books at the higher levels.

A WORD TO THE WISE

BY ARCHIBALD LAW

[THE letter which follows was written by Archibald Law to his relatives in Scotland. It was sent from Carbon-dale, Pennsylvania, and bears the date August 17, 1837. Mr. Law was deeply troubled by the panic of 1837; his observations on bank and currency expansion seem singularly pertinent at this time, a century later. — THE EDITORS]

CARBONDALE, 17 August 1837

MY DEAR FRIENDS: After waiting until spring before I wrote to you I find spring mellowing into autumn and the duty not performed. It is not that I am careless about you, for you occupy considerable portions of my waking thoughts, and it was rather the thought that something would occur that would stimulate me to write, than forgetfulness of you. The last accounts I had from you last year were flattering indeed, and you seemed to be pruning your wings, to take a still more prosperous flight; lead and iron both high in price, with an unlimited demand. One question of high importance now arises, where is prosperity gone, and what in a few months should have reversed the prospect so sadly on both sides of the Atlantic? We have had neither War, Famine, nor Pestilence, and yet we have suffered evils equivalent to those often inflicted upon the human race by these scourges; the world is at peace at least so far as Britain and America are concerned — how happens it that the business of

both countries should have got into such inextricable confusion in the midst, too, of such an apparent flush of prosperity?

The whole of the evil may be traced to Overissues by Banks, and the substitution of paper and credit as a currency, to the exclusion of the precious metals. The existence of the Bank of England prevents in Britain those extravagant issues on the part of country banks that we have had in America, but if the Bank of England herself became a participator in the crime, which I am inclined to think she did last year, then instead of being a check, she was an example and high authority for the very crime which to check, and prevent, is the only plea for the continuance of her existence.

The temptation to the crime of over-issuing on the part of banks is so great that they cannot be too narrowly watched on the part of the public. The disease of a redundant circulation, from its appearing to increase the value of property and the wages of labour, is unnoticed, in its progress, save by the intelligent few, until it have raised the nominal reward of labour so high that the results of home industry cannot be brought to the market of the world and sold for what they cost; the precious metals are then exported to pay for imports. Then comes sudden contraction, miserable depreciation in prices and consequent ruin upon all the holders of the results of human industry at

former extravagant rates. The merchant and manufacturer becomes bankrupt. The operative is without employment and consequently without bread, until business reconstruct itself in accommodation with the new state of things.

I have been led into these remarks from the many and distressing accounts which I heard of the situation of business in Britain last spring, and early in summer in a more particular manner, as the business and interests of the two countries are so blended as to affect one another in the most vital manner. I am sorry likewise to make the admission that the people of the United States have done much hurt to their British correspondents, in the last seven years of their intercourse. The manner in which this has been managed has hitherto covered the eyes of the actual losers, to a degree surpassing belief. In the different states, railroad, canal, and banking companies have obtained charters from their respective Legislatures to construct these improvements. Which all, in their first commencement, receive a due share of newspaper and other puffing. Well, such a corporation is no sooner organized and chartered than an agent is despatched to London or Amsterdam to sell shares in the gainful enterprise; by these means we have succeeded in drawing over and embarking millions in works which will never pay five per cent per annum, during the life of the present generation.

So richly and unprincipled have some of these concerns been conducted that the manager's study appeared to be to construct works that would involve at first a great expenditure of money simply for the purpose of an apparent, just claim upon the company for high salaries, for management, engineering, etc. It were too sweeping a charge to say that all had been so conducted. But I do the Americans no in-

justice when I say that they conduct such business more with the spirit of gamblers, than sound political economists. And more of the spirit of swindlers, than merchants. I can only say that the more that the spirit develops itself in action, the more I hate it, and where I see fitting opportunity denounce it freely.

The Americans make a great bragadocio about liberty and the love of it. The specimens of them that have come under my observation are too selfish a race to know what the love of liberty in the abstract means. They love their own liberty and are attached to their own property, but have respect for neither one nor the other, considered as an attribute of their neighbour, further than the law and the safety of the individual dictates. The majority yet are utterly regardless of the iniquity of slavery in the South, and all the arguments that can be addressed to their shallow heads, and callous hearts, are useless until they are aroused, by the paramount considerations, with them, of safety or interest!

Hard knocks, I think I hear you say, Archy? They are, but I have a greater respect for truth yet than for the vices or follies of any class of Adam's family. You might imagine from the Diogenes-like turn of my epistle that I had suffered individually from the speculative propensity of my neighbours. I assure you it is not so. I touch the world at but few points and I have had enough of experience to put me on my guard. I have still the same employment and wages as when I last wrote to you, live in my own house and rent one half of it, and am what you would reckon in Scotland a thriving man.

I may relate a little circumstance illustrative of the difference between good fen and good fare. A Scotchman arrived at Carbondale, with his family, direct from Scotland, and as a rarity complimented my wife with as much

good oatmeal as would make a meal of porridge for the children. The porridge was made, and plenty of milk as it came from the cow put over it — about a quantity sufficient for one meal was both their supper and their breakfast, and went very slowly down.

I received Robert Stewart's letter last summer and was glad to perceive the train that you had your mines in, for economical working. I hope they will continue paying productive, and allow you all to enjoy a reasonable and rational existence, for I candidly confess that to our natural position of unlimited sea room (whereby a man if he feels pressed in one place he can move off to another), more than to either the form of our government or the spirit of our people, we are far more indebted than anything else for the comparative comforts which the working classes here enjoy. Wealth here is equally rapacious without the halo of honour and ancient worth with which your British Aristocracy are surrounded. Utilitarian principles take the lead, and in the concerns both of communities and individuals put on the ugly form of barefaced selfishness.

I hope when this comes to hand you will write and let me know how you are all and how you live and prosper at Wanlockhead, in particular my aged mother; time and distance only makes me more revere her worth. Tell Rt. Stewart that I wish him particularly to consider the banking system, the evils, and their remedies, as in the absence of war they may be called the plagues of peace, as it requires the confidence generated by peace to bring the evils of the system into full development. Write me a long letter and particularize every individual, Mr. Stewart, Dr. Halbert, my brothers-in-law, with their families, sister Elizabeth and her family. My wife joins me in love to you all, wishes to know of all your welfare.

How are my nephews? They will soon be men. Will any of them have their Uncle Arch's romance for liberty? Though I have not gained everything, I have gained what existence appeared unbearable without, a free field, and no favour. I could not suffer to see my children brought up to kiss the rod of their oppressors. I shall continue to teach them to denounce them, to the end of the chapter, and to regard the rights of others as well as to guard their own. In this spirit I have lived and it loses nothing by time.

My father-in-law is gone upon a new farm and his son is left Carbondale and gone upon the one which his father was upon; he has it now all paid for — one hundred acres with forty of it clear. In a few years if his family have ordinary health he will be very comfortable; he is a very sober and economical man. The old man does past reputation; he is gone upon a place of about ninety acres, and as there is about sixty acres of it clear he will make a living and in a few years pay for it. His hopes are higher, though he is so old, than mine are, as I still feel the effects upon my head of the hurt I received about this time two years. It is not painful, but a kind of leaden dull sensation making even the attention and looking necessary to write this letter disagreeable.

I enclose in the seal a five-cent piece from John Law to his Cousin William as a token of his kind remembrance of him. All the banks from Maine to Louisiana have suspended specie payments for the last three months; specie is in the commercial cities from ten to fifteen per cent more value than bank notes. You see we are in a bad box, and no immediate prospect of getting higher than the usual average; wheat flour one half, as it has sold at eight and will soon be lower, as we have an excellent crop now securing. Write to me soon, dear friends. Yours, etc., ARCHIBALD LAW

IN DEFENSE OF COÖPERATIVES

BY CHARLES T. JACKSON

IN the December *Atlantic* Mr. J. B. Matthews makes a strong case against the coöperatives which I hope will circulate widely among the organizations whose products he mentions and any that are reaching the stage of complacency. Coöperatives have often failed in the matter of quality as well as in other respects, and it is salutary to have the members jolted from any tendency toward self-satisfaction by writers who can ferret out such grave deficiencies as Mr. Matthews has discovered.

Of course the situation is not so black as he implies. For every case of deficient quality, exaggerated claims, appeals to false buying motives, it is possible to cite instances of noteworthy quality, reliable (sometimes disparaging) descriptions of products, even recommendations not to buy, spectacular savings to members. Such citation would simply show the possibilities of coöperation when members are wide-awake, when leaders are capable, when organizations are strongly knit together, just as Mr. Matthews's article demonstrates how far short of their goal they can fall. The only technique for honest appraisal of their present success or failure in serving the interests of their members, however, would be to select a representative sample of co-operative products and organizations and a similar cross section of private business and compare the two critically and impartially. If Mr. Matthews would make such a survey, he would

find the coöperatives, despite their immaturity and recognized shortcomings, in general far ahead of private business.

The lack of standardization that Mr. Matthews decries is indeed typical of the movement. Though federated nationally for strength and mutual assistance, it is essentially decentralized. Freedom rather than regimentation is its cornerstone. Such principles as it has evolved have emerged from the crucible of experience, experience that many organizations must follow for themselves in greater or less degree before they become convinced of the soundness of these principles. A certain conformity thus emerges gradually from the interplay of unhappy experience in unorthodox techniques and education which demonstrates through logic and history the merits of the proven practices. Therefore, though the casual observer will find an apparent maze of 'contradiction' and 'muddled economics,' if he will scrutinize more carefully he will find that within the mass of variables there exists a solid core of organizations conforming in their essentials to each other, and that, as time advances, more and more of the eccentric organizations either shoot outward to be lost in space or settle within the solid nucleus.

The quality of coöperative products does have shortcomings, as Mr. Matthews states. Yet how difficult a problem even the proper gauging of quality presents must be apparent to him,

since, in his service with Consumers' Research, he has doubtless witnessed the frequent reversals of its recommendations as new information has come to light, and seen how often other experts have disagreed with its findings. Reports of Consumers' Union disagree in many respects with recent reports of Consumers' Research even on so definite a subject as soap. Such difficulties, though they cannot excuse obviously false claims, are factors which necessarily impede the progress of coöperatives in developing and handling quality products, and likewise render less reliable appraisals of their success.

Mr. Matthews feels that the money appropriated by most coöperative societies for education might more effectively be spent on product testing. The most direct route is often not the shortest. Direct improvement of quality tends to encounter the same obstacle that faces the private manufacturer who wishes to produce the greatest value for his customers — consumer illiteracy. Consumers do not know enough about the goods they buy to be able to distinguish the good from the bad or even the valid claims from the spurious. Therefore the unscrupulous manufacturer, by spending his money on high sales pressure instead of high quality, can all too often triumph over the one who would create the highest value. The educational appropriation of coöperatives tackles this evil and others at their source. It aims to encourage and stimulate the members to study the problems confronting the consumer. It aims to instruct members in the matter of quality, that they may be more intelligent and persistent critics. (Mr. Matthews would have members who found a flaw in their goods shift their patronage to some more worthy store — a quest that, as Consumers' Research has often pointed out, is but pursuit of the elusive bluebird. Coöperation provides the or-

ganization and facility through which complaints may raise the level of the quality at the member's own store. Thus is democracy strengthened.)

The educational appropriation is used to help promote and support federation of the individual societies, which makes available to each the experience of the others and gives to all the opportunity jointly to provide facilities which none alone could readily attain. It helps to educate managers and clerks that they may more capably serve the members' interests and operate so efficiently that more funds will be available for improving quality if the members feel this their most pressing need. It aims to inspire the members to greater loyalty and to bring into the ranks new members, so that the fixed overhead expenses may be spread over a greater volume of business.

Thus, by increasing the intelligent demand of members for quality, increasing the capacity of the staff to provide it, fostering the development of wholesales with the strength and volume to select quality more efficiently or manufacture it themselves, and yielding a greater margin between receipts and operating expenses with which quality may more readily be acquired, the appropriation for education takes the most fundamental if not the most obvious road to quality. That many organizations have not achieved these objectives successfully does not invalidate the technique through which other organizations are notably succeeding. Mr. Matthews terms the appropriation for education a 'sales tax upon consumers' goods . . . to build a better world.' Let us not forget that competing goods bear a similar though hidden tax, which manufacturers employ, often subversively, to keep the world safe for pseudocracy.

It may be of interest to quote in full the section of the minutes of the meeting of the Central Coöperative Whole-

sale to which Mr. Matthews refers in his discussion of coöperative quality.

Among matters under new business that of the quality of merchandise distributed by the Central Coöperative Wholesale, and chiefly goods under the Co-op label, came in for searching questions and considerable discussion. Variation in the quality of some lots of Co-op Best Flour was called to attention by a number of delegates, also in some of the canned goods. Questions were also made as to what measures are taken by the Wholesale to assure proper selection of merchandise and maintenance of quality.

Ivan Lanto, head of the C. C. W. Purchase and Sales Department, answered in detail the questions made from the floor. Quality variation in Co-op or any brand of flour is frequently unavoidable when condition of the grain crops often varies greatly from one season to another. The same holds true for many of the canned foods; the tomato yield this season may be considerably below the average, compared to last year, and so forth, and that reflects in the pack. However, every effort is made to maintain the regular set standards of Co-op label; reliability of the source is one important consideration; government grading standards are used wherever available; tests and analyses of samples are made, the C. C. W. spending upon laboratory tests considerably more than ordinary wholesale concerns. Contracts with producers provide for return and indemnity if goods fail to come up to the specified standards and formulas, and these are checked by sample tests of deliveries. At the same time, Lanto stressed again the established instruction to all members and managers of stores, that notice should be given immediately when goods are received that may appear for any reason to be below standard. Discussion on the question was closed by a motion instructing the management and staff of the Wholesale to exercise all possible care in the selecting of goods and maintenance of quality.

Mr. Matthews's conclusions from this report are: —

Reports of coöperative gatherings show that the subject of quality in coöperative goods is sometimes raised by members. The answers of the management are so notably

vague that they engender the suspicion that there is rarely or never any systematic and careful testing to ensure appropriate quality. At the 1936 annual meeting of the Central Coöperative Wholesale, discussion of the question of quality was closed 'by a motion instructing the management and staff of the Wholesale to exercise all possible care in the selecting of goods and maintenance of quality.'

Mr. Matthews's casual dismissal of the subject of financial savings with the observation that they are no more important than the savings in quality should not obscure the obvious fact that they are co-important. The ratio of value per dollar spent, as Mr. Matthews observes, is what counts, and it should not be forgotten that most coöperatives return to their members savings that appreciably and often remarkably reduce the effective cost. There are economies in a truly coöperative enterprise, too complex for present discussion, which permit larger payment to vendor, better pay and working conditions for employees, better selection of products, appropriations for 'building a better world,' and yet substantial savings to the members. That such economies too often are not completely realized cannot argue against their general possibility, in the light of the fact that they *have* been realized with management which can be secured for very modest salaries.

(The fact that discussion here centres on the material and immediate objectives of coöperation should not divert attention from the expectation of co-operators, based on some definite progress as well as readily demonstrable logic, that the widespread growth of co-operation will gradually tend to strengthen democracy, promote international peace and national unity, increase economic stability, and foster the cultural development of the people of the earth.)

Approaching the question of quality from another angle, too briefly to be

more than indicative, I should like to ask how else than by coöperation the consumer can assure himself of securing the best quality. There are good products on the market, as Mr. Matthews points out, yet how can we discover them? Consumer education might seem the answer until we reflect that even the very sketchy handbook of Consumers' Research comprises two hundred pages, difficult at best to memorize; that, of the products there discussed or rated, comparatively few of frequent purchase are to be found either in a convenient store or even in any one store; and that products are changing so frequently and so obscurely as effectively to baffle even the well-versed shopper.

Are we to rely upon the government? Mr. Matthews seems to incline in this direction, though he criticizes the *Belgische Samenwerking* of the Société Générale Coopérative for quoting to its members the recommendations of the Chief Health Inspector of the Belgian Government. Government grading may be of great value, though we must reckon in the enormous pressure exerted by private interests to prevent the government from making any real contribution in this field, and the danger of graft, from which, apparently, the inspectors to date have managed to keep reasonably free.

Self-regulation by industry, while tending to fight the most flagrant abuses, has in general proved to be more interested in producers and distributors than in the consumer. Education has proved of great benefit to consumers chiefly in showing wherein private manufacturers have fallen down and the pressures acting to make the government often more considerate of private than of public interests. In this respect Consumers' Research and its more peaceful brother, Consumers'

Union, have been of great service to the coöperative movement.

But criticism cannot be effective, nor education of positive value, unless it leads to constructive action. Coöperation provides a means through which consumers who do not like the kind of goods commonly offered them may get the type they do want, in so far as their collective knowledge and state of organization will permit. The consumer must know merely enough to be a good critic and to hire management who can satisfy these criticisms. In so far as the clerks have been well trained in value (another demand on that sales tax on consumption), they can, by virtue of the coincidence of their interest with that of the consumer who employs them to serve him, provide unbiased education on quality at the time when it is most useful, the moment of purchase.

Government grading and standards and the findings of Consumers' Research and Consumers' Union can most effectively be used by consumers through the persons they employ to buy for them and deal with them.

In coöperation, therefore, we find a means by which consumers may realize their aspirations, an organization making procurable under one roof those products of better merit which Mr. Matthews assures us are procurable, a focal point through which all available knowledge — whether publications of Consumers' Research or Consumers' Union, government standards and gradings, reliable information from individual members, or independent work of the organization itself — may be utilized in practical fashion. With all its failings, coöperation is making progress, and still seems the only technique by which consumers can assure themselves that their own fundamental needs shall be served.

THE JOB AHEAD

A Talk to Business Men

BY ARTHUR KUDNER

On political matters a large part of business and a great part of the people are thinking along sharply different grooves. Neither can afford that. Business cannot afford it because the public consists of its customers and fellow countrymen. The people cannot afford it for the simple reason that in this country it is through business that the aspirations as well as the necessities of all are chiefly served. The late depression made that cruelly plain. That was not confined to business men: it overflowed all bounds, afflicting rich and poor, manufacturer and merchant, artist and artisan, farmer and financier alike.

In the last election, business for the most part was an innocent bystander. It was n't running for office. It was n't spellbinding. It got dragged into the hubbub as the conveniently abstract opponent, the popular whipping boy.

Now, with the tumult and the shouting over, where do we find business? The answer is: right where it was. The party returned to power has passed a considerable amount of regulatory legislation in the past four years, some of which gave business a headache, and it seems reasonable to suppose that more legislation of this same kind will be passed in the years ahead.

But it is more to the point to-day for business leadership to spend its energies not so much in guessing what such

legislation may be and do as in determining *why* such legislation seems so popular with the average man. For it is finally to him that business is accountable — he and his are the people. The politician and the government are accountable to the same boss. And it follows that if the politician and the government initiate or encourage legislation restrictive or suppressive to business, they do so for only one reason. They do so because they believe the people will welcome it.

It is imperative that this be kept in mind. The real threat to business is not in Washington, but in the people's thinking.

And now let us ask ourselves why, in the greatest business country in the world, — in a time when our people as a whole enjoy the highest standard of living ever known, — why the average man seems receptive to a kind of political thinking that to business men seems doubtful or even dangerous? You all know the ancient axiom, 'Divide to rule.' It seems evident that business leadership, or at least business spokesmanship, has allowed the critics of business to split business into classifications and segments to suit their own convenience, and then to apply their own provocative labels to such segments, and by the implication in such labels to indict the whole. These are effective tactics. With them you

can tear down anything, even the dignity of man.

These tactics are especially effective in America. Our tendency is toward a high susceptibility to labels and a low interest in definitions. We go for or against the name of a thing, without bothering to examine the thing itself. And since this is our common tendency, it is all the more needful that business keep itself intact before the people in its entire and complete aspect, and that in our own thinking we be guided by the same image.

The image which business for its own good should seek to project was drawn some thirty years ago by William Jennings Bryan. He said: 'We say to you that you have made the definition of a business man too limited in its application. The man who is employed for wages is as much a business man as his employer; the attorney in a country town is as much a business man as the corporation counsel in a great metropolis; the merchant at the crossroads store is as much a business man as the merchant of New York; the farmer who goes forth in the morning and toils all day, who begins in the spring and toils all summer, and who by the application of brain and muscle to the natural resources of the country creates wealth, is as much a business man as the man who goes upon the board of trade and bets upon the price of grain; the miners who go down a thousand feet in the earth, and bring forth from their hiding places the precious metals to be poured into the channels of trade, are as much business men as the few financial magnates who, in a back room, corner the money of the world.'

You may call that good political medicine. It is. But it is more than that. From the standpoint of your own security, it is the sound aspect of business in America. It is the aspect that business leadership should keep

before itself *and* the people, because in that aspect business *is* the people. Let the average man fix in his consciousness this simple truth, 'What happens to business happens to me,' and business can forget its fears. It will have drawn to its banner invulnerable allies by the tens of millions.

Why is it that these tens of millions are not beside this banner now? For one thing, they have never been invited in language they understand. As business has grown corporate in form, it has grown corpulent in speech. Except as it has talked of its wares, which it has learned to do with practised skill, it has spoken with a tongue such as has never been heard between man and man. It emits a sort of oral cotton-batting which bulks large but confuses the understanding and conceals the idea. It does worse than call a spade an agricultural implement: it calls it an item of inventory or a factor in overhead.

One other reason may be this. Responsible business expects to make good on its word. When it speaks, it tries to come as near the precise truth as it can. Truth is stern. Truth is inclined to challenge the rise of hope over experience. Truth may be respected, but it is seldom loved. So business is likely to be on the unhappy side of the argument — not the glad, thrilling, roseate, romantic side, but the steady, arduous, exact, realistic side. If you did n't know the answers, for which side would you cheer? Christmas will always be more welcome than the first of the month following.

These things simply mean that business has a harder job to get its story over than the fellow whose mind is not narrowed by knowledge. And therefore it must undertake that job in the realization that to be successful it must employ more persistence, more sensitiveness, more imagination, more trustworthiness, more skill. Can business

measure up? Of course! Business in this country has an amazing vitality and resilience. The very resourcefulness that has created our modern industrial structure has made possible an almost unbelievable amount of adjustment to changing conditions so far as business operation is concerned. In other words, business has adjusted itself to shifting styles, faster obsolescence, increased taxes, shorter hours, higher wages, and other elements of cost — and still managed to produce its wares at a price the public could pay, with a pretty fair profit included. In fact, business has done such a good job of adjusting itself over the years that it has frequently confounded the prophets of disaster who pointed out this or that new legislative burden as threatening its destruction.

Does anyone want to destroy business to-day? Certainly no *practical* politician wants to see business destroyed — for, after all, business is a fat source of taxes. Beyond that, it is a well-publicized source of taxes — which serves a useful purpose in answering the inquiry of where the money is coming from. Does politics want the burden of meeting payrolls? That's what the politicians would face if the government tried to run all business. Likewise, the practical labor leader would rather wage his fight against business as a separate entity than against government, which, if private business were to be liquidated, would have to take over the job of running the plants. No, it seems likely that, for the most part, business is going to stay in private hands.

What, then, should business be worrying about? Simply this — *the long-range, half-formed, and yet clearly discernible distrust and misunderstanding of business in the popular mind*. Why blink the fact that shrewd men in office by grace of the ballot box would not badger business unless they felt sure it

was politically popular to do so? This is not new. It has been going on, and growing, over a long time.

For more than forty years there has existed in this country a substantial section of the public which is willing to applaud anyone who subjects business to attack. You cannot easily dismiss that substantial section as the Have Nots, radicals, or the masses. They are none of these. They are of the rank and file — your workers, your neighbors, in some cases your own sons.

It is ironical that this has happened to business in its years of greatest social serviceability. If we dig for the origin we find it in a book written nearly seventy years ago, in an alien and old-world setting, by a German socialist named Karl Marx. Briefly, Marx crystallized such premises as these: —

That the only thing of value in a commodity is the amount of labor required to produce it.

That the manufacturer who sells an article for anything more than he pays labor for producing it is 'exploiting' labor.

That machines are to blame for throwing men out of work.

That the government is controlled by the capitalist class in a capitalistic society.

That capital has no interest in labor except as a 'commodity.'

That the interests of capital and labor are necessarily antagonistic.

That the only hope of labor is to overthrow capital.

Here are the ancestors of most of the thoughts that are troubling a good part of our people to-day. You may say those premises are nonsense. You may say that at the very time these alien theories were being written America was busy building a new world in which none of them held true, and that any sensible person in America ought to know it. But the fact of the matter is, a great many otherwise sensible

people do *not* know it. Having no other background of economics and little if any of industrial history, they grasp this sophistry as the true gospel. Perhaps the greatest single service that could be rendered to American business to-day would be the production of a sound critique of Marx's *Das Kapital*, to be called *Das Bunk*.

Meanwhile, it will not suffice to ignore its influence. Nor will it suffice to blast its conclusions among yourselves. You can point out that the core of Marxian philosophy is the existence of hard-and-fast classes, whereas in America men born in log cabins could rise to the Presidency, and men who began life on the farm, the railroad, in the mill, the mine, the machine shop, or behind the counter could become the heads of great businesses.

Or you can say that Marx, dealing with downtrodden labor which worked only for bare subsistence, missed entirely the American conception, under which the group that Marx calls 'labor' receives to-day nearly three quarters of our national business income. He missed the American idea that the men and women who work for wages are in fact the best market for the wares which industry produces. He regarded machines as a means of lengthening the hours of work, because a man did not get tired so quickly. History has already answered that. He tried to exclude from his conclusions the use of labor-saving machinery on the farm, saying that it did not create unemployment — yet the truth is, if crops were planted or harvested in America to-day by the same methods used in 1850, it would require the work of 30,000,000 additional farm hands to feed the American public. Released for other work, these millions gravitated to cities. The farm population shrank from 57 per cent in 1890 to 36 per cent in 1930 — and the growth of industry absorbed the big part of this shift. So

if anyone wants to place blame for what unemployment exists to-day, let him look to *labor saving without opening new markets*, which has been the case with agriculture, rather than to industry, which has done the opposite and steadily created more jobs.

But it does little good for us to tell each other facts such as these, except as we do something about them. Industry's necessity is to win the confidence and allegiance of the American people.

In this task, it will be well to remember that good public relations mean good human relations. And good human relations, like charity, begin at home. If business cannot sell industry to its own men, don't think it can be sold permanently to the public. In this task, too, it will be well to remember that business is less in a battle than in a courtship. The object of the courtship is to win the fickle public's favor. You will do better as a lover if you exhibit charm, good humor, gallantry, thoughtfulness, daring, romance, than if you exhibit stubbornness, pomposity, fatuousness, bad temper, and fault-finding.

So, let your personality be more in the guise of Clark Gable than of Scrooge. In the language of the street, say it with flowers, and not with spinach. Above all, *say it!* Say what business honestly has to say in its own behalf. Nowadays the rôle of the strong silent man is of doubtful wisdom, so rare is the discrimination which can distinguish being silent from simply being dumb.

And what a story business has, clamoring to be told! All that there is of good principle, of firm courage, of bold vision, of high adventure, of great risk, has place in it. There are sorry chapters, of course, — even contemptible ones, — and it is the solemn obligation of business to reduce these in the future as much and as sincerely as it can. But

there are also sacrifice and human kindness and success and vast serviceability — in towering and overwhelming proportion. Here is drama beyond stage or screen. Here is romance beyond the most empurpled lines of fiction. Here is hope for man and his children, not spoken in easy passages from the rostrum, but grimly at work in the shop, building a better world of materials durable and true.

In telling this story, let both your words and your acts be simple. This is a personal world. The gentlest humanist is likely to have only an academic interest in a famine in Tibet if his tooth aches. So with the man you are trying to reach. He is fighting circumstance and time. He is staving off fear, debt, weariness, discouragement — and trying to have a little fun and comfort meanwhile. He is too busy to listen to you if he has to unravel cloudy abstract language.

And in telling your story to the people be guided by two tested principles. As to the first of these, one morning I watched a couple of cowpunchers going out to bring in a wild steer from his range in the mountains. I noticed they took along one of those shaggy little gray donkeys — a burro. Now a big three-year-old steer that's been running loose in the timber is a tough customer to handle. But these cowboys had the technique. They got a rope on this steer they were after, and then they tied him neck and neck, right up close, to the burro.

When they let go, that burro had a bad time. The steer threw him all over the place. He banged him against trees, rocks, into bushes. Time after time they both went down. But there was one great difference between the

burro and the steer. The burro had an idea. He wanted to go home. And no matter how often the steer threw him, every time the burro got to his feet he took a step nearer the corral. This went on and on. After about a week the burro showed up at ranch headquarters. He had with him the tamest and sorriest-looking steer you ever saw.

That principle is concerned with knowing where you want to go, having an idea that will take you there, and sticking to it.

The other principle has to do with hog-calling. Some years ago a gentleman named Mr. Fred Patzel entered a hog-calling contest out in Iowa. He had a reverberant voice. He could stand in a pasture and send that voice rolling across hill and dale. He could do it so well that he could call hogs to him from farther off than anyone else. He won the contest, and became the national hog-calling champion. When reporters asked Mr. Patzel to what he attributed his success, he replied in terms which I have come to think are the sum of good advertising. He said: 'You have to have appeal, as well as power, in your voice. You have to convince the hogs you have something for them.'

Business faces the job of selling itself to the country. It can do this if it will. It is a job needing greatly to be done, not alone in the interest of business, but also in the interest of the people of America. I sincerely believe this, because I believe that no matter how well that job may be done it can still be said of business, as Emerson said of Lord Chatham: 'Those who listened to him, felt that there was something finer in the man, than anything which he said.'

GENIUS AND STUPIDITY

BY ERIC T. BELL

'Against stupidity the gods themselves strive invictorious.' — SCHILLER

I

'We are poets!' was the answer of one great mathematician, Leopold Kronecker (1823-1891), when challenged to define the sphere of the mathematician's activities. In the sense that a poet is a creator, Kronecker was right. And, like poets and musicians, the great mathematicians mature young. It is not unusual for a boy with real mathematics in him to do work of lasting value before he is twenty. In at least one instance such immortality as achievement of the highest order in mathematics can confer was attained by the age of twenty. Évariste Galois reached the front rank well before that age.

Unlike poets, mathematicians of the first rank are fairly immune to accidents of changing taste. Fashions come and go in mathematics as in everything else, but work that is essentially new, simple, and of wide scope lasts for generations. The merely elegant or the complicated quickly passes. What Galois created over a century ago is to-day vividly alive in the re-creation of algebra.

As mathematics continues to expand at an ever-accelerated rate, it becomes both more abstract and more general. Simplicity of concept succeeds complexity of calculation, and masses of blindly manipulated symbols whose significance has been lost sight of give way to general ideas handled with a

minimum of symbolism. This direct commerce in general concepts, which is the distinguishing mark of modern pure mathematics, originated in 1831 with Galois. It is at once more difficult and simpler than the older reliance on calculation. Technical facility in torturing formulas is at a discount. Only the ability to think clearly and a certain intellectual maturity are demanded of those who would follow the new way.

II

Where Aldous Huxley got the background for his grim story, *The Young Archimedes*, I do not know, but anyone acquainted with the history of mathematics can match the tragedy of that rare fiction with fact. To cite only the two most conspicuous examples, Abel (1802-1829) and Galois, both of whom transformed mathematics, had lives as sombre as that of Huxley's young hero. Perhaps more so; for whereas 'young Archimedes' solved his difficulties in suicide, Abel and Galois played their game through to the last card. The record of Galois's misfortunes might stand even to-day as a sinister monument to all self-assured pedagogues, ruffling patriots, and conceited academicians. Galois was no 'ineffectual angel,' but even his magnificent powers were shattered before the massed stupidity aligned against him, and he beat

his life out fighting one unconquerable fool after another.

The first eleven years of his life were happy. His parents lived in the little village of Bourg-la-Reine, just outside Paris, where Évariste was born on October 25, 1811. Nicolas-Gabriel Galois, the father of Évariste, was a relic of the eighteenth century, cultivated, intellectual, saturated with philosophy, a passionate hater of royalty and an ardent lover of liberty. During the 'Hundred Days' after Napoleon's escape from Elba, Galois was elected mayor of the village. After Waterloo, he retained his office and served faithfully under the King, backing the villagers against the priest, and delighting social gatherings with the old-fashioned rhymes which he composed himself. These harmless activities were later to prove the amiable man's undoing. From his father, Évariste acquired the trick of rhyming, and a hatred of tyranny and baseness.

Until the age of twelve, Galois had no teacher but his mother, Adélaïde-Marie Demante. A woman of strong convictions, somewhat eccentric, with a first-rate classical education and a marked vein of skepticism in her independent nature, she undoubtedly passed on to Évariste some of the qualities which were later to get him into trouble. Adélaïde-Marie took nothing for granted on mere authority. In particular she evaluated Christianity in terms of her classical knowledge. Like her husband, she too hated the smell of tyranny.

As a child, Galois was affectionate and rather serious, although he entered readily enough into the gayety of the recurrent celebrations in his father's honor, even composing rhymes and dialogues to entertain the guests. All this changed under the first stings of petty persecution and stupid misunderstanding, not by his parents, but by his teachers.

In 1823, at the age of twelve, Galois

entered the lycée of Louis-le-Grand in Paris. It was his first school. The place was a dismal horror; barred and grilled, and dominated by a provisor who was more of a political gaoler than a teacher, it looked like a prison, and was. The France of 1823 still remembered the Revolution; it was a time of plots and counterplots and rumors of revolution. All this was echoed in the school. Suspecting the provisor of scheming to bring back the Jesuits, the students struck, refusing to chant in chapel. Without even notifying their parents, the provisor expelled those whom he thought most guilty; they found themselves in the street. Galois was not among them, but it would have been better for him if he had been. Till now tyranny had been a mere word to the boy of twelve; now he saw it in action, and the experience warped one side of his character for life. He was shocked into unappeasable rage. For the rest, his studies, owing to his mother's excellent instruction in the classics, went well enough to gain him prizes.

The following year marked another crisis in the young boy's life. Docile interest in literature and the classics gave way to boredom; his mathematical genius was already stirring. His teacher advised that he be demoted. Évariste's father objected, and the boy continued with his interminable exercises in rhetoric, Latin, and Greek. His work was reported as mediocre, his conduct 'dissipated,' and the teachers had their way. Galois was demoted. He was forced to lick up the stale leavings which his genius had rejected. Bored and disgusted, he gave his work perfunctory attention and passed it without effort or interest.

It was during this year of acute boredom that Galois began mathematics. The splendid geometry of Legendre came his way. Two years was the usual time required by even the better mathematicians among the boys to

master Legendre; Galois read the geometry from cover to cover as easily as other boys read a pirate yarn. The book aroused his enthusiasm; it was no textbook written by a hack, but a work of art composed by a creative mathematician. A single reading sufficed to reveal the whole structure of elementary geometry in crystal clarity to the fascinated boy. He had mastered it.

His reaction to algebra is illuminating. It disgusted him, and for a very good reason. Here there was no master like Legendre to inspire him. The text in algebra was a schoolbook and nothing more; Galois contemptuously tossed it aside. It lacked, he said, the creator's touch that only a creative mathematician can give. Having made the acquaintance of one great mathematician through his work, Galois took matters into his own hands and, ignoring the meticulous pettifoggery of his teacher, went directly for his algebra to the greatest master of the age, Lagrange. Later he read Abel. The boy of fourteen or fifteen absorbed masterpieces of algebraical analysis addressed to mature professional mathematicians.

His classwork in mathematics was mediocre. His peculiar gift of being able to carry on the most difficult mathematical investigations almost entirely in his head helped him with neither teachers nor examiners. Their insistence upon details which to him were obvious or trivial exasperated him beyond endurance, and he frequently lost his temper. Nevertheless he carried off the prize in the general examination. To the amazement of teachers and students alike, Galois had taken his own kingdom by assault while their backs were turned.

III

With this first realization of his tremendous powers, Galois's character underwent a profound change. Knowing his kinship to the great masters of

algebraical analysis, he felt an immense pride and longed to rush on to the front rank to match his strength with theirs. His family, even his unconventional mother, found him strange. At school he seems to have inspired a curious mixture of fear and anger in the minds of his teachers and fellow students. His teachers were good men and patient, but they were stupid, and to Galois stupidity was the unpardonable sin.

At the beginning of the year they had reported him as 'very gentle, full of innocence and good qualities, *but . . .*' And they went on to say that 'there is something strange about him.' No doubt there was; the boy had unusual brains. A little later they admit that he is not 'wicked,' but merely 'original and queer,' 'argumentative,' and they complain that he delights to tease his comrades. By the end of the year of awakening we learn that 'his queerness has alienated him from all his companions,' and his teachers observe 'something secret in his character.' Worse, they accuse him of '*affecting* ambition and originality.' But it is admitted by some that Galois is good in mathematics. His rhetoric teachers indulge in a little classical sarcasm: 'His cleverness is now a legend that we cannot credit.' They rail that there is only slovenliness or eccentricity in his assigned tasks — when he deigns to pay any attention to them — and that he goes out of his way to weary his teachers by incessant 'dissipation.'

One man, to the everlasting credit of his pedagogical insight, declared that Galois was as able in literary studies as he was in mathematics. Galois appears to have been touched by this man's kindness; he promised to give rhetoric a chance. But his mathematical devil was now fully aroused and raging to get out, and poor Galois fell from grace. In a short time the dissenting teacher joined the majority

and made the vote unanimous. Galois, he sadly admitted, was beyond salvation, 'conceited, with an insufferable affectation of originality.' The pedagogue, however, did redeem himself by one excellent, exasperated suggestion. Had it been followed, Galois might have lived to eighty. 'The mathematical madness dominates this boy. I think his parents had better let him take only mathematics. He is wasting his time here, and all he does is to torment his teachers and get into trouble.'

While Galois, at the age of sixteen, was already well started on his career of fundamental discovery, his mathematical teacher, Vernier, kept fussing over him like a hen that has hatched an eaglet and does not know how to keep the unruly creature's feet on the good dirt of the barnyard. Vernier implored Galois to work systematically. The advice was ignored, and Galois, without preparation, took the competitive examinations for entrance to the École Polytechnique.

This great school, the mother of French mathematicians, fostered by Napoleon to give civil and military engineers the best scientific education available anywhere in the world, made a double appeal to the ambitious Galois. At the Polytechnic his mathematical talents would be recognized and encouraged to the utmost. And his craving for liberty and freedom of expression would be gratified; for were not the virile, audacious young Polytechnicians — among them the future leaders of the army — always a thorn in the side of reactionary schemers who would undo the glorious work of the Revolution and bring back the corrupt priesthood and the divine right of kings? The fearless Polytechnicians, at least in Galois's boyish eyes, were no race of puling rhetoricians like the browbeaten nonentities at Louis-le-Grand, but a consecrated band of

young patriots. He took the examinations and failed.

Galois was not alone in believing his failure the result of a stupid injustice. The comrades he had teased unmercifully were stunned. They believed that Galois had mathematical genius of the highest order and they suspected his examiners of incompetence in their office. As for Galois, the failure was almost the finishing touch. It drove him in upon himself and embittered him for life.

His seventeenth year was his great year. For the first and only time he met a man who had the capacity to understand his genius — Louis-Paul-Émile Richard (1795–1849), teacher of advanced mathematics (*mathématiques spéciales*) at Louis-le-Grand. Richard was no conventional pedagogue, but a man of talent who followed the lectures on geometry at the Sorbonne in his spare time and kept himself abreast of the progress of living mathematics to pass it on to his pupils. He recognized instantly what had fallen into his hands. The original solutions to difficult problems which Galois handed in were proudly explained to the class, with just praise for their young author, and Richard shouted from the house-tops that this extraordinary pupil should be admitted to the Polytechnic without examination. He gave Galois the first prize and wrote in his term report, 'This pupil has a marked superiority above all his fellow students; he works only at the most advanced parts of mathematics.' All of which was the literal truth. Galois, at seventeen, was making discoveries of epochal significance in the theory of equations — discoveries whose consequences are not yet exhausted after more than a century.

The leading French mathematician of the time was Cauchy (1789–1857). In fertility of invention Cauchy has been equaled by but few; the mass of

his collected works is exceeded in bulk only by the output of Euler (1707-1783), the most prolific mathematician in history. Whenever the Academy of Sciences wished an authoritative opinion on the merits of a mathematical work submitted for its consideration, it called upon Cauchy. As a rule he was a prompt and just referee; but occasionally he lapsed. Unfortunately, the occasions of his lapses were the most important of all.

Galois had saved the fundamental discoveries he had made up to the age of seventeen for a memoir to be submitted to the Academy. Cauchy promised to present this. He forgot. To crown his ineptitude, he lost the author's abstract. That was the last Galois ever heard of Cauchy's generous promise. This was only the first of a series of similar disasters which fanned the thwarted boy's sullen contempt of academies and academicians into a fierce hate against the whole of the blundering society in which he was condemned to live.

In spite of his demonstrated genius, the harassed boy was not even now left to himself at school. Giving him no peace to harvest the rich field of his discoveries, the authorities pestered him to distraction with petty tasks and goaded him to open revolt by their preachings and punishments. Still they could find nothing in him but conceit and an iron determination to be a mathematician. He already was one, but they were incapable of knowing it.

Two further disasters in his seventeenth year put the last touches to Galois's character. He presented himself a second time for the entrance examinations at the Polytechnic. Men who were not worthy to sharpen his pencils sat in judgment on him. The result was what might have been anticipated: Galois failed. It was his last chance; the doors of the Polytechnic were closed forever against him.

That examination has become a legend. During the oral part, one of the inquisitors ventured to argue a mathematical difficulty with Galois. The man was both wrong and obstinate. Seeing his whole life as a mathematician and polytechnic champion of democratic liberty slipping away from him, Galois lost all patience. He knew that he had officially failed. In a fit of rage and despair, he hurled the eraser at his tormentor's face. He had aimed perfectly.

The final touch was the tragic death of Galois's father. As the mayor of Bourg-la-Reine the elder Galois was a target for the clerical intrigues of the times, especially as he had always championed the villagers against the priest. After the stormy elections of 1827 a resourceful young priest organized a scurrilous campaign against the mayor. Capitalizing the mayor's well-known gift for versifying, the ingenious priest composed a set of filthy and stupid verses against a member of the mayor's family, signed them with Mayor Galois's name, and circulated them freely among the citizens. The thoroughly decent mayor developed a persecution mania. During his wife's absence one day he slipped off to Paris and, in an apartment but a stone's throw from the school where his son sat at his studies, committed suicide. At the funeral serious disorder broke out; stones were hurled by the enraged citizens; a priest was gashed on the forehead. Galois saw his father's coffin lowered into the grave in the midst of an unseemly riot. Thereafter, suspecting everywhere the injustice he hated, he could see no good in anything.

IV

After his second failure at the Polytechnic, Galois returned to school to prepare for a teaching career. The school now had a new director, a

time-serving, somewhat cowardly stool-pigeon for the royalists and clerics. This man's shilly-shally temporizing in the political upheaval which was presently to shake France to its foundations had a fatal influence on Galois's future.

Still persecuted and maliciously misunderstood by his preceptors, Galois prepared himself for the final examinations. The comments of his examiners are interesting. In mathematics and physics he got 'very good.' The final oral examination drew the following comments: 'This pupil is sometimes obscure in expressing his ideas, but he is intelligent and shows a remarkable spirit of research. He communicated to me some new results in applied analysis.' In literature: 'This is the only student who answered me poorly; he knows absolutely nothing. I was told that this student has an extraordinary capacity for mathematics. This astonishes me greatly; for, after his examination, I believed him to have but little intelligence. He succeeded in hiding such as he had from me. If this pupil is really what he has seemed to me to be, I seriously doubt whether he will ever make a good teacher.' To which Galois, remembering some of his own good teachers, might have replied, 'God forbid!'

In February 1830, in his nineteenth year, Galois was definitely admitted to university standing. Again his sure knowledge of his own transcendent ability was reflected in a withering contempt for his plodding teachers, and he continued to work in solitude on his own ideas. During this year he composed three papers in which he broke new ground. These papers contain some of his great work on the theory of algebraic equations. It was far in advance of anything that had been done, and Galois hopefully submitted it all (with further results) in a memoir to the Academy of Sciences, in competition for the Grand Prize in mathe-

matics. This prize was the blue ribbon in mathematical research; only the foremost mathematicians of the day could sensibly compete. Experts agree that Galois's memoir was more than worthy of the prize; it was work of the highest originality. As Galois said with perfect justice, 'I have carried out researches which will halt many savants in theirs.'

The manuscript reached the Secretary safely. The Secretary took it home with him for examination, but died before he had time to look at it. When his papers were searched after his death, no trace of the manuscript was found, and that was the last Galois ever heard of it. He can scarcely be blamed for ascribing his misfortunes to something less uncertain than blind chance. After Cauchy's lapse, a repetition of the same sort of thing looked too providential to be a mere accident. 'Genius,' he said, 'is condemned by a malicious social organization to an eternal denial of justice in favor of fawning mediocrity.' His hatred flamed, and he flung himself into politics on the side of republicanism, then a forbidden radicalism.

The first shots of the revolution of 1830 filled Galois with joy. He tried to lead his fellow students into the fray, but they hung back, and the temporizing director put them on their honor not to quit the school. Galois refused to pledge his word, and the director begged him to stay in till the following day. In his speech the director displayed a singular lack of tact and a total absence of common sense. Enraged, Galois tried to escape during the night, but the wall was too high for him. Thereafter, all through 'the glorious three days,' while the heroic young Polytechnicians were out in the streets making history, the director prudently kept his charges under lock and key. Whichever way the cat should jump, the director was prepared to jump

with it. The revolt successfully accomplished, the astute director very generously placed his pupils at the disposal of the temporary government. This put the finishing touch to Galois's political creed. During the vacation he shocked his family and boyhood friends with his fierce championship of the rights of the masses.

The last months of 1830 were as turbulent as is usual after a thorough political stir-up. The dregs sank to the bottom, the scum rose to the top, and, suspended between the two, the moderate element of the population hung in indecision. Galois, back at college, contrasted the time-serving vacillations of the director and the wishy-washy loyalty of the students with their exact opposites at the Polytechnic. Unable to endure the humiliation of inaction longer, he wrote a blistering letter to the *Gazette des Écoles*, in which he let both students and director have what he thought was their due. The students could have saved him; but they lacked backbone, and Galois was expelled. Incensed, Galois wrote a second letter to the *Gazette*, addressed to the students. 'I ask nothing of you for myself,' he wrote; 'but speak out for your honor and according to your conscience.' The letter was unanswered, for the apparent reason that those to whom Galois appealed had neither honor nor conscience.

Foot-loose now, Galois announced a private class in higher algebra, to meet once a week. Here he was at nineteen, a creative mathematician of the very first rank, peddling lessons to no takers. The course was to have included 'a new theory of imaginaries [what is now known as the theory of "Galois imaginaries," of great importance in algebra and the theory of numbers]; the theory of the solution of equations by radicals, and the theory of numbers and elliptic functions treated by pure algebra' — all his own work.

Finding no students, Galois temporarily abandoned mathematics and joined the artillery of the national guard, two of whose four battalions were composed almost wholly of the liberal group calling themselves 'Friends of the People.' He had not yet given up mathematics entirely. In one last desperate effort to gain recognition, encouraged by Poisson, he had sent a memoir on the general solution of equations — now called the 'Galois theory' — to the Academy of Sciences. Poisson, whose name is remembered wherever the mathematical theories of gravitation, electricity, and magnetism are studied, was the referee. He submitted a perfunctory report. The memoir, he said, was 'incomprehensible.' This was the last straw. Galois devoted all his energies to revolutionary politics. 'If a carcass is needed to stir up the people,' he wrote, 'I will donate mine.'

V

The ninth of May, 1831, marked the beginning of the end. About two hundred young republicans held a banquet to protest against the royal order disbanding the artillery which Galois had joined. Toasts were drunk to the Revolutions of 1789 and 1793, to Robespierre, and to the Revolution of 1830. The whole atmosphere of the gathering was revolutionary and defiant. Galois rose to propose a toast, his glass in one hand, his open pocketknife in the other: 'To Louis-Philippe' — the King. His companions misunderstood the purpose of the toast and whistled him down. Then they saw the open knife. Interpreting this as a threat against the life of the King, they howled their approval. A friend of Galois, seeing Alexandre Dumas and other notables passing by the open windows, implored Galois to sit down, but the uproar continued. Galois was the hero of the moment, and the artillerists adjourned to

the street to celebrate their exuberance by dancing all night. The following day Galois was arrested at his mother's house and thrown into the prison of Sainte-Pélagie.

With the help of Galois's loyal friends, a clever lawyer devised an ingenious defense, to the effect that Galois had really said, 'To Louis-Philippe, *if he turns traitor.*' The open knife was easily explained; Galois had been using it to cut his chicken. This was the fact. The saving clause in his toast, according to his friends who swore they had heard it, was drowned by the whistling, and only those close to the speaker caught what was said. Galois himself would not claim the saving clause. During the trial his demeanor was one of haughty contempt for the court and his accusers. Caring nothing for the outcome, he launched into an impassioned tirade against all forms of political injustice. The judge was a human being with children of his own; he warned the accused that he was not helping his own case and sharply silenced him. The prosecution quibbled over the point whether the restaurant where the incident occurred was or was not a public place when used for a semi-private banquet. It was evident, however, that both court and jury were moved by the youth of the accused. After only ten minutes' deliberation the jury returned a verdict of not guilty. Galois picked up his knife from the evidence table, closed it, slipped it in his pocket, and left the courtroom without a word.

In less than a month, on July 14, 1831, he was arrested again, this time as a precautionary measure. The republicans were about to hold a celebration, and Galois, being a dangerous radical in the eyes of the authorities, was locked up on no charge whatever. The government papers of all France played up this brilliant coup of the police. They now had 'the dangerous

republican, Évariste Galois,' where he could not possibly start a revolution. After two months of incessant thought, they succeeded in trumping up a charge. When arrested, Galois had been wearing his artillery uniform. But the artillery had been disbanded; therefore Galois was guilty of illegally wearing a uniform. This time they convicted him. A friend, arrested with him, got three months; Galois got six. He was to be incarcerated in Sainte-Pélagie till April 29, 1832. His sister said he looked about fifty years old at the prospect of the sunless days ahead of him.

Discipline in the jail for political prisoners was light, and they were treated with reasonable humanity. The majority spent their waking hours promenading in the courtyard reserved for their use, or boozing in the canteen — the private graft of the governor of the prison. Soon Galois, with his sombre visage, abstemious habits, and perpetual air of intense concentration, became the butt of the jovial swillers. He was concentrating on his mathematics, but he could not help hearing the taunts hurled at him.

'What! You drink only water? Quit the Republican Party and go back to your mathematics.' 'Without wine and women you'll never be a man.' Goaded beyond endurance, he seized a bottle of brandy, not knowing or caring what it was, and drank it down. A decent fellow prisoner took care of him till he recovered. His humiliation when he realized what he had done devastated him.

At last he escaped from what one French writer of the time calls the foulest sewer in Paris. The cholera epidemic of 1832 caused the solicitous authorities to transfer Galois to a hospital on the sixteenth of March. The 'important political prisoner' who had threatened the life of Louis-Philippe was too precious to be exposed to the epidemic.

Galois was put on parole, so he had only too many occasions to see outsiders. Thus it happened that he experienced his one love affair. In this, as in everything else, he was unfortunate. Some worthless girl initiated him. Galois took it violently, and was disgusted with love, with himself, and with his girl.

On May 29 he was freed, only to run foul of political enemies immediately after his release. These patriots were always spoiling for a fight, and it fell to the unfortunate Galois's lot to accommodate two of them in an affair of honor. In a 'Letter to all republicans,' dated May 29, 1832, Galois writes: 'I beg patriots and my friends not to reproach me for dying otherwise than for my country. I die the victim of an infamous coquette. It is in a miserable brawl that my life is extinguished. Oh, why die for so trivial a thing, die for something so despicable! . . . Pardon for those who have killed me—they are of good faith.' In another letter to two unnamed friends: 'I have been challenged by two patriots—it was impossible for me to refuse. I beg your pardon for having advised neither of you. But my opponents had put me *on my honor* not to warn any patriot. Your task is very simple: prove that I fought in spite of myself, that is to say after having exhausted every means of accommodation. . . . Preserve my memory, since fate has not given me life enough for my country to know my name. I die your friend, É. Galois.'

These were the last words he wrote. All night, before writing these letters, he had spent the hurrying hours feverishly scribbling his scientific last will and testament, writing against time to glean a few of the great things in his teeming mind before the death which he foresaw could overtake him. Time after time he broke off to scribble in the margin, 'I have not time; I have not

time,' and passed on to the next frantically scrawled outline. What he wrote in those desperate last hours before the dawn will keep generations of mathematicians busy for hundreds of years.

Galois addressed his will to his devoted friend Auguste Chevalier. He enclosed manuscripts of some of the work intended for the Academy of Sciences. For the preservation of these—Galois's works—mathematics is indebted to Chevalier. Having outlined such of his unrecorded discoveries as he had time for, Galois concludes: 'Ask Jacobi or Gauss publicly to give his opinion, not as to the truth, but as to the importance of these theorems. Later there will be, I hope, some people who will find it to their advantage to decipher all this mess. *Je t'embrasse avec effusion.* É. Galois.'

Neither Gauss nor Jacobi seems to have expressed any opinion.

At a very early hour on the thirtieth of May, 1832, Galois confronted his adversary on the field of honor. The duel was with pistols at twenty-five paces. Galois fell, shot through the intestines. No surgeon was present; he was left lying where he had fallen. At nine o'clock a passing peasant took him to the Cochin hospital. Galois knew he was about to die; before the inevitable peritonitis set in, and while still in the full possession of his faculties, he refused the offices of a priest. His young brother, the only one of his family who had been notified, arrived in tears. Galois tried to comfort him with a show of stoicism. 'Don't cry,' he said; 'I need all my courage to die at twenty.'

Early in the morning of May 31, 1832, Galois died, being then in the twenty-first year of his age. He was buried in the common ditch of the South Cemetery, so that to-day there remains no trace of the grave of Évariste Galois. His enduring monument is his collected works. They fill sixty pages.

JOB'S TEARS

BY JAMES STILL

I

THE fall had been dry and the giant milkweed pods broke early in September. Lean Neck Creek dried to a thread, and all the springs under the moss were damp pockets without a sound of water. Father had sent me over from Little Carr in April to help Grandma with the crop while Uncle Jolly laid out a spell in the county jail for dynamiting a mill dam. I was seven and Grandma was eighty-four, and we patched out two acres of corn. Even with the crows, the crab grass, and the dwarfed stalks we made enough bread to feed us until spring, but when the grass was gone there would be nothing for the mare. The hayloft was empty and the corner a nest of shucks.

Uncle Luce sent word from Pigeon Roost that he would come to help gather the crop early in September. Grandma's bones ached with rheumatism and she was not able to go again to the fields. She sat in the cool of the dogtrot, dreading the sun. We waited through the parching days, pricking our ears to every nag's heel against a stone in the valley, to the creak of harness and dry-wheel groan of wagons in the creek bed. Field mice fattened in the patches. Heavy orange cups of the trumpet vine bloomed on the cornstalks, and field larks blew dustily from row to row, feeding well where the mice had scattered their greedy harvesting. We waited impatiently for Uncle Luce,

knowing that when he came we should hear from Uncle Jolly, and that Uncle Luce would take the mare home for the winter.

'It's Rilla that's keeping him away,' Grandma said. 'Luce's woman was always sot agin' him doing for his ol' Mommy. I reckon Luce fotched her off too young. She was n't nigh sixteen when they married.'

We waited for Uncle Luce until the moon was full in October. The leaves ripened, and the air was bloated with the smell of papaws where the black fruit lay rotting upon the ground. Possums came to feed there in the night, and two got into a box trap I set above the barn. We ate one, steeped in gravy with sweet potatoes. I shut the other up in a pen, Grandma saying we would eat it when Uncle Jolly got home. She was lonesome for him, and spoke of him through the days. 'I reckon he's a grain wild and hard-headed,' Grandma said, 'but he tuk care of his ol' Mommy.'

One morning Grandma said we could wait no longer for Uncle Luce. She took her grapevine walking stick and we went out into the cornfield. We worked two days pulling corn from the small, hoe-tended stalks. When all the runt ears were gathered she measured them out into pokes, pulling her bonnet down over her face to hide the rheumatic pain twisting her face. There were sixteen bushels. 'We

won't be needing the barn this time,' she said. 'We'll just sack up the puny nubbins and put them in the shed-room.'

With the corn in we waited a few days until Grandma's rheumatism had been doctored with herbs and bitter cherry-bark tea. Then there were the heavy-leaved cabbages, the cushaws and sweet potatoes to be gathered. The potatoes had grown large that year. They were fat and big as squashes. Grandma crawled along the rows on her knees, digging in the baked earth with her hands. It was good to see such fine potatoes. 'When Jolly comes home he'll shore eat a bellyful,' she said.

I ran along the rows with a willow basket, piling it full and spreading the potatoes in the sun to sweeten. Once I ran into a bull nettle, and it was like fire burning my bare legs. I scratched and whimpered. Grandma took a twist of tobacco out of her apron, chewed a piece for a few minutes, and rubbed the juice on the fiery flesh. 'You ain't big as a tick,' she said, 'but you're a right smart help to your ol' Granny.'

The days shortened. There was a hint of frost in the air. The nights were loud with honking geese, and suddenly the leaves were down before gusts of wind. The days were noisy with blowing, and the house filled with the sound of crickets' thighs. There were no birds in the bare orchard, not even the small note of a chewink through the days.

Before frost fell we went to Grandma's flower bed in a corner of the garden and picked the dry seeds before they scattered. We broke off the brown heads of old maids and the smooth buttons of Job's tears hanging on withered stalks. 'There's enough tears for a pretty string of beads,' Grandma said, 'and enough seed left for planting.'

Later we pulled and bundled the fodder in the field, stripping the patches for the mare in her dark stall. 'If Luce don't come, Poppet is going to starve afore the winter goes out,' Grandma said. 'It's Rilla hating me that keeps him from coming. Oh, she'll larn all her children to grow up hating their ol' Granny.'

Uncle Luce came after the first frost. He came whistling up the path from Dry Neck with the icy stones crackling under his feet. Since the gathering, Grandma had been in bed with rheumatism in her back, getting up only to cook. Uncle Luce was filled with excuses. Rilla was sick, and it was getting near her time. His four daughters had had chicken pox. 'I'm hoping and praying the next one will be a boy-child,' Luce said. 'A day's coming when I'll need help with my crap. Girls ain't fitten to grub stumps and hold a plough in the ground.'

Grandma noticed Uncle Luce's hands were blackened with resin, and asked if he'd been logging. 'I had to scratch up a little something to buy medicine for Rilla,' he said. 'My crap never done nothing this year. It never got the proper seasoning. I reckon I'll be buying bread afore spring.'

'I was reckoning you'd take the mare home for the winter,' Grandma said. 'I was thinking you could ride her back to Pigeon Roost.'

'I hain't got feed for my own mare,' Luce said. 'I'll be buying corn for my nag afore another month. I reckon Poppet has already eat up more than she's worth. She must be twelve years old. The day's coming you'll need another nag to crap with. It would be right proper to take ol' Poppet out and end her misery.'

Grandma raised up in anger. 'Luce Baldridge, if you was in reach I'd pop your mouth,' she said. Then she lay back and cried a little. Uncle Luce went over and shook her, saying he

never meant a word about old Poppet. He would n't shoot her for a war pension.

Uncle Luce did n't say a word about Uncle Jolly until Grandma asked him. She waited a long time, giving him a chance to tell her without asking. 'You hain't said a word yet about your own brother,' Grandma said. 'It's about time you told.' Then we learned that Uncle Jolly's trial had come up the last of September, and he had been sentenced to the state penitentiary for two years. 'I'll get one of the boys to move in with you next March,' Uncle Luce said. 'Toll would be right glad to come. He's renting land, anyway. And his wife would be a sight o' company.'

'No,' Grandma said. 'We'll make out. My children I've worked and slaved for, have thrown their ol' Mommy away. Now that I can't fetch and carry for them, they never give me a grain o' thought. I've been patient and long-suffering. The Lord knows that.'

She was crying again now, thinking how Uncle Luce had waited until the crop was gathered to come, thinking how Rilla had n't come to see her for three years, and how Uncle Jolly was shut up in jail.

'I figure you'd fare better with Toll than Jolly,' Luce said. 'Toll is solid as rock and never give you a minute's trouble. Jolly is a puore devil. He jumps in and out of trouble like a cricket. I hope the pen will make him pull his horns in a little.'

Grandma's voice trembled as she spoke. 'Jolly is young,' she said. 'He just turned grown last year. He ain't mean to the bone, and he's the only one of my boys that looks after their ol' Mommy. I'm afeared I won't live till he gets back. I pray the Lord to keep me breathing till he comes.'

Grandma was quiet again when Uncle Luce got ready to go. She

brought out a string of Job's tears she had been threading. 'It might pleasure Rilla to have them,' she said. 'It might help with her time coming.'

II

During the short winter days the sun was feeble and pale, shining without heat. Frost lay thick in the mornings, and crusts of hard earth rose in the night on little toadstools of ice. Footsteps upon the ground rang metal-clear, and there was a pattern of furred feet where the rabbits came down out of the barren fields into the yard. My possum rolled himself into a gray ball in his pen, refusing to eat the potatoes I brought him, and then one morning I found him dead. His rusty, hairless tail was frozen as stiff as a stickweed. The mare grew gaunt in her stall, and there was not a wisp of straw left underfoot. I gleaned the loft of every fodder blade, and the crib of shucks. I filled the manger with cobs, but she did not gnaw upon them, choosing instead to nibble the rotting poplar logs of the wall. I led her down to Lean Neck every day, breaking a hole in the ice near the bank. After a few days she would not drink, and I began to take a bucket of water to the barn. I fed her a little corn — as much as I dared — out of our nubbin pile in the shed-room.

The cold increased and the whole valley was drawn as tight as a drum. The breaking of a bough in the wood shattered the air, the sound dropping like a plummet down the hills, striking against the icy ridges. In the evenings I took an old quilt out to the barn and covered Poppet. I dug frozen chunks of coal out of a pile beside the smoke-house for the fire, and when it seemed there was not going to be enough to last the winter through I went out on the mountain beyond the beech grove and picked up small lumps where the

coal bloomed darkly under the ledge. The fire was fed from my pickings until snow fell, covering all trace of the brittle veins.

There were days when Grandma was too sick to get out of bed. I baked potatoes, fried thick slices of side meat, and cooked a corn pone in a skillet on the fire. We used the coffee grounds until there was no strength in them. When the meal gave out I shelled off some corn and ran it through the coffee grinder. It came out coarse and lumpy, but it made good bread.

As Grandma got better she would sit up in bed with a pile of pillows at her back. She slept only at night. During the day she was busy listening and counting. She knew how many knots there were in the ceiling planks. She could look at a knot a long time, and then tell you a man who had a face like it. Most of them were old folks, dead before my time, but there they were. There was one knot that looked like Uncle Jolly. Grandma used to look at it by the hour. 'I'm afeared I'll have to piddle my days out looking at this knot,' she would say.

One day she counted the stitches in the piece-quilt on her bed. They ran to a count I had never heard. 'I learnt to figure,' Grandma said, 'but I never learnt to read writing. My man could read afore he died, and he done all the reading and I done the figuring. We always worked our learning like a team of horses.' We had no calendar, but Grandma worked out the number of days until Uncle Jolly would get out of the penitentiary. 'It's nigh on to six hundred and fifty-five,' she said when the counting was done. The time had not seemed so long before. Now it stretched along an endless road of days.

There were hours of talk about Uncle Jolly. Grandma said he had held no old grudge against Pate Horn. Grandpa used to log with Pate before he died.

Uncle Toll had married one of Pate's daughters. It had been the dam he built across Troublesome Creek that Uncle Jolly had n't liked. The fish could n't jump it, and none could get up into Lean Neck to spawn. He sent Pate word to open up one end of the dam until the spawning season was over. Pate did n't move a peg. Uncle Jolly went down one day and set off two sticks of dynamite under the left bank, blowing out three logs. He went down, with daylight burning, to blow that dam up.

'Jolly ought not to done it,' Grandma said. 'It looks like the Lord is trying my patience in my last days when I'm weak and porely.'

Sometimes she would tell about the things Uncle Jolly had done as a boy. 'Once he got a hollow log and tied a strip o' dried bull's hide over it,' she said. 'Then he got a hickory limb and sawed on it. It sounded like a passel o' wildcats tearing each other's eyeballs out. Cattle all over the country jumped the rails and tuk down the hollows. The horses and mules kicked barn doors down and lit out. Oh, he never meant no harm. It was just boy-mischief.'

Near the middle of December the mare stopped eating the nubbins of corn I took her. She would mull her nose in the bucket of water without drinking, and roll her moist eyes at me.

I opened her stall door and let her wander out into the midday sunlight. She did not go far, lifting her leaden hoofs through the snow, and turning from the wind. Presently she went back into the stall and stayed there with her head drooped and her eyes half closed. One morning I went out and found her stretched upon the ground. Her nose was thinly sheeted with ice. She was dead. I latched the stall door and did not go back to the barn again that winter.

III

January was a bell in Lean Neck Valley. The ring of an axe was a mile wide, and all passage over the spewed-up earth was lifted on the frosty air and sounded against fields of ice. Icicles as large as a man's body hung from limestone cliffs. Grandma listened to the little sounds when her work was done. She was better now. At times when the wind was not so keen she cooked on the stove instead of the fireplace, but it was hard to keep warm in the drafty kitchen.

One Sunday Grandma heard a nag's hoofs on the path to the house. It was Uncle Toll from Troublesome Creek. He brought a letter from Uncle Jolly and he read it to us. His face was dull with worry. Uncle Jolly was coming home. There had been a fire in the prison. 'Mommy, do you reckon he broke jail during that fire?' he asked. 'He ain't nigh started his spell.'

'Jolly is liable to do anything he sets his mind to,' Grandma said. 'He always had his mind sot on looking after his ol' Mommy. I reckon he'd do anything to get out.' And now there was no joy in his coming. There was nothing to do but wait, and those three days before he came seemed longer than any count Grandma ever made.

Suddenly he was there one morning, hollering to us from the yard. There was Uncle Jolly. He had slipped up on us, and even Grandma had not heard him come. He stood there before the door, his eyes bright as a thrush's. He had on a black suit, and a black hat with the crown pinched up sitting at an angle on his head. We sat looking at him, awed and not moving. He jumped into the room and grabbed me up in his arms, pitching me headlong toward the ceiling and bumping my head against the rafters. It hurt a little. He jerked Grandma out of her chair and swung

her over the floor. She was laughing and crying together. 'For God's sake, Jolly,' she said, 'don't crack your ol' Mommy's ribs.'

Then he was all over the house, prying and looking. He opened up the meat box and sniffed into it. He thumped the pork shoulder we had been saving. 'Ripe as a melon,' he said. 'It smells like kingdom come.' He reached elbow-deep into his pocket and drew out a knife. It was a big one. With a single blade open, it was nearly a foot long. There was a blue racer carved on one side with a forked tongue. 'I made that in the workshop,' he said. 'They never knowed I was making it.' He swung it through the air, striking toward me. *Plunk* it went into the pork shoulder. Uncle Jolly was devilish like that. Grandma was already sifting out meal, and he cut off a half-dozen slices of meat to fry.

Uncle Jolly found the corn in the shedroom. He picked up one of the runt ears and pinched a grain. 'Is this all you raised?' he asked. 'We got some mighty pretty cushaws,' Grandma said. 'The sweet taters done right well, too.'

'The mare will starve on this corn,' Jolly said. 'You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to buy ol' Poppet a sack of sweet feed mixed with molasses and bran. I reckon her teeth is wore down to the gum.'

He began to gather up some ears to take to the barn.

'Just you wait, son,' Grandma called. 'Just you wait till we get dinner over.' Grandma looked hard at me. I did n't say a word.

When we sat down to the table, Uncle Jolly began to eat with both hands. 'I ain't had a fitten meal since I left Lean Neck,' he said. He loaded his plate with shucky beans and a slice of meat, talking as he ate. 'I stayed at Luce's house last night,' he said.

'Luce and Rilla's got another girl-child born three weeks ago.'

Grandma laid her fork down and stirred in her chair. 'Is Rilla getting along tolerable?' she asked.

'Rilla is up and doing,' Uncle Jolly said. 'They named the baby after you, Mommy. They named it Lonie.'

Grandma blinked and made a little clicking noise with her teeth. 'It's good to have grandchildren growing up honoring and respecting their ol' folks,' she said.

'Oh, Uncle Jolly,' I begged, 'tell us about the jail fire and how you got out.' Uncle Jolly swallowed, the raw lump of his Adam's apple jumping in his throat. 'It was the biggest fire ever was,' he said. 'It caught the woodshop and tool sheds, and it was eating fast. It might o' got the jailhouse if I had n't stayed there and fit it with a water-spout. Everybody else run around like a chicken with its head pinched off. Then the Governor heard how I fit the

fire and never run, and he give me a pardon. He sent me word to go home.'

Grandma settled in her chair. 'It was dangerous, son,' she said. 'It might o' burned up the jail. Whoever sot that fire ought to be whipped with oxhide. Some folks is everly destroying and putting nothing back. Who lit that fire, son?'

Uncle Jolly's mouth was too full to answer. He dropped his eyes and swallowed. 'I sot it, Mommy,' he said. He took another slice of meat, and heaped more beans on his plate. Grandma sat quiet and watching, her blue-veined hands clasped in her lap. Her face was sad, but her eyes were bright with wonder.

'You know what I done coming up Troublesome Creek this morning?' Uncle Jolly asked suddenly. 'I pulled another log out of Pate Horn's mill dam. There's a good-sized hole now. The perch will be swarming into Lean Neck this spring.'

SPAIN: THE WAR

BY NICOLA CHIAROMONTE

I AM sitting in a sort of funnel-shaped space, my knees doubled against my chest; I peer through the small opening from which the machine gun protrudes. We are reconnoitring. Below us in the distance puffs of thick white smoke burst unceasingly, thinning away only to be renewed. The slight pressure of my foot on the pedals turns the turret to right or left in a brief dizzy movement. Below, things change suddenly, but the sky is always the same. However, we are absorbed not by the sky but by the space between the sky and us, between the earth and us. That is where danger lurks. Danger is anything that moves. When you are in a plane, whatever moves can only be another plane; other things are still, or if they do move, like the cars that roll over the ribbon-like roads, their motion seems directed, planned ahead of time — it is n't an *active* motion.

The Tajo, a sluggish, worn-out river, flows through the plain of Castille deep in its bed. But at Talavera de la Reina it comes back to the surface and seems to overflow the sand. At least, that is the impression one has of the Tajo near our 'objective,' Talavera, where the altimeter reads 1200 metres above sea level. On September 3 the Moroccans captured Talavera and the fight for Madrid began. With three bombers and five pursuit planes, outnumbered ten to one by the 'others,' we have to do what we can to give the demoralized militiamen and the anxious peasants of

Castille the impression that a Republican air force exists. Now the railroad station and the airport at Talavera are being bombed. On the ground, sheafs of thick black smoke unfold here and there, yellowish flames shoot up from the buildings, a locomotive is torn open, a long red roof disappears. The bombs trace a perfect line splitting the airdrome in two — which gives us enormous satisfaction.

That's the end. Our planes have done their work. It seemed as though this flight back and forth over a motionless prey, spiraling, turning, darting, would never end. A kind of forced gayety takes possession of the seven members of our crew; we communicate it to each other by glances.

Suddenly there comes a cry from the rear turret, piercing and inhuman in its attempt to be heard over the roar of the motors. That means but one thing: hands and eyes obey instantly, the one at the machine gun, the other sweeping the sky. I see three black spots directly behind us. The next instant I see only two, and lower. I choose the nearer and train my gun on it. But there is no longer anything there; it is maddening. Nevertheless, my comrade in the rear fires a few short angry rounds. The 'thing' is approaching from above. From my position I can see nothing. I wait interminably in the emptiness with a frantic sensation of solitude. Suddenly something zooms close by; the world becomes alive

again, lucid and precise. I see quite distinctly. My machine gun belches fire three times. Then, again, emptiness. We dive and bank. The rear machine gun fires again, in brief rhythm. And then my comrade turns around and shakes his fist, laughing. His mouth opens in strange fashion: he is singing. Far away against the sky a plane is slowly turning over, so slowly that one would think it was executing a manœuvre. It was a Heinckel, and our gunner at the rear turret got it. Two other planes are fast disappearing in the distance. I lean out: two little holes in a wing, that's all. It is all finished, quite finished, and it lasted no more than three minutes.

Seated in one of the chairs that were taken out of the transport planes in order to transform them into bombers, the Basque mechanic begins to talk. He was a pal of Sergeant Iturbi. Iturbi is dead because of machine-gun bullets which were n't calibrated carefully enough. He had said calmly, 'If my gun gets clogged, I'll crash my opponent.' His gun clogged during an extremely unequal combat (a Nieuport, 180 kilometres per hour, against a Fiat, 300 kilometres per hour), and Iturbi dived straight into his adversary. The Italian pilot, Vincenzo Patriarca, was saved by his parachute.

'We Spaniards talk a lot, — *muchas palabras*, — but it is n't serious. We have no true *education*.'

His words did not convey half what he expressed by his accompanying gestures and grimaces. He emphasized 'education' with clenched fists and a sort of enraged look that left no doubt: he believed in education all right.

'No, no. . . . One must be serious. . . . Look at the workmen here at the camp. They work twelve and fourteen hours a day, voluntarily, and they have refused payment for extra time. But the military, they have n't refused the advantages of war. . . . It is very

wicked. . . . As if it could be a question of money, to-day! . . . Ah, there are moments when I feel like putting a couple of bullets into my head!' And he went through the motion of aiming at his temple.

At seven o'clock that evening a bus takes the fliers from the camp at Barajas back to Madrid. In the bus there are about ten workmen. The one beside me asks: 'How many planes have we?' Always the same question, everywhere. They know that it is one of our weakest points.

I answer as usual: 'Very few, but we are getting along all right. To-day we shot down a German plane.'

A few moments before, my neighbor was serious, even sad. The news I give him electrifies him: 'Terrific! This evening I shall drink an extra glass! Who did it?'

'That fellow there in back.'

He gets up and congratulates the gunner of the rear turret, passing on the good news to his comrades. The bus is in an uproar. For them a vanquished plane is a memorable victory, almost an ultimate one. They see things one by one, as symbols, not with regard to number, or weight, or size. A vanquished plane promises certainty that all the rest may be vanquished, and are potentially already vanquished. These people discover their own strength with an intoxication that makes them forget a great many things. It is the psychology by which, after having taken La Caserna de la Montaña 'with their bare hands,' as they tell you again and again (and that is absolutely so: successive waves of Madrileños — men, women, children, old people — overwhelmed the barracks, which were bristling with machine guns, with the force of their attack; the arms they possessed would have been quite unavailing), these people considered themselves not only victorious, but invincible through di-

vine favor. The armies of Franco and Mola were planning to meet at Badajoz and thence to march upon Navalморal, Talavera, Toledo. The people continued to revere the 'miracle' of the Mountain, to consider defeats as unfortunate but inconsequential, to exclude *a priori*, as a frightening and unreal hypothesis, the possibility of a definitive disaster.

In 1809, before the victorious French invasion, Don Andres Torrejon, mayor of Mostoles, a small village nineteen kilometres from Madrid, took it quite simply upon himself to declare war against Napoleon. He did it in the name of the people, and his mad gesture has remained not without echo or consequence.

In 1936, General Franco declared war upon the descendants of Andres Torrejon. General Mola added the scornful challenge: 'The people can do nothing against the army.'

His challenge was taken up not only with enthusiasm but with almost morbid exultation. To fight the generals on their own ground: that involved the pride of every man, woman, and child. Single-mindedly, they applied themselves to the task. The result was a surging mob — but a mob which completely stopped those who had thought it could be dispersed in a few minutes.

When the people take arms, they become violent and unmanageable. They swarm about, singing, killing, and being killed; they storm batteries with pistols and knives, and flee because of a few airplane bombs which harm none of them. They are zealous in planning the most impossible ways and means, and at the same time they prevent the most routine measures from becoming effective, or the most vital organizations from functioning. It is both sublime and absurd. And yet that was all the Spanish Republic had to save it.

One cannot speak of *organizing* a

crowd. One organizes what is already arranged or established; one does not organize that which is in a state of constant flux, spreading simultaneously in every direction. Moreover, this mob that refused to yield to the organized army, and shouted its hatred of that 'collective' organization, was obliged to transform itself into an army, to create for itself the organization of war.

In the beginning there was originality, with all its creative force and despairing weakness. Each syndical federation in each region organized its combatants. Each detachment was placed under the authority of a special 'regional committee' whose connection with the other committees as well as with the central government was naturally rather weak. Under the command of the political leader most versed in military affairs, these detachments left for Zaragoza, for the Sierra de Guadarrama, for Guadalajara, for Sigüenza. They stopped when their driving force was no longer sufficient to master the enemy resistance, without much regard, as will be readily understood, for strategic considerations. The sum total of the different points at which this first drive was stopped constituted the 'front.' And thus the war began.

The most important thing was not strategy; it was confidence in Fernando de Rosa. From this confidence, and from it alone, arose the 'October' battalion, one of the best among those which fought on the Sierra de Guadarrama. A young man twenty-eight years old, small, blond, with a clear and decisive look, always on the *qui vive*, such was Major de Rosa, *el italiano*. He had proved himself on the barricades of Madrid in October 1934 and before the court-martial which condemned him to thirty years in prison after he had assumed all responsibility for the insurrection, to save Largo Caballero, under penalty of death.

'El italiano es un hombre con dos

cojones.' It was with this enthusiastic and more or less untranslatable statement that the soldiers followed Major de Rosa when he led the attack with the shout, 'Who is coming with me?' Because *his* voice reassured them, '*No pasa nada*' ('It is nothing'), his men remained in their places under the same bombardments that caused panic among comrades near by. Bullets did not unnerve De Rosa; therefore his men were not unnerved. The bond between officer and troops was a sentimental one, violent and yet fragile, with little of the military about it. The method this courageous youth employed in holding his men was nothing more or less than the technique of making every moment count and of capitalizing on lucky breaks.

One day two prisoners, self-styled Socialists, asked if they might join the October battalion. De Rosa did not hesitate to accept them. But his soldiers, suspecting treachery, protested: 'To take strangers, without even making inquiries . . .' De Rosa agreed: 'Indeed, we ought to make sure. I shall see for myself to-night.' That evening he left for night patrol alone with the two recruits. Halfway up the mountain, De Rosa stopped a moment, removed his revolver from his belt, and gave it to one of his companions: 'Carry it — it is in my way.' And he continued his patrol that way. 'You can rest assured, they are absolutely all right,' he declared to the anxious soldiers who awaited his return.

The October battalion lasted right up to the moment when De Rosa, standing on a promontory during an entire attack to prove that not all bullets kill their men, was killed by a ball through the forehead. Filing into Madrid behind his coffin, the soldiers of the October battalion, guns on their shoulders, wept like orphans. The battalion was dissolved: it could not live without De Rosa.

It was such battalions that stemmed the first attack of the Fascist generals — and lost Toledo and Castille. Thrown into confusion by the violent and unexpected drives of the Moroccans and the legionnaires of the Tercio, — soldiers well armed, well protected, well directed, having on their side, in addition, the overwhelming advantage of mechanical resources, — the militiamen found themselves scattered upon the highway to Estremadura, in groups of fifty, thirty, fifteen.

'What are you doing?' they were asked.

'Where are our leaders?' they countered. 'We want Mangada: with him we will recapture Talavera.' Mangada was a beloved general, but he could not be wherever a handful of men claimed his presence. They had neither sergeants nor corporals — no one who could reorganize them or assure them that they were not entirely abandoned. And here they were demanding a general!

Soldiers continued to turn traitor. Alongside the road lay the body of an officer of the civil guard. 'I just shot him,' announced the major of the fifth regiment of militia. 'He had been entrusted with a battery, and he turned it over to the Fascists.'

There were fifteen-year-old boys among those disbanded soldiers — they made one think of the drummer boys of historic armies. But if the Moors had taken them, they would have ended in the common grave with the others. Tired, hungry, dirty, a pause for a cigarette by an open field freed them from care. And the women — peasants and workers, sturdy, courageous, their dusty hair caught up under soldiers' caps — carried their guns like farm tools. In their pockets, among the cartridges, were needles, thread, and extra buttons.

It was a woman who, at the head of two hundred militiamen, directed the last defense of Sigüenza — a fierce and

useless resistance. On the tenth of October the city was occupied by Fascist soldiers (there were many priests among them, especially Jesuits). The population was massacred without discrimination, in spite of the fact that the victims were, for the most part, of clerical leaning. The two hundred who lay wounded in the hospital, including doctors, were wiped out with knife thrusts.

It was under these conditions that Comrade Etcheverry decided to open up a way to the cathedral, so as to wait there for the reinforcements which had been asked for. By means of dynamite cartridges she succeeded in gaining the church with her men. During the fight her husband was killed. In the cathedral some three hundred women and children had already taken refuge. A machine gun was placed in the tower, and the interior was barricaded. To the demand for reinforcements Madrid answered: 'We can do nothing. Resist if you can.' Comrade Etcheverry resisted. From morning till evening for six days, eight trimotored 'Junkers' dropped bombs on the church. Not a drop of alcohol, not a bandage, to care for the wounded. Comrade Etcheverry gave the order to kill the dying. On the seventh day they decided to abandon the church and to try to escape under cover of night. Once again enemy lines had to be crossed. For four days those who had the courage returned the way they had come, in groups of twenty or twenty-five, opening up a passage once again with dynamite. In this way Comrade Etcheverry was saved. She is now in Madrid.

The Catholic priest, Juan Garcia Morales, wrote these words in August 1934: 'For centuries Spain has been a nation of starving people who, souls alight with the Christian faith, have raised up the spires of Gothic cathedrals, and have covered with gold the

cloisters of Ávila and Salamanca. To-day Spain's army of the starving no longer demand charity. They demand justice and the right to live decently. Unemployment is not alleviated by the dole, and the plan of the agrarian descendants of the ancient lords to provide for the construction of still more charitable institutions is an anachronism, like everything else which is the product of their minds. To treat the problem of human suffering in the twentieth century as did Saint Vincent de Paul in the seventeenth is to make of Spain a gigantic and permanent poorhouse.'

In the same year a deputy presented a report to the Cortes, in which he gave this instance of the working conditions in Castille: 'At Salamanca, a group of landowners presented a plan for agricultural contracts paying 2.50 pesetas a day [less than 30 cents], with the workers obligated to return this pay if they were fed by their employer. That is, these workmen earned only their food. The contracts were approved by the provincial *junte*. Not only that, but they were later replaced by others in which it was added that certain classes of workers, as specified by contract, would have to pay .50 pesetas a day to their employer if he fed them during the working period. Work then became a privilege granted in consideration of money.'

In the winter of 1935, the mayor of Boas de Segura sent the Minister of Labor the following telegram: 'Unemployed workers in Boas de Segura in unendurable situation. Hungry crowds begging in the streets, soliciting charity by force. Please send emergency funds.' That hatred has sprung from deep roots, in a land so harassed, is not particularly surprising.

In 1936, after five years of hesitation and delay, the Republic was finally forced to reflect seriously upon the situation. The generals appealed to 'Grande

Espagne,' to the shades of Philip II, to the 'defense of the Faith.' They caused Moors, Reichswehr, and Black Shirts to unite. And there you have 'Spanish Fascism' — which nobody had believed possible.

'What is Fascism?' I asked a peasant of La Mancha one day.

'It is something for those who do not care for Liberty.'

Alone in a vast ward in the Escorial, which had been transformed into a hospital, a man lay seriously wounded. His tanned face bristled with whiskers. He looked at us with an expression of hostility, almost of rage.

'Where are you from?' we asked.

'From Alicante. I'm a farmer. There are seven of us brothers — when we're at home. All at the front.' And,

having noticed a slight gesture of astonishment on the part of his questioner, he hastened to add, with scornful impatience: '*Vivir ó no vivir, sin libertad, es igual*' ('Living or not living, without liberty, is all the same').

One sometimes has the impression among these people of being in the midst of a crowd of Patrick Henrys. 'Give me liberty or give me death' seems to be everybody's motto. They have the common urge to liberate the whole world from the Fascist menace. This is often expressed by boasting and posturing. But there is also faith — a fanatic faith based upon this perfectly simple concept: a nation living in freedom, a society of honorable men obliged neither to go hungry nor to be clothed in rags. Could anything be simpler?

SPAIN: THE POLITICS

BY SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

SPAIN is a deep country, and no superficial explanation will ever fit her history. The hour she is living now — as grave an hour she has had but twice before (in the period that preceded the reign of Ferdinand and Isabel, and again during the Napoleonic invasion) — cannot be interpreted as a mere fight between Stalinites and Hitlerites on her soil. Spain's ordeal, though by no means unconnected with the duel between the two rival dictatorships, is primarily Spanish. Nothing can be usefully said as to its world import until it has been adequately estimated as a crisis in Spanish history.

The political structure of the country

when the monarchy collapsed in 1931, as a result of a mere municipal election, can be objectively estimated by an analysis of the votes cast at the two parliamentary elections of 1933 and 1936. 'Votes cast,' and not 'members elected,' because the electoral law is so ingenious that in 1933 it produced a parliamentary majority of the Right with a statistical majority of votes cast in favor of the Left, while in 1936 it produced a parliamentary majority of the Left with a statistical majority of votes cast for the Right.

If the real votes are analyzed, it is found that — in so far as votes affect actual opinion — the country from

1931 to 1936 seems to have been divided into three opinions of nearly equal strength: Left, Right, and Centre. None of these three groups could be said to be simple and homogeneous. The Left contained three varieties of Socialists, led respectively by Señor Largo Caballero (the present Prime Minister), Señor Indalecio Prieto (the present Minister of Navy and Air), and Señor Besteiro, a professor of the University of Madrid, now elbowed out of affairs. In point of doctrine, these three groups, though fairly united at the beginning, evolved in different directions. While Señor Largo Caballero, after two years of office as Minister of Labor, rapidly shifted to the Left and, by his advocacy of immediate revolution, earned the nickname of 'Spanish Lenin,' Señor Besteiro remained faithful to a reformist policy and Don Indalecio Prieto endeavored to bridge over the difference and to save the unity of the party.

But the Socialist Party was by no means the only constituent of the Left. There was a Communist Party, though small, also divided into an orthodox group, faithful to Stalin, and a dissident faction which followed the leadership of Trotzky; and there was anarcho-syndicalism. This group, possibly the majority in the Spanish labor movement, is an offshoot of anarchism. The anarcho-syndicalists profess that the State is unnecessary, hold hierarchy and discipline in contempt as mere bourgeois prejudices, and consider Lenin and Stalin as no better than the old Tsars.

The Right was no less complex. Drawing together when hard-pressed, quarreling when victorious, the Right comprised the monarchists, led by Señor Goicoechea and by Señor Calvo Sotelo; the Fascists or *Falange Española*, led by Señor Primo de Rivera (a son of the dictator); the Agrarian Republicans, a party of landowners, who

thought it better to turn republican; and the Popular Agrarians of Señor Gil Robles, a ramshackle party which reproduced within its ranks the picturesque complexity of the whole Right, having perhaps as its only distinctive feature a clerical tendency common to all its components.

As for the Centre, it comprised the old guard of Radicalism — that is, the republicans of monarchical days — and all the progressive and democratic middle class which had not been converted to Socialism. Señor Lerroux, an old politician, with all the advantages and disadvantages of a long and battered political career, incarnated the first; and Señor Azaña, an intellectual new to active politics, personified the second.

Nor is this all. For, along with the national parties, Spanish politics had to take into account the local parties of at least two regions having nationalistic aspirations of their own — Catalonia, fairly evenly divided into a somewhat enlightened Right (whose leader is Señor Cambó) and a turbulent and somewhat mixed Left led by Señor Companys; and the Basque Regions, where clericalism is strongly 'nationalistic' (that is, in favor of Home Rule for the 'Basque nation') and where the industrial centres such as Bilbao and Eibar are less interested in nationalism than in Socialism.

None of these groups has actual political cohesion. They are here described according to the affinities of opinion which, in a country endowed with more political sense, would have sufficed to determine a permanent coalition, possibly even a definite party, among the components of each of them. In Spain, however, natural affinity was not sufficient to crystallize the numerous tendencies of public opinion into the three natural groups. The situation remained fluid, despite the fact that the three political zones described above

could be clearly and not inaccurately defined as Red, Black, and Neither-red-nor-black.

The government which took office in 1931 was composed of the Centre and the Left, including the Catalan Left. It was obvious that such a government was bound to lead to the strengthening of the Right, particularly as, newborn and full of the zeal of the neophytes, the revolutionary government proceeded to implant drastic reforms in the economic and religious life of the country, without sufficient regard for the strength of the Black and Neither-red-nor-black sectors. A country thus divided into three zones of opinion can only be governed from the Centre. This was realized at the outset by Señor Lerroux, who, as early as December 1931, advised the newly elected President, Señor Alcalá Zamora and his Prime Minister designate, Señor Azaña, to reduce the number and importance of the portfolios held by the Socialists. This advice was not taken, and he thereupon decided to pass into the opposition with his party, then the second in numbers in the Republic. That day were sown the seeds of the present civil war.

There were, no doubt, obstacles to the political consolidation of a Centre Party containing elements as different as the old radicals of Señor Lerroux and the new intellectuals of Señor Azaña. But it cannot be doubted that, if such a consolidation had taken place, the civil war would have been averted; the country would have been governed by a progressive, though not revolutionary, government which would have ensured the Left against reaction and the Right against revolution. As the prospective Centre split, its own Left (Señor Azaña's group) became an ally — that is, a servant — of the Socialists; while its own Right (Señor Lerroux's group) became an ally — that is, a servant — of the clericals. The country

was left with nothing but revolution or reaction. Civil war became inevitable.

The more so as civil war, for temperamental reasons, is always latent in Spain. In August 1932, General Sanjurjo revolted against the government presided over by Señor Azaña. There was not a shadow of a justification for such a revolt. The government was perfectly legal, and, though its policy and legislation were not — how could they be? — to the taste of the Right, nothing but political passion could consider it as an oppressive government. In October 1934, the Socialists and the Catalans revolted against the government of Señor Lerroux. Nothing, again, could justify such a revolt. The Lerroux government was perfectly constitutional, and, though its policy was not to the taste of the Left, it could no more be described as oppressive than the Azaña government two years previously.

These two examples — one from each side — show that civil war had been latent in the country since, at any rate, the beginning of 1932. The strictly Spanish origin of this situation has just been established. There were, however, on either side, foreign influences to be considered. I do not refer to political 'meddling,' Russian on the Left, Italo-German on the Right. When things can be explained without melodrama, why drag it in? The influence of the two schools of dictatorship has, no doubt, made itself felt in the form of intellectual infiltration, propaganda, and gradual conversion of individual Spaniards who came to admire either the Russian or the Italo-German way of cutting the Gordian knots of democracy. But, though such influences prepared the environment for the civil war, they did not determine it. What hardened people's hearts and obsessed people's minds till the civil war became inevitable was, on

the Right, the feeling that Señor Largo Caballero was preparing his extreme Left Socialists for a revolution 'à la Lenin'; and, on the Left, the haunting memories of the way in which the Austrian and the German dictatorships had ruthlessly suppressed Socialism. Thus, the Spanish tendency toward civil war found a favorable environment in a world in which since Lenin, the first and the most responsible of political housebreakers, public life has ceased to be civilized.

Both Right and Left have been preparing for civil war, and no one in Spain doubted that whichever of the two lost the February election would revolt against the State rather than deliver it into the hands of its adversary. Yet civil war was entirely unnecessary in Spain. A pure matter of politics, a struggle for power's sake, a symptom of impatience and intransigence, it was not an inherent necessity in the evolution of contemporary Spain. Though much remained to be done, particularly in the field of agrarian reform, Spain was by no means a backward country, and, in actual forms of living, it was far ahead of many European nations. A moderate Left government, such as Señor Azaña might have constituted with the exclusion of the extreme Socialists, would have ensured the necessary changes without provoking an excessive amount of reaction. But the impatience of the Largo Caballero group gave the reactionary Right its opportunity, rallying to it a mass of moderate opinion which, while ready to evolve, was not ready to submit to the dictatorship of the proletariat which Señor Largo Caballero advocated.

The Left, from 1931 to 1933, exasperated the country by the excessive and unnecessarily vexatious manner in which they rushed reforms, good in

themselves, while at the same time they failed to make them efficient. And so they brought in the Right. From 1933 to 1936, the Right, with an all but criminal shortsightedness, returned to their policy of greed and low salaries for agricultural laborers. And so they brought in the Left. But this time (February 1936) the political temperature of the nation was too high. The Left, elated by their success, began to take high-handed measures with no respect for the Constitution, nor for property, nor even for life, while the government stood by powerless. The Fascist movement, till then a relatively unimportant feature in the situation, was powerfully stimulated and driven to violence by official outlawry. And when, after a period of growing unrest and insecurity, the monarchist leader Señor Calvo Sotelo was murdered by a police squad, the military brotherhood struck. Half the nation followed.

The loss of life, treasury, creative work, and artistic monuments is appalling. The gash in the national soul is more appalling still. Those of us who remain convinced that war is no more adequate to solve home conflicts than it is to solve international ones can do nothing but wait and watch. Both parties claim to represent Spain. The claim does not hold good. If by Spain is meant the majority of Spaniards, we have shown that, normally, the Left is about one third and the Right about another third of public opinion, so that in point of numbers, assuming the middle zone of opinion to have gone equally to both sides, or — what is more likely — to neither side, the duel is a 'fifty-fifty' affair. If, as we prefer to think, Spain is a higher value than mere numbers, a historical and spiritual form of mankind 'up to which' her sons must live, Spain is looking sadly on both.

NEUTRALITY AND COMMON SENSE

BY BERNARD M. BARUCH

[At the special request of the *Atlantic* Mr. Baruch has reduced to a brief and cogent statement of principle the essential argument for neutrality as he sees and has seen it. No man can judge this most important question of our time in the light of larger experience.

—THE EDITORS]

I

WHAT is this neutrality that we hear so much about? If we don't know very clearly, we had better find out, because, with a world cowering under threats of war, it is just about the most important single word in the world to-day.

There is a very strong public opinion on one question among us. Perhaps never was any national opinion so emphatic and so nearly unanimous. It is this: our people don't want to get into another European or foreign war. They want to keep out of war at almost any cost — except invasion.

Now the word 'neutrality' means keeping out of other people's wars. It means taking no part, directly or indirectly, in war between other nations. That's what our people mean and want, and it's all they mean and want. But the moment we go from the word 'neutrality' to what it is proposed to do to be neutral, we find that some of the things we are going to do in the name of neutrality are not keeping us out of war at all. They are getting us into war as fast and as hard and effectively as they can without an open

and outright declaration of war. They are doing in the name of what the people want the very things the people don't want.

To understand the strategy and tactics of modern war, we start with the world at peace. No nation produces everything it needs to live. It looks to some other nations for some of their products and sends to them its own products in exchange. That interplay of trade becomes something like the flow of blood in the veins and arteries of a man. It is absolutely necessary for the orderly existence of nations. Great Britain, for example, produces only about 20 per cent of its breadstuff. Although we are a nation on wheels, we do not produce any rubber. We get it largely from halfway round the world. We don't produce enough tin or sugar or coffee — in fact, we normally import more animal and vegetable products than we export.

Now, if a country goes to war, the first thing an enemy tries to do is to choke it to death by cutting off these necessary supplies which it does not itself produce. This is done by the right of search and seizure and by naval or land blockade. Enemy ships claim the right to stop all ships, neutral or belligerent, on the high seas and search them; and if they find goods going to their enemy they seize them, sometimes paying for them and sometimes not. This is search and seizure, authorized by the law of war. Also, it is legal

to post a squadron outside an enemy port and allow no ship to go in or out. This is blockade.

Subject to this search and seizure, and the actual blockade of an enemy port, neutrals have always insisted that they had a right to continue their trade with other neutrals and even, at this risk, with the enemy. This right of neutrals we called 'freedom of the seas.'

Up to the World War, we had insisted that vessels could not be sunk without search, as was done by the German submarines; also that to be effective the blockade of a port had to be actual, and that a belligerent could not, in effect, just blockade *one of our ports*, as the British did New York, and prevent our shipping to anybody without first getting British consent.

In the World War, we suffered both these indignities and finally went to war with Germany to vindicate our right to ship free from the danger of having our ships sunk without warning and without protecting the lives of merchant crews.

The *Lusitania* was sunk without warning, and with no attempt to search, although she was a belligerent ship. This destroyed American lives and did more to inflame our war spirit against Germany than any other one act. Yet the British had been equally flagrant in violating our rights at sea. The only difference was that the Germans destroyed lives. The British destroyed property.

We will remember that all the time we were drifting to war with Germany to vindicate 'freedom of the seas' there were plenty of people here who advocated peace—even if purchased at the price of giving up part of the ancient neutral right to free seas for which we had fought Britain and almost fought France.

We will remember also that Mr. Wilson turned his face away from that

scuttle-and-run policy. He said we could not surrender those rights without leaving every neutral at the mercy of every belligerent and intimated that neutrality carried a duty to other neutrals—maybe to other belligerents—to assert and insist upon all our ancient rights upon the ocean.

The idea is this: if, upon the outbreak of war, the strategy among belligerents is to cut off the normal peacetime supplies of the enemy from other nations, how can a neutral be called friendly and impartial and yet, as its first act toward its embroiled friend, cut off all supplies which under international law it has a right to sell—even though it does so to 'keep out of war'?

As Woodrow Wilson expressed it: 'To forbid our people to exercise their rights for fear we might be called upon to vindicate them would be a terrible humiliation indeed. It would be an implicit, all but an explicit, acquiescence of the violation of the rights of mankind everywhere . . . what we are contending for is the very essence of the needs that have made America a sovereign nation.'

Though, as just shown, our rights were trampled on by both sides right up to our own entry into the war in 1917, we at least maintained those rights in principle even if for three years we did not fight for them. After the victory, it will be recalled that freedom of the seas was one of the Fourteen Points. That vexed question remains as uncertain now as it was in 1919.

II

The peace-at-any-price group in this country in 1917 wanted us to say that vessels or passengers venturing into a submarine-infested blockaded zone would do so at their peril. That was 'scuttle and run' from the right to *ship* as that right had been conserved be-

fore. This was all proposed in the interest of 'keeping out of war,' the synonym for which is 'neutrality.' Now it is proposed that we go much further than scuttle the right to sail dangerous seas. In the name of neutrality it is insisted that we cease also to *sell* to warring nations in certain circumstances. That is a proposal pregnant with grave consequences. It is important to understand all its implications.

This proposal comes in several guises and degrees. First, it is suggested that we sell no *war* material to an embattled nation, but let non-war material go as usual. Others say, 'Sell nothing at all to a nation at war,' and still others that we should sell only to the innocent party in war — not to the aggressor.

Now let us keep it clearly in mind that we are not talking about our old friend 'freedom of the seas' at all. This is something absolutely new. This new proposal has nothing to do with shipping. It looks to our giving up our right to sell, and is advanced as a neutrality measure.

In the first place, no nation ever got embroiled in a war by merely selling. When you sell a thing, especially for cash, your interest in it is gone. If we sell at our own seaports with no duty to deliver, would there be a possible chance of that transaction *getting us into war*?

But how about getting into war by the mere fact that we have refused beleaguered nations the right to buy? By cutting off their normal supplies, have we not committed against them an intensely hostile act?

Suppose we were attacked in the Pacific Ocean and instantly all neutral nations said: 'If you fight you can't have any more rubber, tin, silk, sugar, nickel, coffee, manganese, or platinum from us.' All of these things are war

necessities of which we do not produce a sufficient quantity. Depriving us of them would severely cripple our defense. How would we regard such a strangling refusal? We would not say, 'Those nations are not taking any part in our war.' We would think they were taking a decisive part and deliberately trying to cripple and defeat us. We would not say they were neutral. We would say, 'They have become our enemies.'

And so — whether intentionally or not — they would become our enemies. Not only must a nation in modern war see to it that all her normal supplies keep on coming, but war consumption of every kind of thing is much greater than peace consumption. Modern war is more and more a vast economic contest in the procurement and production of things and in the hampering of the enemy in receiving the same things. Interference with accustomed source of a necessary supply is one of the deadliest imaginable acts of hostility to a nation beset by modern war. Refusal to sell to a nation does not constitute an act of neutrality. It is taking a hostile position.

Neither the French nor the English could have kept on without supplies from America. The withholding of supplies in the name of neutrality by so great a source of the world's material may mean the issue of victory or defeat to other nations. It is this which we propose as national policy in the name of neutrality, or 'keeping out of war.'

This is not neutrality — it will not keep us out of war; and it is absurd and impractical for another reason. The country might be willing to withhold petroleum from a belligerent — petroleum is generally a rich man's product. But suppose we decided not to sell cotton and wheat to Europe in a great war. Half our farmers would be threatened with bankruptcy. How long would such a restriction last? It would

not last; and it would be wiser not to make ourselves ridiculous and venal by proposing it now. If in war we cut off the flow of things a nation has bought in increasing quantities because of a reciprocal trade treaty, would that be neutral?

III

On close analysis, another motive than keeping out of war will be found in all these proposals not to sell. That other motive is to discourage wars between other nations — to punish and discipline nations that go to war. That may be a very high ideal, but it is n't keeping out of war. It is the same international altruism that got us into the World War. It is automatically getting into any important war that starts anywhere. If this confusion of motive and effect were made clear to our people, there would not be much sentiment for this restriction of sales.

The lending of money to a belligerent is a very different matter. When I sell a man goods, the transaction is complete with delivery. When I lend a man money, my interest in him has just begun. No nation has a continuing right to expect another to lend money or extend credit. We should be financially interested in no belligerent. The law now prevents our buying any stake in anybody's war by lending money to a belligerent and that law ought not to be changed.

Selling warlike weapons also stands on a slightly different footing from selling normal supplies. But the instant you analyze a policy of refusing to sell arms to any belligerent you get into somewhat the same dilemma about whether this is not also taking part in war. When we refused to sell arms to Ethiopia, we were helping Italy because Italy has arms factories; Ethiopia has none. In pure principle I can see no more danger in selling arms than in

selling anything else so long as we do not insist on the right to ship them. In principle, also, refusing to sell arms is not 'having no part in war.' It may be taking a vital part. This is especially apparent when we consider the proposal to 'sell arms only to the innocent party in an aggression.' That is worse than being un-neutral. It undertakes to punish one belligerent and aid another. It becomes a sort of alliance. It is one aspect of the growing curse of this modern age — the undeclared and vicarious war, such as the powers are indulging against each other in Spain.

Yet if, for the sake of the evil appearance and connotations of the merchandising of lethal weapons, we refuse to sell lethal weapons to anybody, let's refuse and do it on the ground that we don't want to be in that bloody business. But let's not fool ourselves into thinking that we are being neutral or taking no part in war, or even 'keeping out of war,' when we do that. The best excuse we can spell out for ourselves is that we are taking the same part toward both sides.

In my opinion this question of selling or not selling is wholly irrelevant. If we examine our history and the history of all neutrals who were sucked into wars, we shall see that the embroiling incidents had not to do with selling, but with shipping — the age-old and troublesome doctrine of free seas already discussed.

Our whole question is: 'In the interest of neutrality and keeping out of war, in respect of how much of the old doctrine of freedom of the seas are we ready to scuttle and run?'

I have suggested that we sell everything except lethal instruments (munitions) to anybody who has the money, pays cash for it, takes it at our ports, and ships it away in his own bottoms. On this plan, which has been called 'Cash and carry' or 'Come and get it,' we have no further obligation and no

further chance of getting mixed up in a war. I don't suggest this as a counsel of perfection, but as the best practical approach to the problem.

But even with that I would not prohibit American merchants and shippers from selling or shipping at their own risk, or American passengers from sailing *at their own risk* on whatever ships in whatever seas they please. Of course, this does not mean that in any war we should abandon our trade with neutrals or submit our shipments to neutrals to seizure or sinking by any belligerent wherever they are found. It would go no further than to admit that belligerents can declare reasonable danger zones and in effect it simply says that the American flag will not protect American passengers, ships, and goods within those zones of reasonable blockade, whether paper or actual.

Even that is going a long, long way from the doctrines for which we fought in 1776 and 1812, nearly fought France, and came within a hair of trouble with England in the Civil War. It is scuttling and running from our ancient doctrines. Whether, and to what extent, we want to do it is a question of how far we are willing to go for peace at any price.

There is a considerable difference be-

tween saying that we will not protect our ships on the high seas when they venture into naval hornets' nests and saying that we will not allow belligerents to buy at their own risk in war, even for civilian needs, as they buy in peace. There is no obligation to ship and to fight, even though there is a strong obligation from custom and past mutual benefits not to cut off from our markets powers with whom we are at peace.

The trouble with abandoning rights long recognized at international law is that you never know when you are going to stop abandoning them. The history of the whole world shows that the only rights of neutrals at sea in a hard-fought war are those they assert, have the force to protect, and are willing to fight for. Other nations in a death struggle for existence are going to respect the rights of innocent bystanders only to the extent that they do not dare infringe them. For that reason it may be not so much a question of how many rights we give up as how ready we are to defend the rights we decide not to give up. For be certain of this: whatever rights we intend to assert we must be willing to defend, by force of arms.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE 'NAGEIRE'

LAST winter, for a fortnight, I was a guest at the home of a garden enthusiast on the south shore of Long Island. As a mark of appreciation I arranged for my host and hostess a 'Nageire' (pronounced 'Nah-gay-ee-ray') or 'sketch of Nature,' with rhododendron and some witch-hazel. Soon the witch-hazel burst through its flower buds, and day by day we watched with delight the quaint and interesting blossoms droop out along the branchlets, enjoying the symbolism of the life-of-springtime in the midst of winter.

In a different room I arranged another Nageire in a round bowl — little beads of pearl-like bayberry and the red berries of June roses against variegated evergreens of juniper steadied by dark red sumach berries. Colorful as a bouquet and sturdy in its arrangement, it made an interesting contrast with the scene of the light snow drifting quietly along the wintry shore beyond the windows.

It has been many years since the Nageire formed the basis of my cultural training in my home in Japan. Once it had been my duty, before leaving each morning for school, to arrange one of these 'sketches' for my mother. Returning later, I stole a glance at the *Toko no ma* (an alcove in the room for decorations) — my Nageire was still there! It had pleased my mother, otherwise one of her own beautiful arrangements would have been in its place. My sketch had spoken to my mother's heart in accents of poetic sentiment.

'Nageire' means 'carelessly thrown in,' — nonchalantly or sketchily arranged, unpretentious, — a sketch of Nature, an idea in essence, vividly portrayed through the eternal freshness of simplicity. It was the original Japanese flower arrangement, born in the days of primitive Japan, long before Buddhism had found its way to the Flowery Kingdom. In the latter part of the sixteenth century, Sen no Rikyu, an artist

genius of that period, revived it to use in connection with his own idea of the Tea Ceremony. He it was who named it the 'Nageire,' and his followers formed the Nageire school of flower arrangement, which they called Sen ke Ko Ryu ('Sen ke' from Rikyu's family name and 'Ko Ryu' meaning 'in the ancient manner'). It is the most cultured and natural style of all Japanese flower arrangement.

But previous to and during the formation of the Sen ke Ko Ryu there existed an opposing school of rigid formalism which also laid claim to the ancient manner, the original form. As followers of So Ami (1450-1517) the members of this school, though they called their arrangement Ike Bana ('revived flowers'), themselves dated it from 609 A.D. and Ono no Imoko's importation of the Chinese manner or Rikka ('standing flower'), which was of pyramidal form with evergreens or lotus in the centre — a symbol of Buddhism which may be seen even to-day in any Buddhist temple.

It was not long before the trend of fashion forced the adherents of Sen ke Ko Ryu to turn to the affected formalism of Ike Bana. Though they carried along with them their own idealism, the spirit of Rikyu was no longer a characteristic of their work, and very soon the Nageire was left quite alone and almost forgotten in the room of the tea ceremony. Thus it became a Renaissance of the ancient art of flower arrangement. The Ike Bana corresponded to the Gothic, and continued to flourish, reaching the height of its popularity in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, when it became decidedly rococo. And so it has remained ever since, and stands in modernized Japan alongside the Mori Bana. This arrangement — Mori Bana means 'piles of flowers' — began as an imitation of the Western bouquet style, and has developed to include the scenic miniature in the bowl or tray. Of this, along with the Ike Bana, much has been written under the spurious title, 'The Art of Japanese Flower Arrangement.'

There is much of the Mori Bana spirit to be found in America to-day — particularly in the effort to dramatize mechanical formations with cut flowers in a bowl or tray; yet there is also a noticeable turning in the opposite direction, toward simplicity in naturalistic forms, characterized as the Nageire of old Japan. Strange that America is developing while Japan is forgetting!

Let us return now to the old master, Rikyu. Once he banished from the garden path of his tea ceremony all flowering plants, making only one Nageire arrangement in the room. In his own exquisite manner he said, 'Only one, not too full, not too little — who could not appreciate seeing it after coming through the clean flowerlessness of the garden path?' And at the autumn show of a Long Island garden club I heard a lady say to the judge, 'This one is so simple, not so full, yet you gave it the highest prize.' The judge answered, 'This arrangement expresses beauty through its reserve; it has a distinct dignity with which none of the others can compete.'

I urge the reader to try for himself one single Nageire, set all alone in a wintertime room — some living, budding thing to unfold its life in snow-time. Learn the joy of beholding each day its simple and refined beauty. For these informal and effective sketch arrangements I would suggest the following delightful combinations of wintertime materials: —

Mugho pine with the red-berry-bearing twigs of the barberry; bright green mountain laurel with the pink-red leucothoe, or mahonia, to which the sumach berries may be added; bayberry and June rose berries with the silvery green of hemlock. Then, too, there are many growing things whose cut branches will blossom in the house at this time of the year: flowering almond, peach, pear, willow, witch-hazel, *Hamelis japonica*, *Calycanthus præcox*, Cornelian-cherry, *Kerria japonica*, Japanese quince, azalea, *Spiræa thunbergi*. Any of these, placed in water, will break out into blossoms with the most delightful effect in our winter-besieged homes, and with them you may make a Nageire sketch which will bring the still far-off springtime to your winter fireside.

SHOGO MYAIDA

HVEEN

THE little island of Hveen, which belongs to Sweden and lies in the narrow strait of the Oresund, was, in the time of my girlhood, frequently visited by the crowned heads of Europe. Landskrona, the little Swedish town in which I lived, was on the mainland close by, and these royal gatherings were of great interest to us.

Upon the rocky shores of Hveen stand the ruins of the Uraniborg, the first astronomical observatory in northern Europe, but it was not these famous ruins that brought kings and emperors to this out-of-the-way place; it was the fact that the island was full of wild hares — big, gray-white fellows — which were carefully protected for the entertainment of their majesties, who not infrequently met here for a day's shooting.

It was in 1890, I think, that there was one special gathering that overshadowed all others before or since, and in it I had a part. I was only thirteen, but I was fortunate enough to be chosen as a flower girl for the occasion. Our guests were Czar Alexander of Russia, King Edward of Great Britain, Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, Crown Prince Christian of Denmark, and King George of Greece. The host was our own beloved monarch, King Oscar of Sweden. Each was attended, of course, by a number of nobles and statesmen.

On the morning of which I speak, King Oscar had already arrived in the Sound on his flagship, the *Drott*, and the *Alexandra*, with King Edward on board, was also at anchor. The *Dannebrog*, bearing Crown Prince Christian and King George, was just steaming in. The royal salute of twenty-one guns was fired from the *Drott* and the *Alexandra* and returned by the *Dannebrog*. King Oscar and his attendants were now at the railroad station, as were most of the townsfolk, I among them, to meet Kaiser Wilhelm and Czar Alexander, who had been hunting in other parts of Skåne.

Wilhelm, a young man of thirty, was smart and trim, with a snappy military stride. He wore an olive-green hunting suit, a Tyrolese hat with a green feather, and a sort of cape over his left shoulder. He was always austere, even when he smiled at us and in the German fashion gave us a slight peck on each cheek. We had been

schooled to answer his pleasantries in perfect German. Czar Alexander, on the other hand, was quietly dressed in a dark suit. He was a mild-mannered man of medium height, and some of his aides in their bright uniforms looked far more important than he. He smiled at us rather wistfully, saying some nice things in French, to which we responded in our best manner.

The greetings over, we all hurried to cross to Hveen, where the shooting and festivities were to take place. King Oscar took his guests over to the *Drott*, thus giving us time to have everything in readiness. By now the *Hohenzollern* had arrived to greet its Kaiser, and again we heard the royal salute booming over the waters. As we landed on Hveen, the ladies and gentlemen walked on to the pavilion erected for this occasion, but we flower girls waited at the landing, where we were soon lined up, six on each side.

Now the launches started to arrive, King Oscar being the first to disembark. How proud we all were as he stepped ashore! For nobody else was quite like our king — tall, kindly, with smiling eyes and a friendliness that one knew was genuine. We girls had small boutonnières for all the men, and for each flower that we fastened in a button-hole we received a kiss. But King Oscar did not stop with the one who decorated him. He gave each of us a resounding kiss on the cheek, at the same time playfully warning us to take care lest the hunters mistake us for small rabbits and shoot us! Crown Prince Christian, then a youth of twenty, and King George walked together from the landing to the hunting ground, as did also King Edward and Czar Alexander. But King Oscar and Kaiser Wilhelm each rode in a sulky, with a lackey standing erect behind him, his arms folded high on his chest. We children wondered — and I wonder to this day — how the man could stand there without being thrown off.

Hours before this, the inhabitants of the island had begun to drive the hares toward the hunters, with rattles and tin pans to scare them from their burrows. One could hear them now, coming closer and closer, and soon the animals began to come into view. By this time the hunters had taken the places assigned to them, rank and order of precedence being strictly ob-

served. Behind each principal hunter stood an attendant with another gun.

As the hares appeared the shooting began. If the first-row hunter missed, his attendant quickly took a shot, and if that was good it counted for his principal; the attendant's shots were never scored as his own. Behind this double line we children were grouped, quite safe, for the rules did not allow a hunter to turn away from the oncoming game. The hares were driven toward the line, shot after shot was heard, and the poor creatures fell. Once in a while, however, to our great delight, a hare would have the good luck to pass safely through the line of hunters and dash on to freedom.

After hours of ardent shooting, during which hundreds of hares were brought down, the hunters were called to rest and refreshment. By the pavilion the military band was playing; speeches were made and national songs were sung. We young people, although told to keep in the background, contrived nevertheless to mingle with the crowd and to have friendly chats with the younger naval aides. Evening came all too soon, and the launches began to carry the royal guests to their flagships, where each was met and escorted over the side with appropriate ceremonies.

As the evening shadows grew deeper, other launches laden with happy young people left the island, each setting its course for one of the flagships. Coming close enough to be heard by those on board, they would serenade that ship and its ruler. It was a thing never to be forgotten — those clear voices floating over the silent waters.

I managed to get aboard the last boat which headed for the *Drott*. As we drew near we began to sing the old songs of Sweden, and in response King Oscar himself came to greet us. Descending halfway down the ladder, he called to us to come closer; then ordered our boat held alongside while he personally served each of us with a glass of champagne. He, our King, stood there before us with lifted glass while we sang the Swedish Anthem, joining us as we drained our glasses in a toast to King and country! Although I was but little more than a child, it gave me a thrill of affection and patriotism that has never been forgotten.

PORTFOLIO OF INDUSTRY



**Transport and Communication make
the U. S. A. a nation. The culmination
of this Romance of Industry is told
in accurate figures and essential facts**

By

ARTHUR POUND

ELECTRONS DRIVE THE WHEELS

General Electric's Part in the Transportation Advance

BY ARTHUR POUND *

I

NINETY years ago Thoreau, the thrifty sage of Walden Pond who boasted that he had traveled widely in Concord, said that if he really wanted to get anywhere all he had to do was to start walking. Either he could hike thirty miles a day or he could work for a day, earning enough to pay fare for thirty miles by stage or one of those new-fangled railroads.

That seemed to make sense in 1846 for anyone on a low wage scale, but it did not make sense even then for Thoreau's neighbor, Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was bustling about on lecture tours. And now it does not make sense for anyone in America. Thirty miles is still a good day's march, but the average day's pay will carry a man between one and two hundred miles by rail or water. What passed for wisdom in 1846 is folly to-day.

In transport, the Middle Ages lasted until almost a century ago, with fifty cents a ton-mile the going rate for goods haulage in most parts of America. In more backward regions mediæval transport still obtains. Since civilized man spends a good part of his time moving things from one place to another, transportation is the best index of social competence. The contrast between China and America can be put in

a single sentence: The Chinese coolie, working twelve hours a day, moves goods at a cost of twelve cents a ton-mile and gets ten or twelve cents for doing it, while the American railroader moves goods at less than a cent per ton-mile and gets almost fifty times as much pay.

Visitors from foreign lands lift their eyebrows when they hear us apologizing for the so-called 'railroad problem.' From their point of view, we have solved all the railroad problems there ever were, with so great thoroughness that they would be satisfied with less than half of the transport advantages we take for granted. I once sat in an automobile beside an American back from years of living in Mexico, while we waited for a long freight train to pass. 'This,' he said, 'is the most astonishing sight the returning native beholds. I had forgotten that freight could move in such enormous quantities on dependable schedules. It is the key to America's greatness — this celerity and dependability in moving men and things.'

We who stay at home take for granted all the humbler side of transport — the freight trains, the switch engines, trolley cars, tugboats, tankers, and ordinary cargo ships. Their commonplaceness has washed away all sense of triumph in their steady move-

* First in a series of advertisements on the Transportation and Communication Industries.

ment back and forth across this vast continent and its surrounding waters, as they carry the essentials of life and trade from point of origin to point of use. Their motions seem as automatic as those of the blood stream, and we seldom pause to consider that they are as essential to social life as the ceaseless flow of the corpuscles is to individual existence. But there is still in us some of the enthusiasm with which our ancestor pioneers gathered at their new crossroads towns in pioneer days to cheer the first trains which linked them to the rest of America, or crowded the levees to see a new queen of the river pass by with her funnels shooting flame. Even yet we are moved by every announcement of faster schedules, by changes in train designs, by improvements in motive power which testify to man's growing dominion over time and space. The *Hindenburg* in the air, the *Queen Mary* and the *Normandie* on the seas, the speeding streamliners on the prairies and over the mountains — these draw the populace now as did their counterparts in bygone years. Whenever a new streamlined train sets out on a test run, crowds still gather at every station and spectators throng the edges of the right-of-way, in testimony to the common interest in common carriers ready to serve all on equal terms. Every forward step stimulates travel; the public is still speed-minded, and more alert than ever to the comfort and convenience in travel which new designs create.

No small part of these improvements has come to pass through the application of electricity as motive power and of electrical equipment in outfitting trains and ships for passenger comfort and convenience. In particular, one cannot touch the 'new railroading' of the modern era without encountering the electron at work — all the way from power tasks to minute and automatic controlling mechanisms for air-

conditioning, safety, and signaling devices — these, and a host of other changes which have roused new interest in transport both ashore and afloat, all depend upon electricity. It is the purpose of this article to show the part a single great electrical concern, General Electric Company, has played and is playing in the immensely significant transportation advance.

II

Soon after Thoreau said it was as cheap to walk as to ride on a railroad, the telegraph was hitched up to the railroads for train dispatching. Then inventors began tinkering with electricity as motive power, but it was not until 1884 that Edward M. Bently and Walter H. Knight ran their first street car in Cleveland. Four years later Frank Sprague installed the first commercially successful street car in Richmond, Virginia; mark 1888 down as the year of doom for the horsecar and the year of bloom for electricity on rails. With the transportation evolution thus begun on city streets, and with short hauls, low-speed traffic would eventually sweep into open country with long hauls and high speeds, and so change the whole picture of American transportation.

Street railroading was eight years old before electricity came to grips with steam. Don't wonder too much at the delay. Fifty years of steam railroading had built up a powerful tradition in favor of steam both in the transportation companies and in the public mind. A powerful incentive was required to overcome the twin obstacles of prejudice and expense. The villain in the piece was smoke. Down at Baltimore, the Baltimore & Ohio, in keen competition with rival lines, had to contend with a long tunnel which defied decent ventilation. Electricity was the only answer to its prayer for relief. When the railroad world beheld

electric locomotives designed and built by General Electric successfully at work at Baltimore in 1895, steam and electricity really came to grips in a struggle which continues to this day.

New York City, with a difficult smoke problem of its own, looked upon the Baltimore experiment and was convinced. For years two great railroad systems sent their trains down what is now Park Avenue to 42nd Street through railroad yards which stretched for two miles northward. Day and night their train and switching locomotives poured soot upon the heart of the city, at present its cleanest and fairest portion. Municipal pressure for relief from smoke initiated moves toward electrification which brought within the next twenty years truly startling changes to the metropolitan scene. Both the New York Central and the New York, New Haven & Hartford electrified, and these successful installations were soon followed by the Pennsylvania. A subway system, electrically operated from the start, was opened. Grand Central Terminal became the hub of an elaborate complex of underground electric railroading, free from smoke, out of sight and out of sound. Forty acres of valuable real estate were recovered for use in the very heart of the metropolis. A fashionable, high-rent avenue, easing traffic congestion and highly productive in municipal taxes, developed above the now submerged tracks.

In all these transport moves, General Electric research, engineering, and manufacturing still made transport history by taking cars off the surface and putting them underground, by breaking loose from urban limitations through electrification of trackage for considerable distances beyond the city limits, by demonstrating that more trains could be handled on a given amount of track with electricity than with steam. Thereafter electricity would never be laughed down by rail-

roaders serving congested areas. The youngster had made good, paying its way by increased efficiency at the same time that it rendered benefits both to passengers and to municipalities.

Meantime, a cloud was gathering on the railroad horizon — a cloud formed by the exhaust from internal-combustion engines in automobiles. For transport companies, the automobile was early recognized as a threat to revenues. Hence rail interests waited expectantly upon the efforts of Schenectady engineers to adapt the electric motor and generator to the gasoline engine. The result was the gas-electric rail car, which was tested in 1905 and soon after placed in service. Few of those who pioneered the gas-electric car have lived to see the crack streamlined trains of the new era whip across the country for new speed records; but its principle was the same as that of these modern racers — internal-combustion-engine power with electric transmission and control.

The average motorist, who has little or no difficulty in controlling the power of his motor, may wonder why the internal-combustion engine is not similarly controlled through clutches and gears when applied to railway service. The answer lies in the fact that the power to be transmitted in the railway vehicle is from five to sixty times as great as that found in the average automobile. Gear and clutch systems to handle these large powers are as yet impracticable from a weight and maintenance standpoint. On the other hand, the electric transmission system not only meets the requirements of low maintenance, reasonable weight and cost, but provides a flexibility, ease, and smoothness of control quite impossible with the gear and clutch system.

In effect, electric transmission provides for the modern rail car hundreds of gear ratios, available for all speeds between starting and stopping, and

these ratios change automatically with load requirements. This is one of the most important contributions of electricity in the field of heavy transport.

In this evolution from the experiments of the eighties to the general acceptance of electricity in the transportation world, General Electric has led the way in three directions — research and engineering, precise manufacturing, and a study of transport problems on a broad scale.

In its long effort to find the one right vehicle for every sort of traffic, General Electric has acquired a most comprehensive overall view of American transportation by both land and sea. Only a few of the many aspects of this broad and intricate field of business can be discussed here, but these will demonstrate that moving goods and persons is emphatically a growing business, still full of unexplored opportunities and pulsing with initiative.

Even in a single city, transportation may have a dozen sides. In New York City, for instance, one meets every degree of traffic flow, from the downtown congestion of rush hours to the almost rural calm of Staten Island. Residential districts like Queens and Brooklyn may reproduce for miles on end the scenes of Indianapolis or Minneapolis, with street vehicles able to carry all traffic, provided that they have been well chosen. Along main arteries traffic must be taken overhead or underground in long, capacious trains in order to relieve street pressure; but in the outskirts slower and smaller vehicles take over the traffic for distribution. Swarms of workers daily use in rapid succession buses, electrified railroads, ferries, subways, surface cars, in getting to and from work. Skyscrapers tend to mass themselves around the point where all these transportation factors combine to render most efficient service.

The acme of the transportation engineer's ambition is to have each district

use the vehicles best suited to it, with the fewest and easiest transfers possible from one vehicle to another. This fond hope, however, is never likely to be realized in a growing city or a progressive country, because traffic densities and vehicle designs are constantly changing.

Now step from city to country, from narrow confines to broader reaches. Consider the factors that railroad engineers must weigh when calculating a change in motive power. In suburban areas where dense traffic must be moved, complete electrification offers most advantages for a distance at least equal to the range of daily commuter traffic, because electric operation permits maximum train movement on a given length of track. Where great cities lie close together, and heavy freight traffic develops side by side with heavy passenger traffic, as in the 350-mile stretch of the Pennsylvania Railroad from New York City to Washington, the advantages of overall electrification are apparent. For a picture of trunk-line electric railroading on this important route, as to both equipment and economy, the reader is referred to Morris Markey's keen piece in the *New Yorker* of June 20, 1936, entitled 'Down the Main Line.'

Railroad trackage may also be electrified for one of several compelling physical reasons. Chief of these is the need to put the mighty force of electricity at work on grades so stiff that fast schedules cannot be maintained by steam, as on the Rocky Mountain and Coast divisions of the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific. In descending steep grades on this line, regenerative electric braking becomes at once a safety factor and a source of power. Another compelling reason is the growing resistance of cities to the smoke nuisance; community spirit is a firm ally of electricity. But wherever conditions justify large investment, electric

railroading pays by decreasing costs and increasing traffic.

III

Under other conditions the diesel-electric locomotive or train appeals to railroads seeking a substitute for steam. With the electric transmission in delicate control of its great power, the diesel-electric train develops high speed at low fuel cost and also great dependability with low upkeep cost. Since it is capable of quick starting and most efficient braking, its flexibility and economy recommend diesel-electric equipment especially to railroads serving communities which lie far enough apart to permit high speed between stations. Under these conditions the specific need is for a few high-speed trains a day. In streamlined trains of the lighter metals — duralumin or stainless steel alloys — diesel-electric power has already astonished and delighted the public with spectacular records for high-speed rail travel, at costs low enough to reassure the operating companies.

Union Pacific pioneered high-speed streamlined operation with a three-car train of aluminum alloy, with a 600-horsepower distillate-burning engine and electric transmission. This train is still doing its daily round trip of 374 miles between Salina, Kansas, and Kansas City, Missouri, equivalent to 11,400 miles per month or 137,000 per year.

Chicago, Burlington & Quincy then stepped into the ring with its 'Zephyr' of stainless steel, powered with a 660-horsepower engine. With a maximum speed of 117 miles per hour, it became the first diesel-electric high-speed train in America. From Denver to Chicago the Zephyr made a record non-stop dawn-to-dusk run — 1015 miles in thirteen hours and five minutes at an average speed of 77.5 miles per hour. The West, hungry for speed to conquer

its vast open spaces, acclaimed the feat thunderously, and railroad men realized the diesel-electric was here to stay when it was announced that fuel for the record run cost only \$16. The original Zephyr continues in revenue service, making a daily round trip of 502 miles.

Burlington's profitable experience with the Zephyr brought additions to its diesel-electric rolling stock — twin three-car Zephyrs for the Chicago-Minneapolis run, and the four-car 'Mark Twain' for service between Burlington, Iowa, and St. Louis. Today the Burlington has on order four larger diesel-electric trains. Two of these — six-car trains each with two 900-horsepower engines — will replace the three-car 'Twin Zephyrs' on the popular run from Chicago to the Twin Cities. Two ten-car trains, the Denver Zephyrs, will each be handled by a 3000-horsepower diesel-electric locomotive.

Union Pacific made the most spectacular transcontinental run of modern railroad history when it sent its seven-car diesel-electric train, now the 'City of Portland,' from Los Angeles to New York in the record time of 56 hours and 55 minutes, clipping nearly fifteen hours from the previous record. This train averaged better than 57 miles an hour for 3250 miles and reached a maximum speed of 120 miles per hour. It made history, too, in being the first streamlined train to offer Pullman accommodations.

The trend toward more power, greater length, and more complete accommodations in diesel-electric trains is revealed in the specifications of the four new trains which Union Pacific has placed in service. All four will have ten cars each. They will be hauled by locomotives of 2400-horsepower each. With complete Pullman accommodations, these trains, operating between Chicago, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Seattle,

will cut present schedules by many hours. Chicago and Los Angeles, for instance, will be brought approximately twelve hours nearer by rail.

The Santa Fe, Baltimore & Ohio, Boston & Maine, New York, New Haven & Hartford, and the Gulf, Mobile & Northern are other roads with diesel-electric equipment in operation or on order. Fifteen railroads in the United States and Canada have sixty-seven diesel-electric locomotives in service or on order, as passenger equipment. All but three of the diesel-electric trains now in service are G. E. equipped.

Meantime the most successful diesel-electric field is one of which the public hears little — switching. While many old railroaders have their doubts of diesel-electric performance on main tracks, all agree that diesel-electrics (or oil-electrics, as they are called by some operators) are unbeatable for that work. They are always ready for action and fit neatly into the touch-and-go of yard usage. While steam has to be kept up in a steam engine on duty, whether it is moving cars or standing idle, the diesel-electric uses no fuel between tasks. These switchers can be used twenty-four hours a day with three shifts for a week at a time, while steam locomotives require daily servicing.

The reader may wonder why the diesel advantages in railroading failed to materialize until more than thirty years after the invention of the engine itself. The answer reflects credit on American adaptiveness. When our railroad men first began to investigate the diesel in its native Germany ten years ago, they found the Germans still experimenting with hydraulic, pneumatic, and mechanical forms of transmission, none entirely satisfactory. By substituting electric transmission, General Electric made the diesel of large capacity practicable for railroad use. Present fair assumption of efficiency is

better than 85 per cent for the transmission, including generators and motors.

Indicative of the fast pace modern railroading is setting for itself, however, is the announcement that General Electric will celebrate the new year by placing on its test tracks at Erie an entirely new type of locomotive — the steam-electric. Inheriting each of the advantages listed above as peculiar to the diesel-electric, it will carry a condensing steam turbine-generating plant which will feed electric power to traction motors. Streamlined, practically smokeless because of an accurately controlled fuel-oil combustion system, the new locomotive will haul crack trains of the Union Pacific between Los Angeles and Omaha, showing its heels at 110 miles per hour in a territory that only a few months ago seemed to have capitulated to diesel operation. The water tower, long a feature of the railroad landscape, will no longer be vital to steam operations, for the turbine-locomotive will use the same distilled water over and over again, permitting long runs without boiler repairs. Gone, too, will be the venerable side-rod drive, for electric power, with its finely graduated control, will propel traction motors. Thus transportation men who want steam will get steam — tailor-made for today's task.

IV

Short-haul transportation on city lines is now receiving specialized vehicles from the electrical industry. With tracks being torn up, overhead wires hauled down, and electric service companies losing dependable business, electric street transport stood in need of this relief. It found a new, efficient, and popular vehicle in the trolley coach — which boasts all of the advantageous features of both the electric trolley car and the automobile bus.

The trolley coach draws current

from overhead wires, but instead of being confined to steel rails it can move anywhere between curb and curb, because the overhead current collectors are extremely flexible. Able to pass other vehicles, it expedites traffic wherever substituted for the old-style trolley confined to the centre of the street. No longer need motorists stop while trolley passengers enter and alight, for the new coach accommodates passengers at the curb. Traveling on rubber tires, it is quieter than any other public vehicle and its occupants are not troubled by the fumes and jolts so often experienced on gasoline buses. With unlimited electricity available, heating, lighting, and ventilating reach new standards of excellence.

The earliest trolley coaches received scant attention as they paraded the fringes of New York and Philadelphia. First models were awkward to operate and rather amusing to behold. But engineers soon smoothed out both design and operation, and the trolley coach straightway took hold as a popular street vehicle. By 1934, trolley coaches were using 36,000,000 kilowatt-hours of electric current in twenty-one cities. Now they have run the score up to thirty cities, with more coming.

Although installed at first as an economy measure, the new vehicles found such public favor that routes are being extended in many places. Trolley coaches now serve routes never before electrified for transportation. Revenues stop shrinking when they are installed; in many cities they have brought up to 30 per cent more cash into the coin registers. The public likes these quiet and flexible vehicles which combine high speed with easy, odorless riding; while operators rejoice at riddance of heavy street paving and repair charges, which frequently spelled the difference between profit and loss.

General Electric had to popularize the trolley-coach idea before it could

sell trolley coaches, which is true of many of its well-matured ideas in transportation. In this case it began by thoroughly studying local traffic conditions, a wise practice not always followed in urban transport, where many misfit vehicles are in need of replacement.

So complicated is city traffic that not even as flexible a vehicle as the trolley coach can serve all areas. On some streets overhead wires are prohibited; on others there is too little traffic to justify the expense of change. The transportation engineer proceeds on the theory that the correct vehicle for any given run is that which gives utmost satisfaction and at the same time provides a satisfactory profit for the operator. He must take into account not only traffic density and hourly flow, but also riding habits and prejudices. New York accepts the subway, on which more than a million passengers a day can be moved on a four-track route. Other cities are inveterate trolley riders, and each trolley car in a heavy-traffic period will carry as many passengers as occupy thirty to sixty automobiles. In spite of track abandonment and the shift to gasoline buses and other new-type vehicles, trolleys still account for 60 per cent of commercial urban passenger traffic and are the best solution for extreme street congestion. Consequently it seemed definitely in order to develop a better trolley car.

The industry, at last aroused, concentrated on a coöperative effort to produce a rail vehicle which would provide speed and comfort equal to those of the private automobile — a trolley car with so many improvements that it would be faster, quieter, and more economical to operate than any other means of transportation. To this street car — known as the Presidents' Conference Car from the meetings at which it was matured — General Elec-

tric contributed newly designed motors, brakes, controls, and other equipment.

Seeking to lure urban passengers from private automobiles, designers of the new street car drew on automotive technique to gain quick getaway, high speed, and passenger comfort. They used rubber to absorb vibration and prevent squeaks. They provided modern lighting of high intensity but easy on the eyes, plenty of clean air by means of indirect ventilation, and brakes which, through a combination of compressed air, dynamic and magnetic track control, permit quick stopping without jar. These cars can be accelerated from standstill to a speed of forty miles per hour in the brief space of eight seconds. Attractively streamlined bodies help to attract more passengers.

After more than five years in preparation, with the entire industry backing its idea-car, this new street car is now making its bow to the public. Brooklyn and Baltimore led off with large orders, and Chicago began placing eighty of the new models in operation last summer. With this ultramodern vehicle the street-car industry confidently expects to halt its decline and go forward.

In 1925 General Electric adapted the electric transmission to the gasoline bus for elimination of shocks, driver abuse, wear by clutch slipping, and fatigue. This vehicle has been adopted in many cities, particularly in New Jersey, where Public Service Coördinated Transport now has hundreds in operation. Public Service has lately led off in the operation of two other new-type vehicles, the diesel-electric bus and the all-service vehicle. The latter, which is likely to acquire wide favor, operates as a trolley coach in the city, but beyond the trolley wires it operates as a gas-electric bus. This dual utility sets a new pace in vehicle specialization.

Thus has still greater flexibility become a characteristic of urban trans-

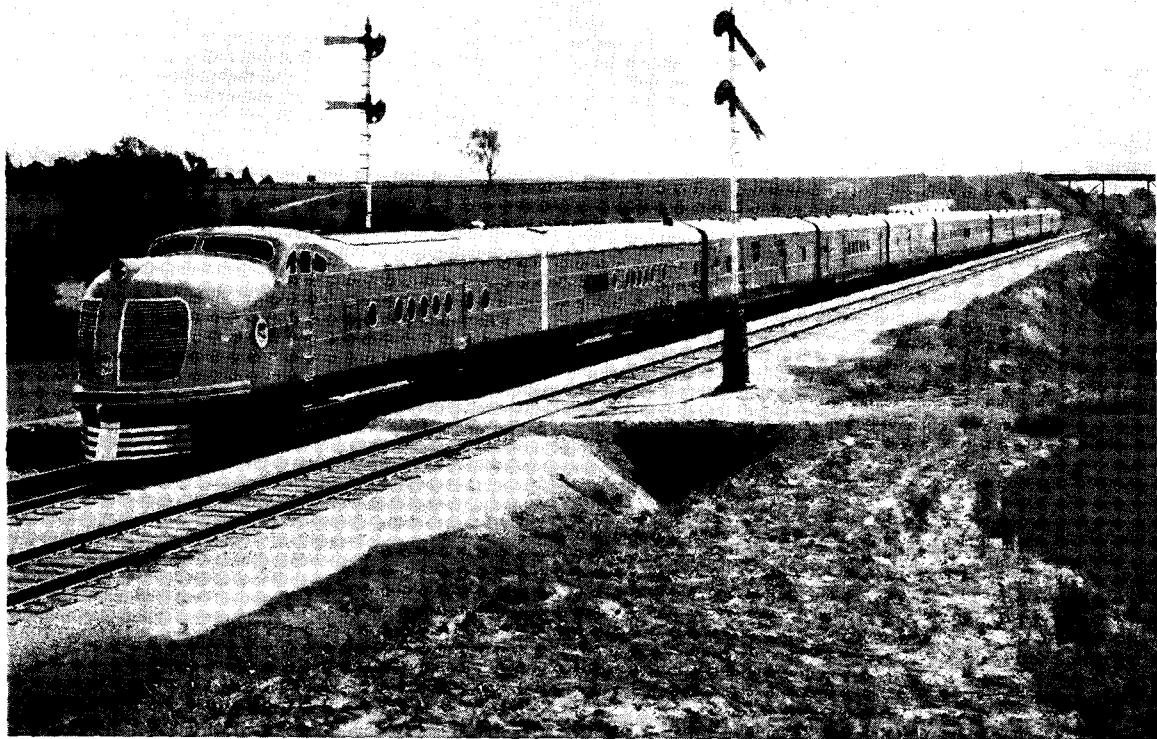
port. Somewhere among subway and elevated cars, improved surface cars, trolley coaches, all-service vehicles, and gas-electric buses any operating company can find what it needs.

V

This account of General Electric's place in the transportation picture is necessarily restricted to the land phase. Also highly important are its activities in the air and on water. In equipping aircraft with the supercharger, General Electric scored a great technical and commercial success, the proceeds of which have gone largely into perfecting navigating instruments in a wide range and pushing the development of radio telegraphy for aircraft. As a result, communication between aircraft and land stations, and between airplanes in flight, is now everyday procedure, and radio control has increased the safety of air travel.

In water transport, General Electric pioneered the turbine-electric drive. This equipment has been extensively used by the Navy, all the way from small craft to battleships. Hundreds of commercial vessels, including the *Normandie* and ships of the United Fruit, Dollar, Grace, and Panama-Pacific lines, are electrically driven, reflecting General Electric's many years of activity in this field.

Broad as General Electric's transport activities are, they represent only one aspect of the Company's vast business in electrical investigation and manufacturing. Producing everything in electric equipment from home appliances and the most delicate instruments and tubes up to massive motor and turbine installations, and ranging the whole field of electrical research with unequaled diligence and skill, General Electric Company plays a large part, directly or indirectly, in advancing transportation in every field.



Pioneers In New Transportation

SPEEDING along at a hundred miles an hour, setting new standards for running time and for economy—lightweight diesel-electric trains are making railroad history.

Electric drive is the only practical method of transmitting the power of diesel engines, smoothly and reliably, to the wheels. It helps make possible faster schedules, smoother riding, greater comfort on short trips or long. And today the railroads are hauling the passenger at a lower cost to him than ever before in their history. In all sections of

the country these new speedliners are again proving the worth of electricity in transportation.

General Electric equipment is used on most of the diesel-electric trains in operation today. For more than forty years General Electric has been the leader in the development and manufacture of electric locomotives, and of electric equipment for carriers. And once again it is electricity which, through research and engineering, is assisting the forward progress of the latest developments in transportation.

*G-E research has saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars
for every dollar it has earned for General Electric*

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The CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

FROM the East Side to Columbia University, from Columbia to Moscow, where during the Revolution he edited an English newspaper, from Moscow to China, where for ten years he was identified with the government of Chiang Kai-shek, and from the Orient back to the depression-stricken United States, **George E. Sokolsky** (p. 257) has progressed steadily from Left to Right. Paradoxical as it may sound, he is able to sympathize with Labor and to defend the advantages of a capitalistic society.

Europe is an open book to **John Gunther** (p. 266), who from 1924 to 1935 was a foreign correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*, with his hatrack in one capital after another. His *Inside Europe* has informed and entertained thousands of readers here and in England. Now, in his forthright London Diary, he shows us the exhilarating routine of a roving reporter in his middle thirties.

On a recent trip to Japan, **Ellery Sedgwick** (p. 279) found himself involved in a comedy which, while it lasted, threatened all Anglo-American relations.

A student of Fine Arts and a Harvard graduate, **John P. Coolidge** (p. 286), who is just twenty-three, has clear and perhaps disconcerting ideas of what a modern American home should be. Some readers may be reluctant to turn their backs on what he calls 'fancy-dress architecture.'

The *Atlantic* editors look forward with keen anticipation to reading the manuscript of **Geoffrey Household's** (p. 297) first novel, which has been written this past year, partly in Malaga and partly in London. Mr. Household is the author of a book for boys, *The Spanish Cave*, and of short stories which have attracted a wide response among *Atlantic* readers.

Elliott Humphrey (p. 303) is one of those rare beings who can talk to animals and make them understand. His work at the headquarters of The Seeing Eye, in Morristown, New Jersey, where he teaches both dogs and instructors, calls for a knowledge of psychology such as is possessed by few Americans.

In the *Atlantic* for September 1936, **Walter Lippmann** (p. 311) embarked on a series of seven

articles in which he scrutinized the deviations of Democracy and sought to isolate the forces which endanger its continuity. If Democracy is to survive, there must, he says, be a reconstruction of liberalism; and this, the final and positive section of his forthcoming book, *The Good Society*, Mr. Lippmann is now completing in his Southern seclusion.

In his Letter to his son Stanley, now in his tenth year, **Robert Hillyer** (p. 324) continues the series of poetic epistles which Alfred Knopf will eventually publish in book form.

For close to twenty years, **Frederic G. Melcher** (p. 329) has been the best-trusted referee in American publishing. As editor of *Publishers' Weekly*, he has studied the family (but sometimes conflicting) interests of author, publisher, and bookseller.

The first underground anthracite mine in the Pennsylvania region was opened in June 1831 by **Archibald Law** (p. 332), a mining engineer of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company. Mr. Law came here from Scotland in 1830. The letter which he sent to his Scotch relatives commenting upon the financial crisis of 1837 might have been written yesterday.

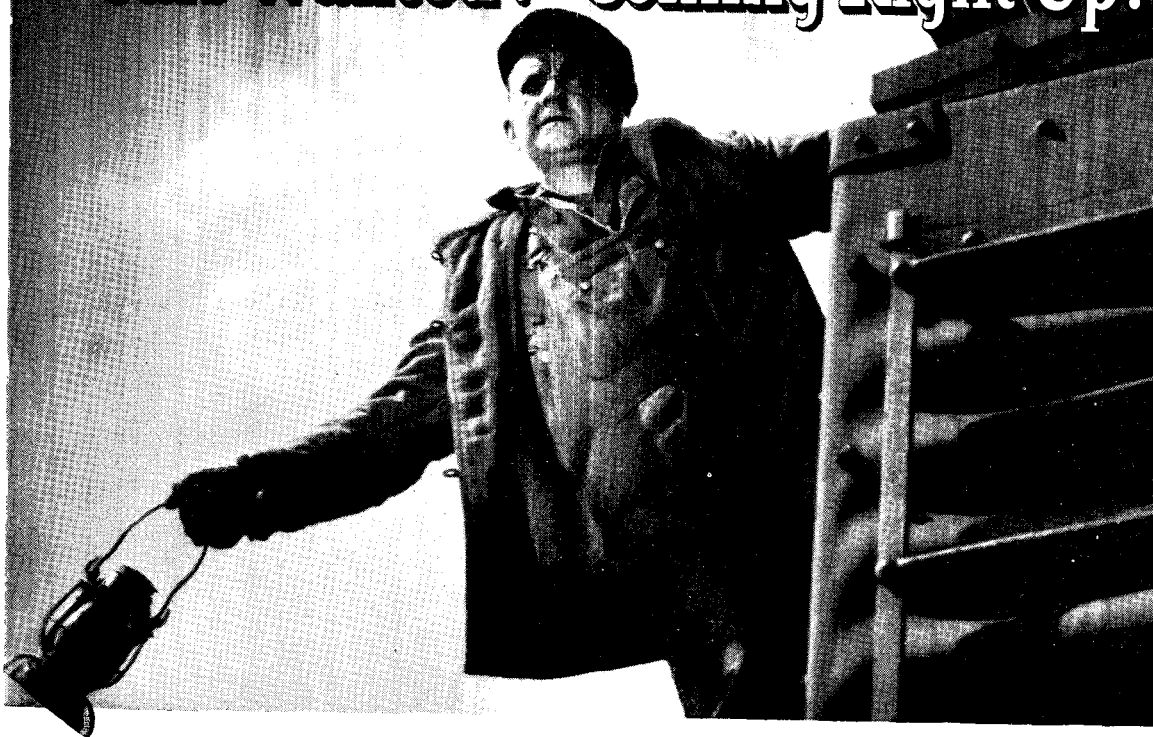
Charles T. Jackson (p. 335), a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has served as a management engineer with General Electric, as a cost accountant for the Boston Garter Company, and as general administrative assistant for the Bemis industries. Early identified with the coöperative movement in Boston, he has risen to his feet to reply to the criticism of Mr. J. B. Matthews, whose article, 'The Coöperatives: An Experiment in Civilization,' appeared in the December *Atlantic*.

A New York executive, **Arthur Kudner** (p. 339) is head of one of the largest advertising agencies in this country.

A mathematician of note with his professional headquarters at the California Institute of Technology, **Eric T. Bell** (p. 344) has allowed us to print a chapter of his forthcoming book, *Men of Mathematics*, which is scheduled to appear this spring.

James Still (p. 353) is librarian of the Hindman Settlement, Knott County, Kentucky. Last

Cars Wanted? Coming Right Up!



THE major commerce of this continent requires, every day, more than a hundred thousand railroad cars of many types, available for loading wherever and whenever freight is ready to move.

And the railroads meet this vast and varied demand so smoothly that shippers take for granted that the cars will be on hand.

Thus, when the wheat crop is ripe, cars are moved from railroads that do not need them to the western roads that have wheat to load; similarly, coal cars are distributed to supply varying industrial demands; likewise, refrigerator cars are moved to the centers where perishable fruit and vegetable crops are ripe for shipment.

This involves not only a tremendous job of

coordination but standardization to the point where *every one of two million freight cars must be interchangeable and usable in trains with every other car*—all parts must be standard replaceable parts so that repairs can be made in any railroad shop—or by emergency crews anywhere.

This standardization extends to axles, journal boxes, car couplers, brake shoes, brake heads, brake beams, wheels—more than 200 varieties of these car parts have been replaced by one standard type of each.

True, this is progress of a kind inconspicuous to the average eye, but it helps explain why the American Railroads are internationally recognized as the most reliable and progressive transportation system in the world!

SAFETY FIRST—
friendliness too!

ASSOCIATION OF

AMERICAN RAILROADS

The COLUMN

year, besides his work in the Settlement and town, he delivered traveling libraries on foot to nineteen schools having no books. He carried twenty books on his shoulder, often walking fifteen to seventeen miles in spite of muddy trails and swollen streams during the winter months. He changed the collection every two weeks.

Nicola Chiaromonte (p. 359) is an Italian critic and essayist now in his thirty-third year. When Fascism became too much for his liberal spirit, he took refuge in Paris, where he lived in exile until the outbreak of the Spanish war. Then with his friend André Malraux, the novelist, he volunteered as an aviator with the government forces defending Madrid.

Salvador de Madariaga (p. 364) was Spanish Ambassador to the United States in 1931 and to France in the years directly thereafter. Now, exiled by both of the contending factions, he is an international liberal working for the cause of peace.

Bernard M. Baruch (p. 368) has been a member of the New York Stock Exchange for many years. In 1916, President Wilson appointed him to the Council of National Defense. When war became inevitable he was made Chairman of the Committee on Raw Materials, Minerals and Metals, and thereafter Chairman of the War Industries Board. To the study of neutrality he brings a thorough knowledge of those wartime necessities which are apt to be overlooked in times of peace.

Born in Flint, Michigan, **Arthur Pound's** (p. 377) career has coincided with the development of the motor wagon. Economist and editorial writer, he has observed the growth of our major

industries and is qualified to describe, as few other contemporaries, the amazing skill and invention which are part of our industrial management.

‘ ‘ ‘

Many readers will recall with pleasure the happy-go-lucky experiences of Juanita Harrison which were published in the October and November *Atlantic* for 1935 under the title, 'My Great, Wide, Beautiful World.' Her care-free, knockabout life has since been made the subject of a book of the same title. Juanita still clings to her tent on the beach near Honolulu.

Wednesday Dec. 23, 1936

Dear Mr. Sedgwick

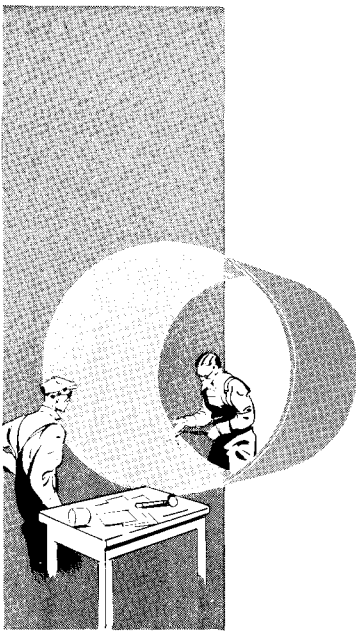
may this find all well and and enjoying the new year. i am in the same spot as this time last year and just as soon as i finish this will take the same pillow case to our beloved Kress for toys and candies for the children here in the Yard. it is more private now a fence around with a gate and my tent are surrounded with green plants and i like my Tent life more than ever i worked up at Black Point Road 3 months and only slept well when i came down to my Tent. did You like the way the Book are made up? Mrs Dickinson liked it which pleased me more than any thing. I didn't want it sold here i like best to be about and see but not be seen but the finest people have called to see me. it have sold well here and would have sold many more this month but the last was sold Thanksgiving day and the order didn't get out the strike have made it very bad for the Islands but it is very Christmases and quite cool. i receive so many delightful letters from readers of M G W B W and laugh when they ask how soon will i have another one. i just side step questions like that i dont know how soon we will get some change maybe next may. Miss Mildred borrowed it from her Mama and are disappointed to wait so long. i am so busy enjoying my back to nature life i wont think of it until my Tent began to leak. i hope that You have one of my Great Wide beautiful World. Yours truly

JUANITA

A Special Request!

THE *Atlantic* is old enough to enjoy a joke at its own expense. The story of the schoolgirl who traveled with the *Atlantic* as her chaperon (and inside the orange covers a copy of *True Confessions*) has been going the rounds for fifteen years. In his series of *Industrial Crises* the artist Rea Irvin, if memory serves, once depicted the effect of a split infinitive in the *Atlantic's* office. And in the *New Yorker* of January 23 was a drawing which paid handsome tribute to our Rejection Slip. We should like to begin

a collection. Will those readers who know of stories, cartoons, sketches, or references, however derogatory, however scurrilous, be good enough to send or lend us their clippings or suggest where the reproductions may be found? We take a family pride in such matters. For each story or drawing accepted for our collection we will pay a dollar. But not, of course, for duplicates. To the reader sending in the largest assortment we will award a five-year subscription to the *Atlantic*.



★ OUR ROLE IN THE ALUMINUM INDUSTRY

OURS happens to be the only company in the United States engaged in the production of virgin aluminum.

Only in this respect does it differ from the many other companies in this country whose primary concern is aluminum.



Some of these manufacturers roll aluminum ingot into sheet. Others cast and shape aluminum into thousands of different products. Still others collect, remelt and resell aluminum

which has served its purpose as a part of some product, or which is scrap from the shops of thousands of manufacturers who use aluminum.

This widespread and diverse industry has grown up around the increased use of aluminum, which began in a very small way in 1888 with the efforts of a few young men who founded this business.

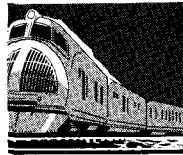
They started out to produce virgin metal at the lowest possible price. All through the years the major effort of all the men and women in this Company has been to increase the sale of aluminum by making it available as widely and as cheaply as possible. Every resource has been devoted to achieving that end.

We are still the only producer of virgin aluminum, but there is no bar to stay anyone who wishes to start making aluminum tomorrow.



Control of aluminum is out of the question when there is no possibility of anyone controlling all the factors involved—the raw materials, the electrical energy, the method of production, the free supply of remelted scrap, the imports from abroad.

Bauxite (the ore of aluminum) is found in many localities in this and other countries. We own only enough for our reasonable requirements. Other raw materials needed for making aluminum, and the necessary large amounts of power are available to anyone.



So long as we continue to be the only producer of virgin aluminum in this country, ours is the responsibility of taking the lead so far as we are able, in research and development which will make aluminum more useful to every person in this country. Only the degree in which that is accomplished will we and others in the industry prosper.



ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA

The COLUMN

There is something about all remarks on grammar and diction, as Wilson Follett has pointed out, which produces more riot and mayhem than a defense of the New Deal, an assault on holy wedlock, or the historical low-down on the Boston Tea Party. We wish with all our hearts that space were available to do justice to the enormous correspondence following the publication of Mr. Follett's article, 'The State of the Language,' in the January *Atlantic*. Here are just a few sample comments.

Dear Atlantic, —

It is always a delight to meet one of the surviving members of the Remnant, like Wilson Follett. 'The State of the Language' is correct both in observation and in delineation of the requisites for checking its decay and promoting its growth.

Still, now and then chance brings a bit of cheer in the form of corruption of language, extreme, but for all that so strikingly lucid that the most rabid purist is provoked to smile.

On Columbus Avenue, New York, it was my privilege to hear four words condensed into as many letters, without the slightest loss of clarity. A couple of urchins were engaged in a fist fight. An Italian rushed up from a basement and ejaculated 'Smahl!' Which was, you must admit, what might be called an efficient manner of saying, 'What is the matter?'

CORNEIL RIDDERHOF
San Diego, California

In his discussion of that nautical term the 'knot,' Mr. Follett evolves one of the most curious definitions that have (i.e., not *has*) come to my attention in some time.

He states, 'But the knot is essentially a rate of speed per hour.' Now of course he is quite correct in his contention that 'knots per hour' is an incorrect usage, but let us analyze the author's own statement. Speed itself is a rate at which distance is covered and is measured in miles per hour, feet per second, etc. — i.e., it represents a distance divided by a time. Rate of speed, then, would indicate that speed was to be divided again by time, giving a distance divided by the square of a time, which is the definition of acceleration. Thus the phrase 'rate of speed' is itself incorrect in the sense that it is usually used.

But Mr. Follett goes a step further by saying 'rate of speed per hour.' In other words, he divides again by time, getting finally a distance divided by the cube of a time. This is equivalent to saying that the knot is a measure of the rate at which the acceleration is changing — i.e., knots might be expressed in units of nautical miles per hour per hour per hour. Mr. Follett, the state of your language!

D. E. GRAY
Akron, Ohio

There are a great many errors similar to Mr. Follett's bone of contention — 'one of the few uncensored dispatches that *has* come' — found in our newspapers which we English teachers do not sanction; nor do they find favor in English journals or texts. The few Latin terms which Mr. Follett picked

at random seldom have call to be used in a high-school student's course of day, but his main point, the above-quoted 'dispatches,' appears often. So often, in fact, that my people, freshmen to juniors, stifled yawns when I announced that such had been the topic of a current magazine article.

Out of the forty-eight weeks I've been teaching, twenty-four have been spent in pounding home just such errors in verb and subject agreement. In the other twenty-four, mind you, I've tried to present every branch of literature from *Beowulf* to Eugene O'Neill. If there are any among my classes who still say 'this is one of the dispatches that *has* come,' they are certainly those who will never get off the farm anyway, and so will never threaten the purity of our journalistic English.

VIVIAN PIKE
Mulvane, Kansas

Wilson Follett's paragraphs, for the most part, are clear and cogent, and demonstrate the fact that the English language is rapidly becoming unintelligible jargon. So-called schools of English send out advertising matter containing faulty diction, 'dangling' participles, incorrect punctuation, and with no regard whatever to the proper sequence of the tenses. I stepped into a schoolroom a few days ago and the teacher of English gave the fifth-grade pupils the following sentence to analyze: 'Five minutes is a *mighty* short time for play.'

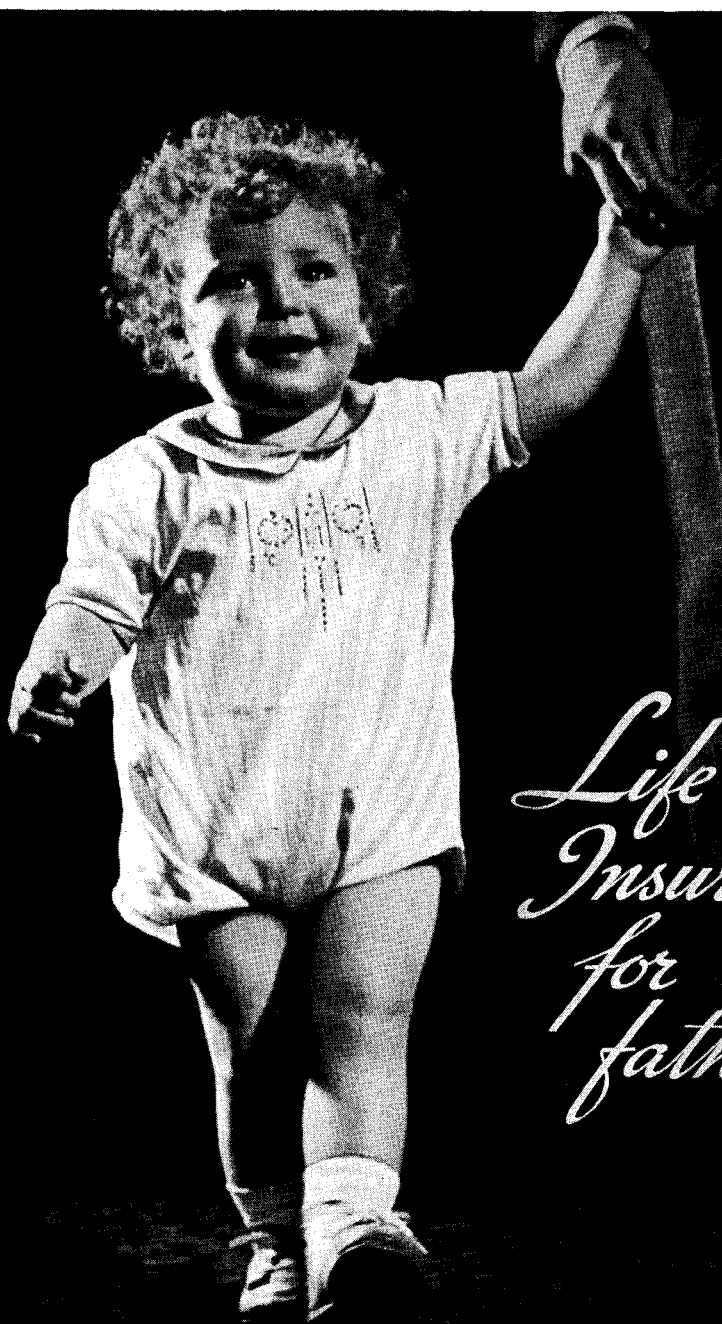
Let us ask and petition Congress to establish a national academy, such as the French and the Spanish have, the members of which shall pass upon the legitimacy and the admissibility of words or phrases, and let the Congress provide that any new word, or any proposed change in the construction or in the meaning of words, shall, before it may become effective, bear the stamp of approval by the academy. And let us coöperate with our cousins across the Atlantic in this campaign.

JOHN R. HAROLD
San Antonio, Texas

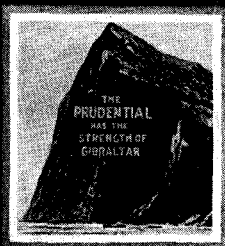
I must congratulate Mr. Follett on his neat evasion of the liberal argument. I fail to see any difference between the change that has occurred in the use of the word 'resentment' and the fate of the expression *reductio ad absurdum* so far as their present meanings are concerned. Why should it matter to those who use the words that the derivation of one is logical, of the other not? Mr. Follett grants us the modern use of the verb 'to prove'; therefore the phrase 'the exception proves the rule' has as little bearing on the argument as would have the Ozarkian girl's saying: 'See a redbird before it lights, see your beau before to-night' (from the January Contributors' Club).

I would not voluntarily torture the language. I must even confess that misuse of the words 'imply' and 'infer' still causes me to wince. If, as Mr. Follett believes, this confusion is made by only five hundred out of a thousand people (all five hundred of them live near me), may he succeed in correcting it. I merely feel that an expression which is chosen ninety-nine times out of a possible hundred can no longer be called a mistake or ungrammatical, whatever its past history may be.

CHARLOTTE BASSETT
Boston, Massachusetts



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EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, President



Home Office, New York

The COLUMN

R. B.'s letter in the Contributors' Column of our February issue has provoked as brisk an argument as ever took place on our back porch. Now the *Atlantic* will publish stories full of sweetness and light, full of 'nice people,' full of good humor, whenever they can be found. And we shall be equally accessible to those stories which touch on the sterner realities and which, in their delineation of tragedy, do move the reader to pity. Those whose preference is for comedy should remember that the Artemus Wards, the Mark Twains, and the Finley Peter Dunnes are few and far between; they should remember that the writing of short stories has gone deeper and become more introspective since the days of O. Henry. A miner's wife sitting beside the cold, stark body of her asphyxiated husband seems to be the natural heroine of much present-day romance.

We intend that our material shall be neither gloomy nor light-minded. Meantime, in which of these two schools do you place yourself?

Dear *Atlantic*, —

For many years my husband and I have been staunch friends of your magazine. But often and often we have felt much as R. B. has.

Surely there is a vast field between 'Pollyanna' and the 'Greek word for it' that you use. A little of either extreme is enough.

I do know that you encourage the younger literati and make them welcome in your pages. The young are prone to be lugubrious. (Not all of them, of course.)

There is always real pleasure in reading anything that A. Edward Newton writes or Earnest Calkins, for instance. Wit is not Pollyanna; neither are the courage and the fine working philosophy that are Mr. Calkins'.

No, I think that R. B. is entirely right. A proper balance is necessary in any work of Art, even the *Atlantic*.

EDITH B. EMERSON
Old Lyme, Connecticut

I just want to add an Amen to R. B.'s letter asking for stories about nice people, who compare favorably with the delightful animals, dogs, and fish which have illuminated the pages of the *Atlantic*.

I asked one of my pupils why he liked *Tobacco Road* and he replied: 'Well, I leave the theatre feeling so superior to the people I have seen.'

That may be a catharsis, but I should say it was the opposite.

MARTHA CLAY
Grand Rapids, Michigan

I was very much interested in the letter of R. B. to the *Atlantic* asking for more cheerful subject matter in the future. I do not in the least agree with R. B., and I will try to tell you my reasons. The *Atlantic* has been a source of pleasure and education to me for many years. I prefer realism to fantasy; the *Atlantic* has given me an insight into the lives of people

in all walks of life and in many countries. My own life has been one of variety, lived in a number of places, under various circumstances, both pleasant and unpleasant, difficult and easy; the *Atlantic* has never fooled me about life — it has told me the truth and made it interesting at all times.

As the daughter of a country doctor, a nurse in the United States Navy during the war, and the wife of a surgeon, I have touched closely many lives under tragic conditions. I read in the *Atlantic* of the experiences of others; I am given an insight into the struggle of the human soul to meet life fairly and with fortitude. Each of the various revealing articles I have enjoyed has given me one more piece of the picture puzzle of the human soul. Each article has helped to answer questions in my mind that are to me most vital, such as the place of faith in life to-day, God's true relation to man, the reason for man's existence, our individual contribution to the world, and other questions that puzzle us all.

In the suffering and bravery of others we find a guide for ourselves. Who can go through life upon a road entirely smooth and joyful? The only joyfulness that can help us, the only serenity that can be a guide to us, are the joyfulness, the serenity, that come to those who have successfully conquered and endured the rough realities and cruel tragedies of life.

No, I cannot agree with R. B.! When I open my *Atlantic* each month I want still to feel that I am opening the door to wider education, deeper thought, realism and perhaps tragedy, but, most important and stimulating of all, truth and life as it really is — not as we might like to have it.

NANCY GABER SCHMIDT
San Francisco, California

In the Contributors' Column of the February issue R. B. complains about the class of articles that the *Atlantic* has been publishing during the last two years. Two articles are specified and several more hinted at as 'a résumé of the cheerful bits you have published in the past two years.'

On my part I consider 'the continued story' of Hilda Rose absorbing and have noticed no complaint or demands for sympathy. Few people, of course, would have the courage to do what she has done for an ideal — that her son might become a man like his father, whom she loves and reverences, by growing up in the same hard environment in which his father grew. By the way, how is the Rose family doing now? It seems a long time since you published any news.

As for 'Stork Expected at Point Barrow,' I thought that was crammed full of the joy of living. In the same number as the article 'Yes, Ruth Is Wonderful' was the inspirational 'An Explorer's Religion.'

By all means let the *Atlantic* continue to give us stories of real life and its problems — joy and sorrow together, for they are never found far apart. If folks like R. B. want to keep on the surface of life, if they feel that the *Atlantic* pictures 'pangs too sharp, griefs too deep, ecstasies too high,' put warning marks on the index, but, dear editors, please continue to give us as many accounts of deep honest living and thinking as you can find.

ELSIE HILL RYZNER
Santa Barbara, California

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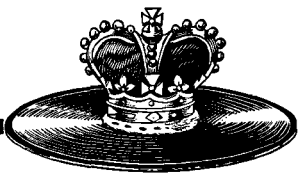
Much of the popularity of The Fifth Avenue Building is due to the efficient

management and the extra services offered to tenants. Among these are the Conference Room—seating more than forty persons—which is for the free use of tenants. Also the Visitors' Bureau, which provides a complete suite of offices for the use of visiting buyers. An efficient information desk aids both tenants and buyers. Excellent food is served at The Fifth Avenue Restaurant, and the Aldine Club.

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In case you did n't care for 'Butter Will Melt' in the February *Atlantic*.

Dear Atlantic, —

She was a writer and like other writers she wrote sometimes with a pen sometimes with a pencil and with a typewriter but she wrote. she wrote words. long words short words but she wrote. words make a writer even if a writer makes words. anybody can make words but words make writers. and words fool publishers.

She was a woman a woman who knew words lots of words hard words easy words and words make writers and fool publishers.

Words make sentences and they do not. everybody writes sentences if they write. she writes sentences and she does not but sentences make sense but why make sense with sentences if you have words. sentences make sense but words fool publishers.

Words make writers make writers make writers and words make sense make sentences make sentiments. even if butter melts words fool publishers and thats where gertie makes her wherewithal to make more words.

RAYMOND SZYMANOWITZ
New York City

Bravo for H. B. Elliston!

Dear Atlantic, —

I read an unfamiliar (to me) department in the January *Atlantic*, the one having to do with finance. This is just a line to say that H. B. Elliston seemed to me to have given a fresh and amusing slant to dry matters, and that I look forward to the other pieces in his series.

But then, anybody would of course have to read the current issues of the *Atlantic* in any event on account of your Lippmann articles!

HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG
*Editor, 'Foreign Affairs',
New York City*

Dear Atlantic, —

It is a refreshing change from the usual comments on 'Finance' by financial editors, as to why Jones & Smith dropped two points while Brown & Thompson jumped one, and which usually are wholly divorced from anything legitimately termed 'finance,' to have Mr. Elliston's penetrating thought throw light on the fundamental reasons why things are as they are.

To throw the spotlight on causes and effects seems to be peculiarly a thought quality of Mr. Elliston. Many thousands of Christian Scientists doubtless have had their own thought processes quickened and vitalized on 'money' and 'finance' by his snappy yet cogent triweekly 'Economics in the News' in the *Christian Science Monitor*.

Whether Atlanticites need this mental furbishing up I have no means of judging. But even the snappiest of its readers could no doubt profit at times from a dose of a 'Hot Money' article, by way of Mr. Elliston's unusual method of approach to the one subject on which the ignorance of the average man is so profound that you could cut it with a knife.

ROBERT BAKER
Brooklyn, New York

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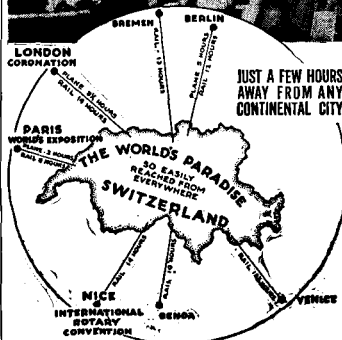
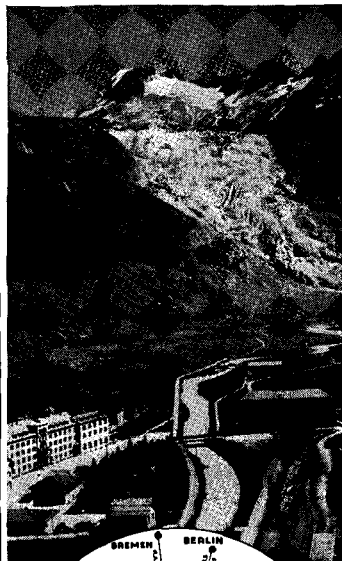
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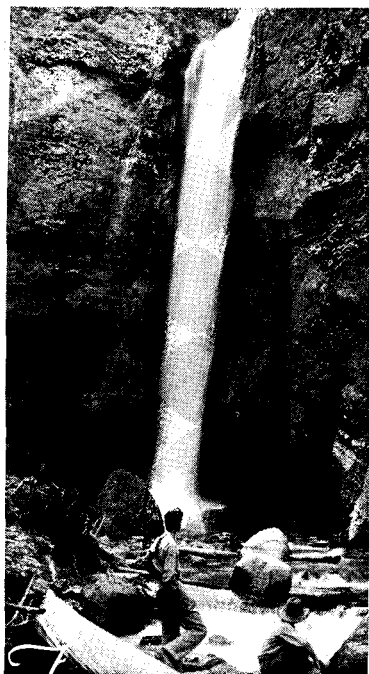
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**Here is a request that bothers Bill Adams.
How would you answer it?**

Dear Mr. Sedgwick, —

Suppose that you had an old ark of a house surrounded in spring by some fifty thousand or so violets, and a good many thousand daffodils, with several widespread trees, and a big woodshed, and not enough to do on the place to provide you with exercise sufficient to keep you healthy — well, you could not very well say to the writer of the enclosed, 'Come along. I need a man to pick my violets and my daffodils.' No matter how sympathetic you might feel for the fellow, you could not afford to hire him.

Whatever his offense against 'society' may have been, it is not for me to fuss about. I should like to give him a leg up. That I have not myself been in a penitentiary is but a happy chance, I rather reckon. Did not I once, long ago, steal enough from my ship's cargo to enable me to dispense with eating the ship's stores during a five-month voyage? Have not I in my day stolen turkeys, chickens, ducks, when I was hungry? I have known of a man going to the hoosegow for such doings. In fact I knew very well three of the company of a ship who stole but two cases of grub from her cargo, and who, being less foxy than I, were caught and sent to San Quentin. *Oh-la-la!* It is all but a matter of chance.

Fair winds to you!

BILL ADAMS
Dutch Flat, California

Dear Bill Adams:

Maybe you're not at Dutch Flats still, although there's a thought way back in my head that you once wrote something about your home there. What brings you to mind this minute is that I've just gotten hold of the *Atlantic* for February '35 with your few lines in the Contributors' Column. It was given to me to-day by an inmate friend (a former M.D.) because of the article on occupational therapy, as part of my own four years and some months here in San Quentin were spent working in the local Psychiatric Department.

Well, I surrendered that last February in order to go to the dock office, where a shallow channel rolls up close to the door and it's pretty as Heaven, off towards Tamalpais. Also, I've lots of time to pound my typewriter. And finally I thought, away back in the first part of the year, that I'd be free on parole about the end of May, and not still here.

But there's a hitch, Bill. I was eligible to leave here on parole last July. But release on parole is wholly contingent upon possession of employment; you've got to have a job waiting to go to. And being still jobless, despite my best efforts at composing applications (about two hundred and fifty mailed since May), I'm still here.

I thought maybe you'd like to take a hand. If you do, it'll help. Maybe you've got only a lawn and a couple of trees of your own, but if you know anybody else up there, in town or out, who can use me, have 'em write and I'll answer questions from now till doomsday. Experience: was raised in a store. Had a hitch in the Navy as quartermaster (although that won't help much now, probably). Have been laborer, truck driver, and timekeeper on highway construction. Then I've had office work and two

years' experience here in psychiatry, ending as secretary to the Resident Psychiatrist.

A man's a fool, and generally disappointed, besides, to think he can land anything that suits him, coming right out of here. So I'll be thankful for anything at all — because it will mean freedom. I'll scratch for myself then. Earnestly,

S. E. THOMAS

San Quentin, California

P.S. Age 34. Offense — checks.

One apple lover to another.

Dear Atlantic, —

Being an old fruit grower, I was very much interested in Della T. Lutes's article in your November issue. I too was reared on a farm, and one where there was a good apple orchard, as orchards ran then, containing about all the varieties mentioned in her article. We had Early Harvest and Sweet Bough so plentifully that it was a regular job of mine as a kid to pick up these apples and carry them to the pigs.

How well Della describes the Seek-No-Further fruit and tree! What a quality sub-acid apple it is, but, being a little dull in color and biennial in bearing, scarcely anyone sets it now. Occasionally I have elderly persons, in particular, hunting for them and very much delighted to find them. I should not know now where to find a tree of Greasy Pippin.

The old Maiden Blush is still one of the popular apples, coming shortly after the Red Astrachan. M. Blush is hard to beat for sauce and pie and is known by city buyers, probably, better than any summer apple, except the Yellow Transparent.

Transparent is now the most popular very early apple, a truly good sauce and pie apple. It supplants the Early Harvest, commercially, as it is a better cooking apple than E. Harvest, and that is what is done with the bulk of apples. I say Transparent is not as good to eat raw as an Early Harvest.

Your writer in referring to dried apples recalls the many hours I spent on rainy days or evenings paring apples for mother to dry. They were dried about the old kitchen stove in various ways, and finally before I left home we bought a good outdoor dryer containing many drawers. It dried by the bushel. I was such a fiend for apple pie that dried apple pie went very well after the last of winter apples and until E. Harvest season.

One of the objects in writing this (as well as showing my appreciation of the article) is to call attention to some of the new varieties.

McIntosh Red is one that has gained, probably, faster than any. It has many, too, bred from it that are so good, and early and late in season. Cortland is one of the best of these. Red and Golden Delicious are very good, the Red mostly a hand apple, as it is not tart enough for best cooking.

Jonathan is a splendid seller and good. Stayman is now preferred by many to Baldwin. Rome Beauty, Galia Beauty, and some bud sports of them are on the gain. Melba, a new striped early-summer apple, is excellent.

I must confess lastly that I know *others* besides Della Lutes's father who fear the loss in quality of that last piece of apple pie if it should be left over to another meal.

HIRAM BURKHOLDER

Clyde, Ohio



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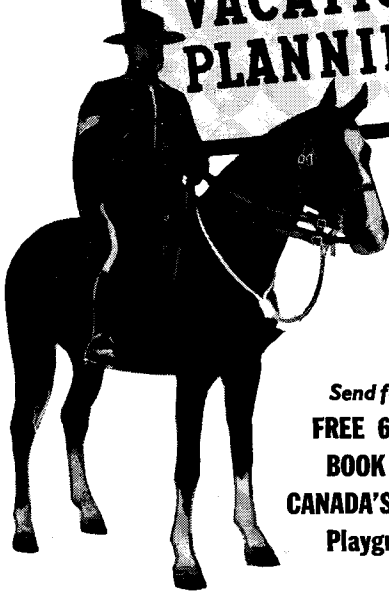
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Relics of Newgate Prison.

Dear Atlantic, —

I read Janet Whitney's article, 'Elizabeth Fry Goes to Newgate,' in the November issue, with a great deal of interest.

In November 1902, I was in London with my parents, and at that time there were many articles in the daily press concerning Newgate Prison, which was soon to be torn down. I remember my father visiting the prison on one of the days when some of the furnishings were to be sold. At that time he told me about Elizabeth Fry and said that someone had bought her desk and chair.

He himself bought five stones which were in a niche at the corner of the building, also some iron bars which were over the door of the execution room, and some chains found in the dungeon which were used to fasten the prisoners to the walls. All this was shipped across the Atlantic, and the five stones, forming an arch, were placed in the fireplace at our summer home in Friendship, Maine. The iron bars were also used, being placed above the mantel.

Alice Logan

Northampton, Massachusetts

The Coronation Stone of England.

Dear Atlantic, —

There is an interesting story in the myth of the Coronation Stone of England that might possibly be of use to you in connection with the approaching coronation of George VI.

The stone in the chair at Westminster is 'sienite.' This stone is common in the neighborhood of the Dead Sea in Palestine. The story told by Holinshed and some of the earlier writers is that this stone served as a pillow for the patriarch Jacob on the Plain of Luz, near Bethel, when he dreamed of the ladder reaching from the earth to Heaven. The stone was taken by the Israelites to Egypt; later, at the time of the Exodus under Moses, the stone was taken by Gathelus, son of the Greek king Cecrops, and by his wife, Scota, daughter of Pharaoh, to Spain; from there it was transferred to Tara Hill in Ireland; thence to the Abbey of Scone and from there taken by Edward the Confessor to England.

Albert Woodruff Gray

New York City

Here Sleeps in Peace! An inscription copied from a tombstone in the graveyard of the Cathedral at Winchester, England.

In grateful remembrance of

THOMAS FLETCHER

Aged 26

*A grenadier who died from drinking
cold beer when hot,*

Placed here by his loving comrades.

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WHO CAUGHT HIS DEATH BY DRINKING COLD SMALL
BEER.

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The Atlantic BOOKSHELF



A Guide to Good Books

PERHAPS because of their training and versatility, the Elder Statesmen in England are a constant source of curiosity to those of lesser equipment with smaller missions to fulfill. Mrs. Blanche Dugdale, granddaughter of the Duke of Argyle, was a favorite niece of Lord Balfour's. She writes with affection and with knowledge which is, when necessary, nonpartisan.

*Arthur James Balfour, 1848-1930, by his niece,
Blanche E. C. Dugdale*

[Putnam, 2 vols., \$10.00]

For more than half a century — from 1874 to 1929 — Balfour was continuously, with the exception of three months, an active member either of the House of Commons or of the House of Lords. He held almost every important political office, including the premiership. He accompanied Lord Salisbury ('My dear Uncle Robert' of many letters) to the Congress of Berlin in 1878, represented England at the Paris Peace Conference in 1919, and came on two missions to the United States — in 1917 to coördinate war efforts, and in 1921 to the Washington Naval Conference. He wrote books on philosophy, delivered the Gifford Lectures, composed numerous memoranda for aid of colleagues, and established the Zionists in Palestine. At Christmas, however, and often for weeks during the summer golfing season, he was the delight and centre of a large family of brothers, sisters, nieces and nephews, who gathered at the Balfour estate of Whittingehame at the foot of the Lammermoor Hills near Berwick.

The story of Balfour's extraordinarily long, many-sided, and richly filled life is delightfully told with Boswell-like devotion by his niece. In the intimate family circle since infancy, she is able to recall in vivid and charming simplicity the picture of 'Nunky,' the beloved uncle who did n't smoke or take cocktails, but liked tapioca pudding and had the nightgowned children waked up on New Year's Eve to drink his mulled claret and see the Old Year out.

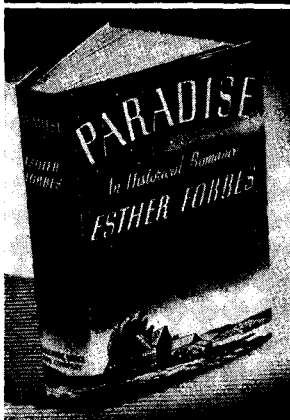
Delicate in health and languid in youth, Balfour lived to play a vigorous game of tennis at seventy, to say nothing of golf, owing in part perhaps to his serenity of mind, his refusal to overwork himself, and his joy in living. Though without a naturally good memory, he carried all he needed very clearly in his head. For speeches in Parliament or for learned lectures in philosophy he never had more than a few headings on the back of a long envelope. His letters and private papers he let fall freely on his bed, on the floor, or anywhere about his sitting room at Whittingehame, and there they lay until gathered up by a servant. By the time Balfour was approaching eighty they formed a vast accumulation and a rich mine of information for Mrs. Dugdale. She says she counted every day's excavation lost unless it produced some document or letter which roused her uncle's curiosity or recollection; then would follow his comments or a dialogue between the two, which she reproduces.

One might suspect that under these circumstances Mrs. Dugdale's volumes would suffer from too much hero worship. This, however, is hardly the case. She meets fairly and squarely some of the criticisms made upon Balfour. She has been very conscientious in interviewing other persons as to disputed episodes. She leaves one with the impression that this Tory Democrat, born aristocrat, nephew of and co-worker with Lord Salisbury, did not quite live up to the great political opportunities which fortune of station opened to him, but that as friend, companion, and adviser he was unequaled in loveliness and loyalty.

Readers will enjoy these volumes more for Balfour the Man than for Balfour the Statesman. Historians will not find many important revelations, though here and there are interesting bits: Chamberlain's lone-hand alliance feeler to Germany; the Portuguese colonial treaty; the diplomatic finesse with which Balfour informed President Wilson in 1917 of the secret treaties; and many things concerning English party politics and personalities. Sir John Fisher, for instance, at first favored a quick attack on Turkey. In a characteristic letter of January 4, 1915, he urged Balfour to put it through without delay: '*Celerity*. It was *solely* celerity that sent the German Squadron to the bottom at the Falklands! Anything done in a hurry is *always* done the best. . . . You are really the *one* man to direct the war. As it is I don't find anywhere the courage of a louse or the backbone of a slug!'

In the conflict between Asquith and Lloyd George in December 1916, Balfour, sick in bed but constantly consulted by both factions, favored 'giving a free hand for the Little Man.' 'I have no prejudices in favour of Lloyd George. I have opposed every political principle he holds — but I think he is the only man who can at this moment break down that wall of military red tape, and see that the brains of the country are made use of.' This was typical of Balfour. Though he might differ fundamentally from other people's views, he never allowed that to disturb his personal friendship for them or to blind him to their abilities.

SIDNEY B. FAY

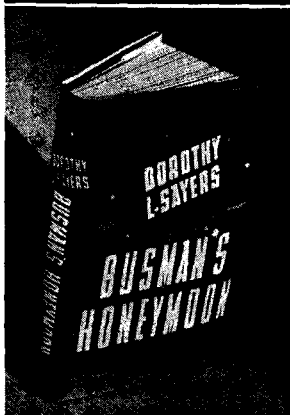


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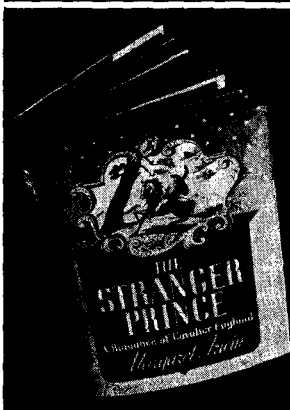
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The BOOKS

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We Are Not Alone, by

[Atlantic Monthly Press and

If I should give an outline of *We Are Not Alone*, it would read like a sketch which would convey a completely false impression. It would seem like a story of mastering passion, involving two innocent persons in ruin; and that would be equally false. For the plot is hardly more than a pretext, and passion, if there is any, is submerged. It is hard, in fact, to give a fair idea of just what sort of novel it is, this tale of a country surgeon who befriends a music-hall dancer, and is caught himself and involves her in a mesh of circumstance, though both are innocent of wrongdoing. The situation and the conclusion might easily be tragic, but they are not. David Newcome, the doctor, is conveyed as a bewildered man, rather than as a suffering one; Leni, the dancer, as hardly more than a mute figure. And the tone of the whole is that of poetic sentiment, mingled with irony and a hint of mysticism, so far from harrowing that one ends the story feeling very much as David does, when he says in the last scene that we should no more fear death than regret birth.

If you can accept the character of David, you can accept all the rest of the story as plausible. The irony which makes the plot is at the very heart of the man himself, a man who can be completely efficient in the operating room and yet be utterly inefficient in practical affairs.

I admit I find it hard to accept David, although his creator is at some pains to explain him: 'After fifteen years of married life he had acquired an intense reluctance to make decisions of any kind outside his own immediate professional territory. . . . A profound reluctance, an inertia of the spirit fell on him whenever he faced a conflict outside the territory in which he could struggle with joy.' But it may be that my doubt is due merely to the fact that I have never known a practising scientist like him.

It is evident that for David his science is a kind of religion. It may keep him from sharing the beliefs of formally religious people, but it helps him to keep from fearing either life or death. He is a genuinely simple, loving soul, — something like what once was called a 'fool in God,' — who is so absorbed in the heights and depths of experience that daily happenings go by almost unnoticed. Men like him are always looked upon by practical folk with a mixture of scorn and love; their directness is always puzzling to the prudent and cautious; their simplicity of motive is so unusual that it seems like subtlety. David is like that. The opacity of his wife's mind, the unconventionality of his relations with Leni, the dastardly trick fate plays him in having Jessica die on the night of his ride with Leni — while he vaguely sees the irony of all this, he does not see anything to do about it. The author never makes the suggestion, but the fact is obvious, that David is a saint in a world in which saints can go unrecognized if they have not the conventional marks. He and Leni are 'not alone,' be-

cause there are plenty of other people who have the harmlessness of doves without the wisdom of serpents.

The manner of telling the story is very interesting, because the entire book has some of the vagueness of

Mr. Hilton cares nothing about the statistical reader, who aches to know the evidence, the details of the verdict, all of which seem tenuous. The characters are shadowed forth, rather than presented. The temperature of the narrative is moderate and the feelings are kept on the level of sentiment. The writing is, of course, prevailingly beautiful. The gravest question that rises in the mind is whether the sentiments are sound and true to experience.

R. M. GAY

THE RUSSIAN ARTIST

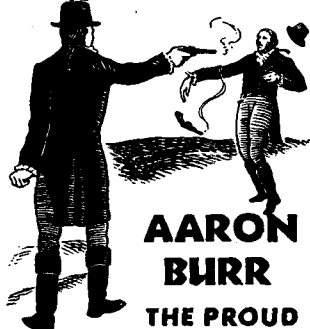
THE casual listener who at some time has found himself wondering what really prompted the abject but also shiveringly delightful accents of melancholy which pour from Tchaikowsky's 'Pathetic' Symphony, the seasoned musician who has wondered precisely the same thing and come not a bit nearer to divining it — these people will find some enlightenment in the new Tchaikowsky book, *Beloved Friend*, by Catherine Drinker Bowen and Barbara von Meck (Random House, \$3.00). They will not find a direct answer to that riddle (there is no direct answer), nor an attempt at musical interpretations, which are always lame at best and which Mrs. Bowen has wisely avoided. The book does provide the necessary circuitous route of a closer acquaintance with the composer, his personal cosmos of hopes, fears, motives, affections, and the place which music filled in this scheme.

The writer has been enabled to draw a more complete portrait of Tchaikowsky than has heretofore been accessible to non-Russian readers. The recent publication in Soviet Russia of the Tchaikowsky-von Meck correspondence in three volumes (the third, which has just appeared, is not drawn upon in this book) has enabled Mrs. Bowen, with the assistance of Barbara von Meck (the widow of Madame Nadejda von Meck's grandson) to present much important matter for the first time in the English language. Mrs. Bowen has been content to let the letters carry the burden of discourse with no excess of narrative or 'reconstruction' to connect them. The method bespeaks its own success, for the romance in the words of its participants is far more engrossing than could be any imaginary flights evolved in the year 1937. The comments are largely in the way of interpretation of motives, remarks which by their penetrating insight offer an important study of the composer's character. The narrative is made to span Tchaikowsky's life. Its insistence upon the period of his friendship with Madame von Meck is not unfortunate, for these were the most vital years. In 1877, when the correspondence began, the composer started upon *Eugene Onegin* and the Fourth Symphony, his first important works. He wrote

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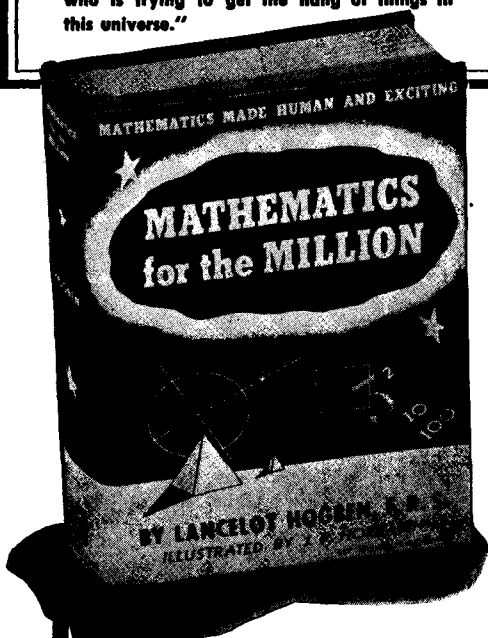
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continually of his musical doubts, hopes, achievements, until 1890, when, within three years of his death, the lady brought the correspondence suddenly and inexplicably to an end.

The letters of the two were filled with protestations of endearment even when their friendship was no more than a few months old. There was a closer *rapproch* as time passed, but, it is interesting to note, when she suggested the form of address in the second person singular, the composer was compelled to answer with an embarrassed refusal. The curious fact that these two confined their relationship to one of correspondence, taking elaborate care never to confront each other, has been looked upon as an amusing bit of eccentricity. The circumstances now more fully divulged give the arrangement a basis of sound reason. Madame von Meck was forty-five when the acquaintance began, and nine years older than Tchaikowsky. She was a wealthy widow with eleven children and grandchildren in near prospect, the imperious and exemplary head of a formal household. The ardent music of Tchaikowsky had a sensuous appeal to which her reasoned judgment yielded. Under such impulses she made more than one hint in the direction of a closer intimacy—hints which Tchaikowsky met with delicate evasion. Indeed, there was in Tchaikowsky's anxiety to maintain a safe distance between them a more cogent reason, which has hitherto been unknown or undemonstrable, and which is considered with due candor in this book. Tchaikowsky was sexually abnormal. The disaster of his unconsummated marriage with Anna Miliukov, a plain attempt to save his face before the world, left him wary of an alliance which would threaten a precious friendship. He took every pains to conceal his dark secret from the one he loved.

Many theories have been advanced why Madame von Meck broke off the correspondence. The decisions of her descendant and Mrs. Bowen leave the matter without a conclusive answer. The whole relationship can be looked upon as a sublimation of personal sentiment into music, a saving refuge and sustenance of the composer in times of stress. The widow took huge joy in her privilege to nurture the creative flame, lavished her money and her sympathy upon its protection. When he told her that she had saved his sanity and made his music possible, he may well have spoken the truth.

The hundredth anniversary of Pushkin's death has brought us the first full-length biography in English, *Pushkin*, by Ernest J. Simmons (Harvard University Press, \$4.00). Some of us who are unfamiliar with the language of the Russian poet of poets are willing to take on faith this statement of Professor Simmons: 'If we except Goethe, it is not an exaggeration to say that during the first forty years of the nineteenth century no poet of Western Europe surpassed Pushkin in sheer genius or in sustained quality of literary accomplishment.' We may further accept this sober and reliable guide as he recounts a tale of high and reckless living, brilliant writing, political danger, popular adoration. 'He felt life deeply,' writes Professor Simmons, introducing his subject, 'and he gave to it all his passion,

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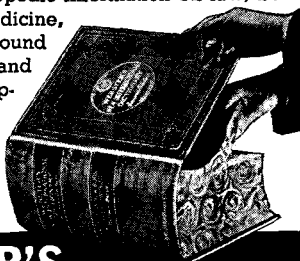


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all his genius. He approached it directly and fearlessly, yet he found it no unmixed blessing. Life beat him down, persecuted him, and rarely cheered him with moments of happiness.' The biographer adds, 'It is not necessary to idealize him,' and he has kept clear accordingly of Pushkin's century-old halo of idealization, and the 'special pleadings' which have cluttered the Pushkin literature in Russia. This is a narrative colorful by its very nature, and it is not the writer's least accomplishment that from it the essential Pushkin is clearly realized.

Pushkin is shown as a homely and rebellious child, huddled unnoticed in a corner at the literary evenings in his father's Moscow house, intently absorbing the declamations of some prominent poet; as a student at the imperial Lyceum at Tsarskoe Selo, taking full advantage of a lenient length of rein; as a carousing youth — the 'Cricket,' as his friends in St. Petersburg circles called him — already famed for his verses. Here begins the catalogue of his philanderings, a list which, it must be admitted, bewilders by its very length in the setting forth. Sometimes he was fulfilling the rôle of the romantic, basking in the beauties of the sisters Raevskaya, or transferring his attentions from a comely landowner's wife to her adolescent daughter; sometimes he was the frank libertine, in pursuit of gypsies in Besserabia, serf girls on his mother's estate at Mikhailovskoe, or such experienced types as the 'Babylonian harlot,' Anna Kern. This Don Juan was not inclined to linger over the sweetness of a single flower — unless it was denied him. Yet he was capable of deep affection, as for the love whom he never named, or the beauty Natasha Goncharova, who became his wife at seventeen and, cold to his passion as she was flirtatious with others, was the cause of his death in his thirty-eighth year — in defense of that most important of all considerations at the time, a gentleman's honor.

Some have reproached Pushkin with having stood passively by while his friends organized the December Revolution, were hanged or exiled for their part in it. Professor Simmons points out that those friends kept him in ignorance of their plot, knowing that he would as likely as not bawl it to the world in his cups. He fearlessly admitted to his Czar (Nicholas I) that he would have taken part in the fatal demonstration if he had been there. Surely the man is not lacking in physical courage who will give a challenge for the merest imagined grievance, and stand calmly eating cherries while his opponent takes his shot. In truth Pushkin's political usefulness was at his desk. His hatred of tyranny found its true vent in sharp-edged verse, which, circulated anonymously and in manuscript, could set all Russia seething and put the government in a tremble. Confronted with these verses, Pushkin had no choice but to deny them. His spirit never submitted to the grudging patronage of the Czar, the exile and the surveillance which were constantly put upon him. The subject loyal by compulsion, the wastrel, the sensualist, the finicky aristocrat, never lost his ability to lock himself in his study and, forgetting meals, write poetry of untarnished and undying beauty.

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Mr. Duff Cooper's *Haig* (Doubleday, Doran, \$4.00) was written at the invitation of the executors, who placed at his disposal the thirty-six folio volumes which contain the diary and the private papers. It can be classified as the official biography, and presumably it will stand as authoritative until, at possibly some remote date, all the material is made available to the public.

Interest centres on the war. Extracts from Haig's diary and correspondence are skillfully knit together with a lively and elucidating commentary which treats military matters on the broadest lines. Stress is laid on that most important phase of Haig's duties — his contacts with British and French civil and military authorities.

Haig entered the war as a Corps commander. He was sure then how the war should be fought. He did not change his opinion when he became Commander in Chief. As he saw the situation, the power of Germany was concentrated in the West. It was there that defeat must be inflicted. Any dispersion of effort would only weaken the one important front to the advantage of an enemy capable of safe and swift internal movement.

Any discussion of Haig's strategy must take certain factors into consideration. When the British, in the years before the war, committed themselves to fight in France, the lines on which the war was to be fought assumed definite shape. Not even there was he ever an independent commander. He had been told that he must consider himself subordinate to the French in strategy.

At first this subordination was in the nature of an understanding. After the removal of Joffre it was crystallized into direct control when Nivelle, the new C. in C., French Armies, was given direction of the Expeditionary Force. This arrangement, basically unsound, produced inevitable friction when Nivelle issued instructions inappropriate both in form and in substance.

That Haig was opposed to unity of command was not true. It was he who was indirectly responsible for the appointment of Foch as generalissimo — an improvisation vitally different from vesting the supreme command in the active commander of the French armies.

No major action was fought by Haig entirely of his own volition. The Somme was designed to relieve the French Verdun, and the French chose the time and place. Arras was the complement of Nivelle's war-winning Champagne attack. The Third Battle of Ypres was initiated primarily in response to Pétain's appeal — he had relieved Nivelle after the Champagne failure — to take pressure off the French Army, which was in a very depressed state amounting in some instances to open mutiny.

Fight Haig must, but there were other factors which influenced him to choose Ypres as his new battle ground. He had long held the opinion that the German right could be turned; moreover, he was faced with Jellicoe's dictum on the submarine war, 'If the Army cannot get the Belgian ports, the Navy can't hold the Channel and the war is lost.'

If Haig was not wholly free to choose his own

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ground or time for the campaign, — for it resembled that more than a battle, — it was not entirely what Lloyd George has called his 'optimistic slosh' which led him to hope for a success. An advance of ten miles would have cleared the Germans from the coast, so close would it have brought the fighting to the Netherlands frontier.

Success only just eluded him. The last week of fine weather was spent waiting for the French to come into line. Then set in the wettest August to October recorded in Flanders. Tangible gains were insignificant. The cost was appallingly high.

Mr. Cooper definitely disclaims any wish to make Haig appear to be a genius, but, had his reputation to be judged only on his conduct of the last six months of the war, he might well be considered so. It was an inspired Haig who entered the campaign of 1918. His original qualities had matured. He had rediscovered the advantages of surprise and mobility. He had learned when to stop.

After the first few months of his command, Haig's relations with Lloyd George were not happy. In character they were radically opposed. Each had a deep-seated distrust for the profession of the other. Words on the tongue of the politician were beautiful flexible tools; to the soldier they represented weapons dangerous in proportion to their quantity. When, in 1917, Lloyd George 'no longer believed that the German Army could be beaten' and Foch was prepared to accept that view as an hypothesis, Haig's tenacity remained unshaken.

Lloyd George, striking at Haig with every means in his power, — in the press, in speeches, even through Wilson, his own appointee as C. I. G. S., — could make no visible impression on Haig's patient loyalty. Lloyd George would have removed him had he dared. That he did not dare was due as much to the fact that Haig gave him no enabling opportunity as to the confidence which he inspired, particularly in the troops under his command.

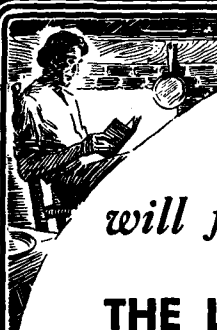
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Those who share anything like my gratitude will, of course, make a beeline for Kipling's autobiography, *Something About Myself* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50), a chronicle that looks back lingeringly over seventy years, a reminiscence now frank and now reticent, an apologia which other writers, however different, will study, reverence, and compare with their own, a philosophy and a style which, though times have changed, still issue a call to the blood. The Indian childhood, then the lonely boarder with that abominable Woman, then schooling with Stalky & Co., thence back to India; journalism, the beginnings of the Anglo-Indian tales, recognition, slow at first; then the open sesame of success — there are the epochs. The record is full of omissions. There is no reference to his American friends, no inkling of the gratitude (well earned, too) that once went into the dedications: instead, by implication and sly digs we feel the vindictiveness which in late years he nourished against the States. But to try to reduce to a small helping of hash the meat and savor of this book would be the worst service I could do for any expectant reader. I have only this to add: that those who want to write will do well to read this book, not once but twice over, for, unless they are obtuse, it will teach them things about their own mental processes which might otherwise take them seventy years to discover. This book is the cornerstone of that complete biography which awaits some Anglo-American architect.

Edward Weeks